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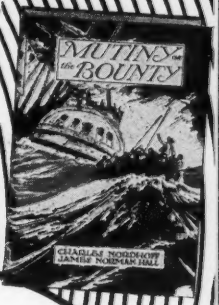

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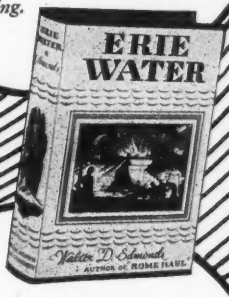

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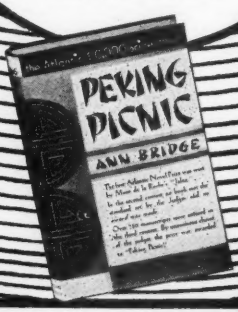

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Curtain is up on the

SUMMER THEATRE

THERE will be more theatres open on Summer Broadway this season than there were all the past season on Manhattan Broadway.

The editors of The Stage have discovered 74 theatres all the way from Skowhegan, Maine to Cape May, New Jersey. They have spotted them on The Stage's motor map of Summer Broadway which will be published with complete information about plays and players in the July issue.

* * *

The Summer Theatre promises to be no end of fun this season.

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So the editors of The Stage will be literally very much on wheels this summer. They will be taking in everything that's worth seeing and passing word back in text and pictures.

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

TIME and tide have carried Hervey Allen to Felicity Hall, Somerset, Bermuda, where he plants vegetables, plays with his daughters, and for the past three years has been at work on a big novel. A midshipman at Annapolis, a shavetail on the Mexican border, a first lieutenant in the A. E. F. (and wounded), he saw plenty of action before he found felicity and before his volumes of verse and his biography of Poe made his name known in letters.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

HERVEY ALLEN

Anthony Adverse

[Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00]

To come, at my age, upon a three-volume novel of 500,000 words, so interesting that I could hardly bear to lay it down from beginning to end, has been an unusual experience; and yet such a story I have found in Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse*.

It is a novel symphonic in plan, international in scope, universal in implication. The three-volume division is only formal, for the book, which is in fact published as one volume, is a unit, as closely woven as a tapestry, its multitude of figures, scenes, motives, and themes all falling into discernible patterns and given significance by a not too recondite symbolism. On the surface a story of adventure, covering forty years and ranging in tone from farce to tragedy, it is at bottom a parable of modern man in search of God. The author has apparently felt the force of the old saying of the humanists, that 'the whole of humanity is but one man.' The hero's life, therefore, is a symbol of Western mankind, from the close of the Old Régime, through the Revolution and the Napoleonic Era, to the establishment of bourgeois democracy and the modern reign of money.

The first volume deals with the sad but beautiful love story of Anthony's mother, his birth out of wedlock, his boyhood as a foundling in a convent at Livorno, and his youth as a clerk in the Casa di Bonnyfeather in that city, with his first loves and first friendships. The second volume tells of his journey to Cuba in the brig *Wampanoag*, with its drunken captain and his spinsterish wife, and their strange lunacy about a baby — a narrative of masterly humor and pathos; his meeting, in Havana, with the 'mammalian philosopher,' Cibo, and with Brother Francis, who is trying to follow literally the example of Christ; and the voyage to Africa, where Anthony engages in the slave trade, amasses a fortune but fails to find happiness, and where he beholds the martyrdom of Francis — the climax of the novel. The third volume deals mainly with Anthony's adventures in international finance. He revisits old scenes at Livorno, comes into collision with Don Luis, crosses the Simplon into France, meets Napoleon and Talleyrand, is sent into Spain on a secret mission, and thence proceeds to Louisiana, where he attains for a time ease and happiness, only to lose them again and to be sent adrift once more. His adventures now take him to the western frontier, to slavery, imprisonment, and suffering in Mexico. But before the end he learns by his own experience the lesson which Brother Francis had tried to teach by example.

Such a meagre sketch can suggest nothing except the variety of scene and incident. It cannot convey any of the beauty of some episodes, the savagery of others, the humor, pathos, scope, power, of many. I have not even mentioned the love stories of Angela, Florence, Dolores; the friendships with Toussaint, Vincent Nolte, Terry Mitchell; the strange perversions of Faith Paleologus and Don Ramon; the incidents of historical interest, or the demonstrations of international politics and banking. And I have not given a hint of the multitude of human types, historical or imaginary, that pass and disappear or come, go, and return.

One realizes only in retrospect that Anthony's friends represent every type of man, his loves every appeal of sex. The symbols — the Tree, the Bronze Boy, the little Madonna — suggest the mystery of life, the struggle of flesh and spirit, the evolution of religion from idolatry to pure spirituality. But nothing could be more admirable than the way in which these themes, as well as the politico-economic history, the national and geographical diversities, are kept in due proportion and balance, so that, while reading, one is conscious only of the compelling interest of the story. Perhaps as remarkable as anything else is the skill with which the spirit of place is caught: the color and charm of Leghorn, the heavy perfumes of Havana, the gaunt aridity of the Pyrenees, the luxuriance of Louisiana, the dark savagery of Africa.

I am unable to think of another modern novel that ranges so far and yet is so solidly observed or imagined in every part, or one that more perfectly combines the freedom and charm of romance with the sense of fact of realism. I hope that I have conveyed my belief that it is a remarkable book.

R. M. GAY

Suggestions for Your Summer Reading

South Moon Under
by **Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings**

A kind of American life you never dreamed about — so primitive, and yet so vitally alive: a scene filled with strong, rich color: men and women whose lives and passions become a part of your own. *60th thousand.* $2.00

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by **Will James**

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by **James Truslow Adams,** *author of "The Rise of the Union," etc.*

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, *597 Fifth Avenue,* **NEW YORK**

The BOOKSHELF

***Letters of Robert Browning*, collected by Thomas J. Wise, edited by Thurman L. Hood**

[Yale University Press, $5.00]

In these letters every facet of Browning's character is revealed. In the varying style of his correspondence we perceive the degrees of esteem and intimacy in which he held the different people to whom he wrote: the letters to Thomas Carlyle show the careful phrasing of reverence; the letters to his family are tender, unreserved; those to his close friends, Miss Isabella Blagden and the Storys, have the easy conversational tone of one who may confidently expect understanding and indulgence. The nobility of the letters Browning wrote at the time of his wife's death is one aspect of the man. The outbursts of petulance against Alfred Austin and against Lady Ashburton are in contrast, but equally important. Here is a high-minded man in a high-minded age, and, for all that, a human being not devoid of occasional coarseness and pettiness.

One advantage of reading letters is that facts and personages we have always taken for granted suddenly become alive and contemporary. Through most of the correspondence, kindled once more with its own idealistic fervency, runs the romantic devotion which held Browning faithful to his wife's memory. At any unfavorable comment on her poetry, he leaps to her defense. A critic remarks that Mrs. Browning's works are now forgotten; he writes back to say that her works, far from being forgotten, are more in demand than his own. An objectionable reference to Mrs. Browning in Fitzgerald's letters leads him, toward the end of his career, into a deplorable breach of taste. Were we to single out one element other than his poetry which gave unity to Browning's life, undoubtedly we should choose this fidelity to the dead. And in the letters it regains animation.

Leigh Hunt, Walter Savage Landor, Swinburne, Tennyson, and hosts of other, by our time, almost legendary characters, are summoned from the shades. Browning's estimate of these men's characters shows a shrewd judgment, and much of his criticism of their works (although, for the most part, it takes account merely of weaker qualities) would stand unchallenged by the best modern authority. He complains that Tennyson, instead of studying the soul of man in his *Idylls*, is content to 'describe the castle, the effect of the moon on its towers, and anything *but* the soul.' He speaks of Morris as 'sweet, pictorial, clever always — but a weariness to me by this time.' But Browning was not ungenerous to his fellow poets, most of whom were his friends. One of the most moving passages in the book is the letter he wrote to Tennyson on the Laureate's eightieth birthday: —

'To-morrow is your birthday — indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self among us — secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after. And for my own part, let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours! . . .'

The entire volume is highly interesting to anyone concerned with Browning or his times. Professor Hood's introduction, his appendix on 'Browning and Lady Ashburton,' and the majority of his notes are almost as interesting as the main text itself. The book is an achievement of unobtrusive scholarship.

Robert Hillyer

***Union Square*, by Albert Halper**

[Viking Press, $2.50]

Down where Broadway crosses Fourteenth Street, New York's ghetto has a little garden suburb known as Union Square. Its soap boxes and open-air forums are the city's safety valve, a rude reminder to patrician Stuyvesant Square that three blocks below are sweatshops and hunger and below-sidewalk retreats where Revolution is plotted ceaselessly.

Mr. Halper, a new writer, has adapted for his book the familiar formula revitalized by Vicki Baum in *Grand Hotel*. It radiates from a cheap walk-up apartment, '20 Door City.' It's all about the People, and third-floor-back drinkers and lovers; and always the Party, a parade of disillusioned *immigrés*. 'Why don't you go back where you come from?' some shillalah bearer from the Old Sod is forever taunting them. And in the ensuing riots that both sides somehow seem to welcome, Mr. Halper tells us, 'in all the husky beefsteak faces [of the cops] the red juice of life and fury was overflowing, and the communists got spattered with the gravy.' An unpleasant story, much of it; but it rings true.

You'll get the feel of Union Square from the book, and of its people. There's Comrade Helen, the love-hungry viking from Texas; and Mr. Boardman, the bourgeois clutching sadly at a life beyond his depth; and Tom Austin, proud and out of a job, who got paid for his pride with the hoof of a police horse in his spine; Leon, whose faith could n't even move a cheap blonde; and always Jason, the alcoholized dynamo who could write poetry but did write hack romance for the pulp magazines.

Union Square is the kind of story that irritates some readers, and nauseates a few; but it will never bore anyone. There's everything in it, almost too much, and you get the feeling that young Mr. Halper's talent is still a bit undisciplined. He is prodigal with words, overbuilds some of his effects, repeats himself. But through it all there runs a staccato vitality that gives force and meaning to his tale. In no sense is it a tract; he has viewed with rare objectivity a slice of New York life that usually betrays its reporter into prejudice.

Wallis Howe, Jr.

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Enjoyable Reading

NEW BOOKS TO READ THIS SUMMER

The Romantic Exiles

EDWARD HALLET CARR tells of a remarkable group of men and women, some wealthy, some destitute, all imbued with romantic ideas of revolution, who left Russia and Germany in the 1850's, and carried on from Paris, London and Switzerland, a most amazing network of personal and political intrigues. His book rivals Guedalla's *Second Empire* as a brilliant picture of the human side of history. $2.75

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SIR JAMES PURVES-STEWART'S revealing picture of life in Moscow, Leningrad and elsewhere is called by the *London Times*, "The most serviceable and informing account of contemporary Russian Life yet presented in book form." Social and medical conditions in the Soviet are described with particular interest. $1.00

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G. M. ATTENBOROUGH, author of *The Rich Young Man*, tells in this new novel the sophisticated story of an unsophisticated young woman. You will enjoy the deft character drawing in this sparkling novel — particularly Ribby, the "little virgin," ardent, ingenuous and very appealing. $2.00

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LOUISE JORDAN MILN has written what many critics call her most delightful novel in this story of a modern Chinese girl. "Plays on one's heartstrings. Intimate glimpses of gracious beauty," says the *Boston Transcript*. "Illuminating, colorful." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. 4th Printing. $2.00

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The BOOKSHELF

Modern Poetry

Three vices of contemporary poetry (all with certain strong exceptions in his favor) appear in **D. H. Lawrence's *Last Poems*** (Viking Press, $3.00): the dissolution of metric, the mawkish saturation of the subject with the personal temperament of the author, and the exaggerated and puerile valuation of the sexual impulse and its literary expression.

Mr. Richard Aldington, editing these *Last Poems* from manuscript, divides the volume in two sections. The second is entitled 'More Pansies' from the resemblance of the contents to Lawrence's previous volume, *Pansies*. Here is an example, chastely printed on a page by itself: —

The Way Out

The only way to settle the property question
is to cease to be interested in it; to be so interested in
something else that the property problem solves itself
by the way.

Confronted with this, presumably as a poem, one can only make a gesture, symbolic of the pure egregiousness which modern wits can swallow with a straight face.

The truth is that many of the items, even in 'The Ship of Death,' the first and greatly superior section of the book, are not poems at all, but *pensées* which approach poetry to the extent that they become definitely rhythmical or take on an imaginative or figurative coloring in expression. Some of the most interesting of these pensées have to do with Lawrence's conception of evil as whatever deadens or mechanizes the strong and unimpeded vitality he approves of. To this anti-rationalistic and anti-industrial conception Lawrence struggles with ingenuous simplicity to give expression. He has an odd air of talking down at times, but apparently not so much to the reader as to himself. It seems to be the level of his own understanding that he is trying so hard to reach. But suggestions of the febrile and the hectic hover over his efforts to rationalize and reduce to A B C the self-assured vitality which he regards as good, and which blows through Walt Whitman like a thoughtless, gusty breath. The merit of *Last Poems* is pretty much just the merit that Matthew Arnold granted modern poets to their disparagement: not the treatment of 'an excellent action,' a great subject, with success, but rather 'happy single expressions which one could quote.'

If any poet of the three here discussed has fixed on 'an excellent action' for his theme, has endowed it with admirable passages yet kept the expression subordinate to the subject, and so produced a conception fine in itself and successfully treated as a whole, it is **Leonard Bacon** in ***The Furioso*** (Harpers, $2.50). The theme is the life of an exceptionally gifted man, the Italian poet D'Annunzio, and that blank, tragic question why a life so gifted should in the end have failed in some way to realize its high possibilities. So Mr. Bacon conceives the theme, and so he carries it out through the dawn of literary fervor in the mind of a boy, through ambition, vanity, self-questioning, and pure caddishness in the man, through the love affair with Eleonora Duse, through the war and the inflated heats of patriotism, through the debacle of the Fiume adventure. In previous volumes Mr. Bacon has grounded himself in the tradition of form which he again employs in *The Furioso*. It is a form adopted from the Italian, yet it is the stanza which has given to modern English its preëminent epic: *Don Juan*. To write in the manner of *Don Juan* means to write with wit and with cynicism, but does not preclude seriousness or the tragic sense. It means to divagate, to indulge in comics, in fantastic rhymes; but it means on occasion to be eloquent, to be nobly stirred and vigorously stirring; it means to make amusing apothegms and shrewd summations of human experience. Finally, despite digressions, facetiousness, and pranks, it means to be rapid, energetic, and direct in narration, and to spread the large conception open and living to the reader's eye. All these things Mr. Bacon does, and does them well. But he is not Byron. The divagations are too frequent and too prolonged; the wit does not always crackle; above all, Mr. Bacon allows himself too great metrical laxity. None the less, *The Furioso* is sound at points where most modern poetry is ailing; it should be respected and welcomed.

Ezra Pound's *A Draft of XXX Cantos* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) is a difficult work to discuss. Ezra Pound is much more naturally endowed for poetry than the writers already reviewed. He is saturated with literature and history, a man of erudition, yet abounding in life, in quick and hearty perceptions, and a versatile appetite for all sorts of experience. In his first books he showed himself remarkably expert in metric. Some of his lyrics, whether regarded as adaptations from other literatures or as essentially his own creations, cannot be resisted; the reader responds to them with an inner leap of pleasure and delighted assent. If Pound, as by many accounts, is the fountainhead of the Imagist movement, he will have much to answer for at the bar of eternity. But no question exists that he is surpassingly endowed for poetry. The question is whether his thirty cantos are the culmination of a brilliant growth or an eccentric departure from the path taken twenty-five years ago when he printed his first book in Venice.

It would be difficult with any confidence even to state the subject of some of the cantos. We begin clearly enough with a part of the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* — Ulysses among the dead, consulting the shade of the old Theban prophet, Teiresias. Then, after some hocus-pocus about Browning (with whom, as Eliot has noticed, Pound has marked affinities), we are told, by way of Ovid, of the adventure of Acœtes, who described to King Pentheus how the ship in which he was voyag-

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The House of Exile

By

NORA WALN

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"The House of Exile" has an appeal to readers of widely varying tastes. Below are extracts from recent letters to the Atlantic Monthly Press:

Ann Bridge, author of "Peking Picnic" writes: "I have read and enjoyed 'The House of Exile.' The Chinese family life was relatively unfamiliar to me and gives a marvellous picture which appears to me profoundly true."

Koliang Yih, Consul General of the Republic of China, writes: "Miss Waln is to be congratulated for the true record of normal Chinese home life."

George E. Sokolsky writes: "'The House of Exile' is the most authentic account of social customs in China that I have ever read."

Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, Managing Director, Chinese Service Bureau, writes: "I believe there are no books of the day that will compare with Miss Waln's. . . . She has made life in real China entrancing. I am genuinely grateful."

Dr. Robert E. Speer, The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, writes: "It is an almost ideal picture of the Chinese life."

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Pulitzer Prize Poem

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VIRGINIA HERSCH

A story of old Charleston. "The author's limpid English style is like a mirror for her thoughts—a clear, translucent stream of prose which it is a joy to read."—**Harry Hansen.** $2.00

A Complete Chaucer

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ing stood stock-still in the ocean currents, enchanted by Bacchus, while vines ascended the masts and the mariners were transformed to dolphins: —

> God-sleight then, god-sleight:
> Ship stock fast in sea-swirl,
> Ivy upon the oars, King Pentheus, . . .
> Lynx-purr, and heathery smell of beasts,
> where tar smell had been,
> Sniff and pad-foot of beasts,
> eye-glitter out of black air.

After this, the Cantos become a welter of allusions and stories from the classics, from the Orient, from the Renaissance, from Northern, from Mediterranean, from mediæval, from modern history and culture, from Chicago, from the Western Front; and all this material intermixed and expressed with every possible idiosyncrasy of form and manner. Half a dozen languages are played with; a Greek-English pun is tossed in; smoking-room stories are told.

For most readers the difficulties of the work will prove insurmountable. It is not merely the wealth of allusions, often recondite; allusions crowd the pages of Milton, and bring no reproach to him. But allusions in large degree can be self-illuminating. Mr. Pound is so far from concerned to give any aid of this sort that he does not supply even common connections of thought which would once have been regarded as part of the normal office of rhetoric. Those who are fascinated by obscurity, by reflections in art of what they feel to be the moral and intellectual dislocations of the times, will hail this work whether they understand one tenth of it or not. Others will believe that gifts that might have furnished modern English with a truly great epic poem have been spent on idle perplexities.

THEODORE MORRISON

WHEN it was announced that the Pulitzer Prize of $1000 for 'the best novel published during the year by an American author' had been awarded to **T. S. Stribling** for his 560-page narrative ***The Store*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), there was a prompt run on the bookstores. Six thousand copies were sold in the three weeks following the award. In the richness of its detail, in the movement which gives vitality to its pages, in the true delight of its Negro dialect, and in the gentle irony which pervades its Southern portraits, it makes real and uncommon claims for distinction. The story's dependence upon circumstance, however, the use of so many characters who never succeed in being any more than types, and what Mr. Soskin calls its 'unresolved mysticism,' are, I believe, flaws. Its honesty and scope tip the scales in its favor; its selection is a pleasing salute to the emerging school of Southern novelists.

Edward Weeks

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FLUSH

A Biography

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

IT is universally admitted that the family from which the subject of this memoir claims descent is one of the greatest antiquity. Many million years ago the country which is now called Spain seethed uneasily in the ferment of creation. Ages passed; vegetation appeared; where there is vegetation the law of nature has decreed that there shall be rabbits; where there are rabbits, Providence has ordained there shall be dogs. There is nothing in this that calls for question or comment. But when we ask why the dog that caught the rabbit was called a Spaniel, then doubts and difficulties begin. Some historians say that when the Carthaginians landed in Spain the common soldiers shouted with one accord, 'Span! Span!' — for rabbits darted from every scrub, from every bush. The land was alive with rabbits. And 'Span' in the Carthaginian tongue signifies Rabbit. Thus the land was called Hispania, or Rabbitland, and the dogs, which were almost instantly perceived in full pursuit of the rabbits, were called Spaniels, or rabbit dogs.

There many of us would be content to let the matter rest; but truth compels us to add that there is another school of thought which thinks differently. The word 'Hispania,' these scholars say, has nothing whatever to do with the Carthaginian word *span*. Hispania derives from the Basque word *españa*, signifying an edge or boundary. If that is so, rabbits, bushes, dogs, soldiers — the whole of that romantic and pleasant picture must be dismissed from the mind; and we must simply suppose that the Spaniel is called a spaniel because Spain is called España. As for the third school of antiquaries which maintains that, just as a lover calls his mistress monster or monkey, so the Spaniards called their favorite dogs crooked or cragged (the word *españa* can be made to take these mean-

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ings) because a spaniel is notoriously the opposite — that is too fanciful to be seriously entertained.

Passing over these theories, and many more which need not detain us here, we reach Wales in the middle of the tenth century. The spaniel is already there, brought, some say, by the Spanish clan of Ebhor or Ivor many centuries previously; and certainly, by the middle of the tenth century, a dog of high repute and value. 'The Spaniel of the King is a pound in value,' Howel Dha laid it down in his Book of Laws. And when we remember what the pound could buy in the year 948 A.D. — how many wives, slaves, horses, oxen, turkeys, and geese — it is plain that the spaniel was already a dog of value and reputation. He had his place already by the King's side. His family was held in honor before those of many famous monarchs. He was taking his ease in palaces when the Plantagenets and the Tudors and the Stuarts were following other people's ploughs through other people's mud. Long before the Howards, the Cavendishes, or the Russells had risen above the common ruck of Smiths, Joneses, and Tomkins', the spaniel family was a family distinguished and apart.

And as the centuries took their way, minor branches broke off from the parent stem. By degrees, as English history pursues its course, there came into existence at least seven famous spaniel families — the Clumber, the Sussex, the Norfolk, the Black Field, the Cocker, the Irish Water, and the English Water, all deriving from the original spaniel of prehistoric days, but showing distinct characteristics, and therefore, no doubt, claiming distinct privileges. That there was an aristocracy of dogs by the time Queen Elizabeth was on the throne Sir Philip Sidney bears witness in the *Arcadia*. '. . . Greyhounds, Spaniels, and Hounds,' he observes, 'whereof the first might seem the Lords, the second the Gentlemen, and the last the Yeomen of dogs.'

But if we are thus led to assume that the Spaniels followed human example, and looked up to Greyhounds as their superiors and considered Hounds beneath them, we have to admit that their aristocracy was founded on better reasons than ours. Such at least must be the conclusion of anyone who studies the laws of the Spaniel Club. By that august body it is plainly laid down what constitute the vices of a spaniel, and what constitute its virtues. Light eyes, for example, are undesirable; curled ears are still worse; to be born with a light nose or a topknot is nothing less than fatal. The merits of the spaniel are equally clearly defined. His head must be smooth, rising without a too decided stoop from the muzzle; the skull must be comparatively rounded and well developed, with plenty of room for brain power; the eyes must be full but not gozzled; the general expression must be one of intelligence and gentleness. The spaniel that exhibits these points is encouraged and bred from; the spaniel who persists in perpetuating topknots and light noses is cut off from the privileges and emoluments of his kind. Thus the judges lay down the law, and, laying down the law, impose penalties and privileges which ensure that the law shall be obeyed.

But, if we now turn to human society, what chaos and confusion meet the eye! No club has any such jurisdiction upon the breed of man. The Heralds' Office is the nearest approach we have to the Spaniel Club. It at least makes some attempt to preserve the purity of the human family. But when we ask what constitutes noble birth — should our eyes be light or dark, our ears curled or straight, are

topknots fatal? — our judges merely refer us to our coats of arms. But it may happen that you have none. Then you are nobody. Once make good, however, your claim to sixteen quarterings, prove your right to a coronet, and then, they say, you are not only born, but nobly born. Hence it is that not a muffineer in all Mayfair lacks his lion couchant or his mermaid rampant. Even our linen drapers mount the Royal Arms above their doors, as though that were proof that their sheets are safe to sleep in. Yet when we come to survey the Royal Houses of Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Hohenzollern, decorated with how many coronets and quarterings, couchant and rampant with how many lions and leopards, and find them now in exile, deposed from authority, judged unworthy of respect, we can but shake our heads and admit that the Judges of the Spaniel Club judged better. The Heralds were at fault. And such is the lesson that is enforced directly we turn from these high matters to consider the early life of Flush in the family of the Mitfords.

II

About the end of the eighteenth century a family of the famous spaniel breed was living near Reading in the house of a certain Dr. Midford or Mitford. That gentleman, in conformity with the canons of the Heralds' Office, chose to spell his name with a *t*, and thus claimed descent from the Northumberland family of the Mitfords of Bertram Castle. His wife was a Miss Russell, and sprang, if remotely, still decidedly from the ducal house of Bedford.

But the mating of Dr. Mitford's ancestors had been carried on with such wanton disregard for principles that no bench of judges could have admitted his claim to be well bred or have allowed him to perpetuate his kind. His eyes were light; his ears were curled; his head exhibited the fatal topknot. In other words, he was utterly selfish, recklessly extravagant, worldly, insincere, and addicted to gambling. He wasted his own fortune, his wife's fortune, and his daughter's earnings. He deserted them in his prosperity and sponged upon them in his infirmity. Two points he had in his favor indeed: great personal beauty — he was like an Apollo until gluttony and intemperance changed Apollo into Bacchus — and he was genuinely devoted to dogs. But there can be no doubt that, had there been in existence a Man Club corresponding to the Spaniel Club, no spelling of Mitford with a *t* instead of with a *d*, no claim to kinship with the Mitfords of Bertram Castle, would have availed to protect him from contumely and contempt, from all the penalties of outlawry and ostracism, from being branded as a mongrel man unfitted to carry on his kind. But he was a human being. Nothing therefore prevented him from marrying a lady of birth and breeding, from living for over eighty years, from having in his possession several generations of greyhounds and spaniels, and from begetting a daughter.

All researches unfortunately have failed to fix with any certainty the exact year of Flush's birth, let alone the month or the day; but it is likely that he was born early in the year 1842. It is also probable that he was directly descended from Tray (c. 1816), whose points, preserved unfortunately only in the untrustworthy medium of poetry, prove him to have been a red cocker spaniel of merit. There is every reason to think that Flush was the son of that 'real old cocking spaniel' for whom Dr. Mitford refused twenty guineas 'on account of his excellence in the field.'

It is to poetry, alas, that we have to

trust for our most detailed description of Flush himself as a young dog. He was of that particular shade of dark brown which in sunshine flashes 'all over into gold.' His eyes were 'startled eyes of hazel bland.' His ears were 'tasseled'; his 'slender feet' were 'canopied in fringes,' and his tail was broad. Making allowance for the exigencies of rhyme and the inaccuracies of poetic diction, there is nothing here but what would meet with the approval of the Spaniel Club. We cannot doubt that Flush was a pure-bred Cocker of the red variety marked by all the characteristic excellences of his kind.

III

The first months of his life were passed at Three Mile Cross, a workingman's cottage near Reading. Since the Mitfords had fallen on evil days — Kerenhappock was the only servant; the chair covers were made by Miss Mitford herself and of the cheapest material; the most important article of furniture seems to have been a large table, the most important room a large greenhouse — it is unlikely that Flush was surrounded by any of those luxuries, rain-proof kennels, cement walks, a maid or boy attached to his person, that would now be accorded a dog of his rank. But he throve; he enjoyed with all the vivacity of his temperament most of the pleasures and some of the licenses natural to his youth and sex.

Miss Mitford, it is true, was much confined to the cottage. She had to read aloud to her father hour after hour; then to play cribbage; then, when at last he slumbered, to write and write and write at the table in the greenhouse in the attempt to pay their bills and settle their debts. But at last the longed-for moment would come. She thrust her papers aside, clapped a hat on her head, took her umbrella, and set off for a walk across the fields with her dogs. Spaniels are by nature sympathetic; Flush, as his story proves, had an even excessive appreciation of human emotions. The sight of his dear mistress snuffing the fresh air at last, letting it ruffle her hair and redden the natural freshness of her face, while the lines on her huge brow smoothed themselves out, excited him to gambols whose wildness was half sympathy with her own delight. As she strode through the long grass, so he leapt hither and thither, parting its green curtain. The cool globes of dew or rain broke in showers of iridescent spray about his nose; the earth, here hard, here soft, here hot, here cold, stung, teased, and tickled the soft pads of his feet. Then what a variety of smells interwoven in subtlest combination thrilled his nostrils: strong smells of earth, sweet smells of flowers; nameless smells of leaf and bramble; sour smells as they crossed the road; pungent smells as they entered bean fields.

But suddenly down the wind came tearing a smell sharper, stronger, more lacerating than any — a smell that ripped across his brain stirring a thousand instincts, releasing a million memories — the smell of hare, the smell of fox. Off he flashed like a fish drawn in a rush through water further and further. He forgot his mistress; he forgot all humankind. He heard dark men cry, 'Span! Span!' He heard whips crack. He raced; he rushed. At last he stopped bewildered; the incantation faded; very slowly, wagging his tail sheepishly, he trotted quietly back across the fields to where Miss Mitford stood shouting, 'Flush! Flush! Flush!' and waving her umbrella.

And once, at least, the call was even more imperious; the hunting horn roused deeper instincts, summoned wilder and stronger emotions that

transcended memory and obliterated grass, trees, hare, rabbit, fox, in one wild shout of ecstasy. Love blazed her torch in his eyes; he heard the hunting horn of Venus. Before he was well out of his puppyhood, Flush was a father.

Such conduct in a man even, in the year 1842, would have called for some excuse from a biographer; in a woman, no excuse could have availed — her name must have been blotted out in ignominy from the page. But the moral code of dogs, whether better or worse, is certainly different from ours, and there was nothing in Flush's conduct in this respect that requires a veil now, or unfitted him for the society of the chastest in the land then. There is evidence, that is to say, that the elder brother of Dr. Pusey was anxious to buy him. If we deduce from the known character of Dr. Pusey the probable character of his brother, there must have been something serious, solid, that promised well for future excellence, whatever might be the levity of the present, in Flush even as a puppy. But a much more significant testimony to the attractive nature of his gifts is that, even though Mr. Pusey wished to buy him, Miss Mitford refused to sell him. As she was at her wits' end for money, scarcely knew, indeed, what tragedy to spin, what annual to edit, and was reduced to the repulsive expedient of asking her friends for help, it must have gone hard with her to refuse the sum offered by the elder brother of Dr. Pusey. Twenty pounds had been offered for Flush's father; Miss Mitford might well have asked ten to fifteen for Flush. Ten or fifteen pounds was a princely sum, a magnificent sum to have at her disposal. With ten or fifteen pounds she might have recovered her chairs, she might have restocked her greenhouse, she might have bought herself an entire wardrobe, and 'I have not bought a bonnet, a cloak, a gown, hardly a pair of gloves,' she wrote in 1842, 'for four years.'

But to sell Flush was unthinkable. He was of the rare order of objects that cannot be associated with money. Was he not of the still rarer kind which, because they typify what is spiritual, what is beyond price, become a fitting token of the disinterestedness of friendship, and may be offered in that spirit to a friend, if one is so lucky as to have one, who is more like a daughter than a friend; to a friend who lies secluded all through the summer months in a back bedroom in Wimpole Street, to a friend who is no other than England's foremost poetess, the brilliant, the doomed, the adored Elizabeth Barrett herself? Such were the thoughts that came more and more frequently to Miss Mitford as she watched Flush rolling and scampering in the sunshine; as she sat by the couch of Miss Barrett in her dark, ivy-shaded London bedroom. Yes; Flush was worthy of Miss Barrett; Miss Barrett was worthy of Flush. The sacrifice was a great one; but the sacrifice must be made.

Thus, one day, probably in the early summer of the year 1842, a remarkable couple might have been seen taking their way down Wimpole Street — a very short, stout, shabby, elderly lady, with a bright red face and bright white hair, who led by the chain a very spirited, very inquisitive, very well-bred golden cocker spaniel puppy. They walked almost the whole length of the street until at last they paused at number fifty. Not without trepidation, Miss Mitford rang the bell.

IV

Even now perhaps nobody rings the bell of a house in Wimpole Street without trepidation. It is the most august of London streets, the most impersonal. Indeed, when the world seems tumbling

to ruin, and civilization rocks on its foundations, one has only to go to Wimpole Street; to pace that avenue; to survey those houses; to consider their uniformity; to marvel at the window curtains and their consistency; to admire the brass knockers and their regularity; to observe butchers tendering joints and cooks receiving them; to reckon the incomes of the inhabitants and infer their consequent submission to the laws of God and man — one has only to go to Wimpole Street and drink deep of the peace breathed by authority in order to heave a sigh of thankfulness that while Corinth has fallen and Messina has tumbled, while crowns have blown down the wind and old empires have gone up in flames, Wimpole Street has remained unmoved. And, as one turns from Wimpole Street into Oxford Street, a prayer rises in the heart and bursts from the lips that not a brick of Wimpole Street may be repointed, not a curtain washed, not a butcher fail to tender or a cook to receive the sirloin, the haunch, the breast, the ribs of mutton and beef forever and ever; for, as long as Wimpole Street remains, civilization is secure.

The butlers of Wimpole Street move ponderously even to-day; in the summer of 1842 they were more deliberate still. The laws of livery were then more stringent; the ritual of the green baize apron for cleaning silver, of the striped waistcoat and swallowtail black coat for opening the hall door, was more closely observed. It is likely then that Miss Mitford and Flush were kept waiting at least three minutes and a half on the doorstep.

At last, however, the door of number fifty was flung wide. Miss Mitford and Flush were ushered in. Miss Mitford was a frequent visitor; there was nothing to surprise, though something to subdue her, in the sight of the Barrett family mansion. But the effect upon Flush must have been overwhelming in the extreme. Until this moment he had set foot in no house but the workingman's cottage at Three Mile Cross. The boards there were bare; the mats were frayed; the chairs were cheap. Here there was nothing bare, nothing frayed, nothing cheap — that Flush could see at a glance.

Mr. Barrett, the owner, was a rich merchant; he had a large family of grown-up sons and daughters, and a large retinue of servants. His house was furnished in the fashion of the late thirties, with some tincture, no doubt, of that Eastern fantasy which led him when he built a house in Shropshire to adorn it with the domes and crescents of Moorish architecture. Here in Wimpole Street such extravagance would not be allowed; but we may suppose that the high, dark rooms were full of ottomans and carved mahogany; tables were twisted; filigree ornaments stood upon them; daggers and swords hung upon wine-dark walls; curious objects brought from his East Indian property stood in recesses, and thick rich carpets clothed the floors.

But as Flush trotted up behind Miss Mitford, who was behind the butler, he was more astonished by what he smelt than by what he saw. Up the funnel of the staircase came warm whiffs of joints roasting, of fowls basting, of soups simmering — ravishing almost as food itself to nostrils used to the meagre savor of Kerenhappock's penurious fries and hashes. Mixing with the smell of food were further smells — smells of cedarwood and sandalwood and mahogany; scents of male bodies and female bodies; of men servants and maid servants; of coats and trousers; of crinolines and mantles; of curtains of tapestry, of curtains of plush; of coal dust and fog; of wine and cigars. Each room as he passed it — dining room, drawing-room, library, bedroom

— wafted out its own contribution to the general stew; while, as he set down first one paw and then another, each was caressed and retained by the sensuality of pile carpets closing amorously over it. At length they reached a closed door at the back of the house. A gentle tap was given; gently the door was opened.

V

Miss Barrett's bedroom — for such it was — must by all accounts have been dark. The light, normally obscured by a curtain of green damask, was in summer further dimmed by the ivy, the scarlet runners, the convolvuluses, and the nasturtiums which grew in the window box. At first Flush could distinguish nothing in the pale greenish gloom but five white globes glimmering mysteriously in mid-air. But again it was the smell of the room that overpowered him. Only a scholar who has descended step by step into a mausoleum and there finds himself in a crypt, crusted with fungus, slimy with mould, exuding sour smells of decay and antiquity, while half-obliterated marble busts gleam in mid-air and all is dimly seen by the light of the small swinging lamp which he holds, and dips and turns, glancing now here, now there — only the sensations of such an explorer into the buried vaults of a ruined city can compare with the riot of emotions that flooded Flush's nerves as he stood for the first time in an invalid's back bedroom, in Wimpole Street, and smelt eau de Cologne.

Very slowly, very dimly, with much sniffing and pawing, Flush by degrees distinguished the outlines of several articles of furniture. That huge object by the window was perhaps a wardrobe. Next to it stood, conceivably, a chest of drawers. In the middle of the room swam up to the surface what seemed to be a table with a ring round it; and then the vague amorphous shapes of armchair and table emerged. But everything was disguised. The sofa was a bed. On top of the wardrobe, if wardrobe it were, stood three white busts; the chest of drawers was surmounted by a bookcase; the bookcase was pasted over with crimson merino; the washing table, if washing table it were, had a coronal of shelves upon it, on top of which stood two more busts. Nothing in the room was itself; everything was something else. Even the window curtain was not a simple muslin blind; it was a painted fabric with a design of castles and gateways and groves of trees, and there were several peasants too, taking a walk. Looking-glasses further distorted these already distorted objects, so that there seemed to be ten busts of ten poets instead of five; four tables instead of two. How terrifying it was suddenly to see staring back at him from a hole in the wall another dog with bright eyes flashing, and tongue lolling! He paused amazed. He advanced in awe.

Thus advancing, thus withdrawing, Flush scarcely heard, save as the distant drone of wind among the tree tops, the murmur and patter of voices talking. He pursued his investigations, cautiously, nervously, as an explorer in a forest softly advances his foot, uncertain whether that shadow is a lion, or that root a cobra. At last, however, he was aware of huge objects in commotion over him; and, unstrung as he was by the experiences of the past hour, he hid himself, trembling, behind a screen.

The voices ceased. A door shut. For one instant he paused, bewildered, unstrung. Then, with a pounce as of clawed tigers, memory fell upon him. He felt himself alone — deserted. He rushed to the door. It was shut. He pawed, he listened. He heard footsteps descending. He knew them for the familiar footsteps of his mistress. They

stopped. But no — on they went, down they went. Miss Mitford was slowly, was heavily, was reluctantly descending the stairs. And as she went, as he heard her footsteps fade, panic seized upon him. Door after door shut in his face as Miss Mitford went downstairs: on freedom; on fields; on hares; on grass; on his adored, his venerated mistress — on the dear old woman who had washed him and beaten him and fed him from her own plate when she had none too much to eat herself — on all he had known of happiness and love and human goodness! There! The front door slammed. He was alone. She had deserted him.

Then such a wave of despair and anguish overwhelmed him, the irrevocableness and implacability of fate so smote him, that he lifted up his head and howled aloud. A voice said, 'Flush.' He did not hear it. 'Flush,' it repeated a second time. He started. He had thought himself alone. He turned. Was there something alive in the room with him? Was there something on the sofa? In the wild hope that this being, whatever it was, might open the door, that he might still rush after Miss Mitford and find her — that this was some game of hide and seek such as they used to play in the greenhouse at home — Flush darted to the sofa.

'Oh, Flush!' said Miss Barrett. For the first time she looked him in the face. For the first time Flush looked at the lady who was stretched upon the sofa.

Each was surprised. Heavy curls hung down on either side of Miss Barrett's face; large bright eyes shone out; a large mouth smiled. Heavy ears hung down on either side of Flush's face; his eyes too were large and bright; his mouth was wide. There was a likeness between them. As they gazed at each other each felt, 'Here am I' — and then each felt, 'But how different!' Hers was the pale worn face of an invalid, cut off from air, light, freedom. His was the warm ruddy face of a young animal, instinct with health and energy. Broken asunder, yet made in the same mould, could it be that each completed what was dormant in the other? She might have been — all that; and he — But no. Between them lay the widest gulf that can separate one being from another. She spoke. He was dumb. She was woman; he was dog. Thus closely united, thus immensely divided, they gazed at each other.

Then with one bound Flush sprang on to the sofa and laid himself where he was to lie forever after — on the rug at Miss Barrett's feet.

VI

The summer of 1842 was, historians tell us, not much different from other summers, yet to Flush it was so different that he must have doubted if the world itself were the same. It was a summer spent in a bedroom; a summer spent with Miss Barrett. It was a summer spent in London, spent in the heart of civilization. At first he saw nothing but the bedroom and its furniture, but that alone was surprising enough. To identify, distinguish, and call by their right names all the different articles he saw there was confusing enough.

He had scarcely accustomed himself to the tables, to the busts, to the washing stands — the smell of eau de Cologne still lacerated his nostrils — when there came one of those rare days which are fine but not windy, warm but not baking, dry but not dusty, when an invalid can take the air. The day came when Miss Barrett could safely risk the huge adventure of going shopping with her sister.

The carriage was ordered; Miss Bar-

rett rose from her sofa; veiled and muffled, she descended the stairs. Flush, of course, went with her. He leapt into the carriage by her side. As he lay couched on her lap, the whole pomp of London at its most splendid burst on his astonished eyes. They drove along Oxford Street. He saw houses made almost entirely of glass. He saw windows laced across with glittering streamers; heaped with gleaming mounds of pink, purple, yellow, rose.

The carriage stopped. He entered mysterious arcades filmed with clouds and webs of tinted gauze. A million airs from China, from Arabia, wafted their frail incense into the remotest fibres of his senses. Swiftly over the counters rolled yards of flashing silk; more darkly, more slowly, rolled the ponderous bombazine. Scissors snipped; coins sparkled.

What with nodding plumes, waving streamers, tossing horses, yellow liveries, passing faces, leaping, dancing up, down, Flush, satiated with the multiplicity of his sensations, slept, drowsed, dreamt, and knew no more until he was lifted out of the carriage and the door of Wimpole Street shut on him again.

VII

And next day, as the fine weather continued, Miss Barrett ventured upon an even more daring exploit — she had herself drawn up Wimpole Street in a Bath chair. Again Flush went with her. He heard his nails click upon the hard paving stones of London. The whole battery of a London street on a hot summer's day assaulted his nostrils. He smelt the swooning smells that lie in the gutters; the bitter smells that corrode iron railings; the fuming, heady smells that rise from basements — smells more complex, corrupt, violently contrasted and compounded than any he had smelt in the fields near Reading; smells that lay far beyond the range of the human nose, so that while the chair went on, he stopped, amazed; disentangling, defining, savoring, searching, until a jerk at his collar dragged him on.

And also, as he trotted up Wimpole Street behind Miss Barrett's chair, he was dazed by the passage of human bodies. Petticoats swished at his head; trousers brushed his flanks; sometimes a wheel whizzed an inch from his nose; the wind of destruction roared in his ears and fanned the feathers of his paws as a van passed. Then he plunged in terror. Mercifully the chain tugged at his collar; Miss Barrett held him tight, or he would have rushed to destruction.

At last, with every nerve throbbing and every sense singing, he reached Regent's Park. And then when he saw once more, after years of absence it seemed, grass, flowers, and trees, the old hunting cry of the fields hallooed in his ears and he dashed forward to run as he had run in the fields at home. But now a heavy weight jerked at his throat; he was thrown back on his haunches. Were there not trees and grass? he asked. Were these not the signals of freedom? Had he not always leapt forward directly Miss Mitford started on her walk? Why was he a prisoner here? He paused. Here, he observed, the flowers were massed far more thickly than at home; they stood, plant by plant, rigidly in narrow plots. The plots were intersected by hard black paths. Men in shiny top hats marched ominously up and down the paths. At the sight of them he shuddered closer to the chair. He gladly accepted the protection of the chain.

Thus before many of these walks were over a new conception had entered his brain. Setting one thing beside another, he had arrived at a conclusion. Where there are flower beds there are asphalt paths; where there are flower

beds and asphalt paths, there are men in shiny top hats; where there are flower beds and asphalt paths and men in shiny top hats, dogs must be led on chains. Without being able to decipher a word of the placard at the Gate, he had learnt his lesson — in Regent's Park dogs must be led on chains.

And to this nucleus of knowledge, born from the strange experiences of the summer of 1842, soon adhered another: dogs are not equal, but different. At Three Mile Cross, Flush had mixed impartially with taproom dogs and the Squire's greyhounds; he had known no difference between the tinker's dog and himself. Indeed, it is probable that the mother of his child, though by courtesy called spaniel, was nothing but a mongrel, eared in one way, tailed in another. But the dogs of London, Flush soon discovered, are strictly divided into different classes. Some are chained dogs; some run wild. Some take their airings in carriages and drink from purple jars; others are unkempt and uncollared and pick up a living in the gutter. Some dogs, Flush began to suspect, are high, others low, and his suspicions were confirmed by snatches of talk held in passing with the dogs of Wimpole Street. 'See that scallywag? A mere mongrel! . . . By gad, that's a fine Spaniel. One of the best blood in Britain! . . . Pity his ears are n't a shade more curly. . . . There's a top-knot for you!'

From such phrases, from the accent of praise or derision in which they were spoken, at the pillar box, or outside the public house where the footmen were exchanging racing tips, Flush knew before the summer had passed that dogs are not equal but differ — some are high, some are low. No sooner had Flush got home than he examined himself carefully in the looking-glass. Heaven be praised, he was a dog of birth and breeding! His head was smooth; his eyes were prominent but not gozzled; his feet were feathered; he was the equal of the best-bred Cocker in Wimpole Street. He noted with approval the purple jar from which he drank — such are the privileges of rank; he bent his head quietly to have the chain fixed to his collar — such are its penalties.

When about this time Miss Barrett observed him staring in the glass, she was mistaken. He was a philosopher, she thought, meditating the difference between appearance and reality. On the contrary, he was an aristocrat considering his points.

VIII

But the fine summer days were soon over; the autumn winds began to blow; and Miss Barrett settled down to a life of complete seclusion in her bedroom. Flush's life was also changed. His outdoor education was supplemented by that of the bedroom, and this, to a dog of Flush's temperament, was the most drastic that could have been invented. His only airings, and these were brief and perfunctory, were taken in the company of Wilson, Miss Barrett's maid.

For the rest of the day he kept his station on the sofa at Miss Barrett's feet. All his natural instincts were thwarted and contradicted. When the autumn winds had blown last year in Berkshire he had run in wild scampering across the stubble; now at the sound of the ivy tapping on the pane Miss Barrett asked Wilson to see to the fastenings of the window. When the leaves of the scarlet runners and nasturtiums in the window box yellowed and fell, she drew her Indian shawl more closely round her. When the October rain lashed the window Wilson lit the fire and heaped up the coals.

Autumn deepened into winter and the first fogs jaundiced the air. Wilson

and Flush could scarcely grope their way to the pillar box or to the chemist's. When they came back nothing could be seen in the room but the pale busts glimmering wanly on the tops of the wardrobes; the peasants and the castle had vanished on the blind; blank yellow filled the pane. Flush felt that he and Miss Barrett lived alone together in a cushioned and firelit cave.

The traffic droned on perpetually outside with muffled reverberations; now and again a voice went calling hoarsely, 'Old chairs and baskets to mend,' down the street; sometimes there was a jangle of organ music, coming nearer and louder; going further and fading away. But none of these sounds meant freedom, or action, or exercise. The wind and the rain, the wild days of autumn and the cold days of midwinter, all alike meant nothing to Flush except warmth and stillness; the lighting of lamps; the drawing of curtains, and the poking of the fire.

At first the strain was too great to be borne. He could not help dancing round the room on a windy autumn day when the partridges must be scattering over the stubble. He thought he heard guns on the breeze. He could not help running to the door with his hackles raised when a dog barked outside. And yet when Miss Barrett called him back, when she laid her hand on his collar, he could not deny that another feeling, urgent, contradictory, disagreeable — he did not know what to call it or why he obeyed it — restrained him. He lay still at her feet. To resign, to control, to suppress the most violent instincts of his nature — that was the prime lesson of the bedroom school, and it was one of such portentous difficulty that many scholars have learnt Greek with less — many battles have been won that cost their generals not half such pain.

But then, Miss Barrett was the teacher. Between them, Flush felt more and more strongly as the weeks wore on, was a bond, an uncomfortable yet thrilling tightness; so that if his pleasure was her pain, then his pleasure was pleasure no longer, but three parts pain. The truth of this was proved every day. Somebody opened the door and whistled. Why should he not go out? He longed for air and exercise. His limbs were cramped with lying on the sofa. He had never grown altogether used to the smell of eau de Cologne. But no — though the door stood open, he would not leave Miss Barrett. He hesitated halfway to the door and then went back to the sofa.

'Flushie,' wrote Miss Barrett, 'is my friend — my companion — and loves me better than he loves the sunshine without.' She could not go out. She was chained to the sofa. 'A bird in a cage would have as good a story,' she wrote, as she had. And Flush, to whom the whole world was free, chose to forfeit all the smells of Wimpole Street in order to lie by her side.

IX

And yet sometimes the tie would almost break; there were vast gaps in their understanding. Sometimes they would lie and stare at each other in blank bewilderment. Why, Miss Barrett wondered, did Flush tremble suddenly, and whimper and start and listen? She could hear nothing; she could see nothing; there was nobody in the room with them. She could not guess that Folly, her sister's little King Charles, had passed the door; or that Catiline, the Cuba bloodhound, had been given a mutton bone by a footman in the basement. But Flush knew; he heard; he was ravaged by the alternate rages of lust and greed. Then, with all her poet's imagination, Miss Barrett could not divine what

Wilson's wet umbrella meant to Flush; what memories it recalled, of forests and parrots and wild trumpeting elephants; nor did she know, when Mr. Kenyon stumbled over the bell pull, that Flush heard dark men cursing in the mountains; the cry 'Span! Span!' rang in his ears, and it was in some muffled, ancestral rage that he bit him.

Flush was equally at a loss to account for Miss Barrett's emotions. There she would lie hour after hour passing her hand over a white page with a black stick; and her eyes would suddenly fill with tears; but why? 'Ah, my dear Mr. Horne,' she was writing. 'And then came the failure in my health . . . and then the enforced exile to Torquay . . . which gave a nightmare to my life for ever, and robbed it of more than I can speak of here; do not speak of that anywhere. *Do not speak of that*, dear Mr. Horne.' But there was no sound in the room, no smell to make Miss Barrett cry.

Then again Miss Barrett, still agitating her stick, burst out laughing. She had drawn 'a very neat and characteristic portrait of Flush, humorously made rather like myself,' and she had written under it that it 'only fails of being an excellent substitute for mine through being more worthy than I can be counted.' What was there to laugh at in the black smudge that she held out for Flush to look at? He could smell nothing; he could hear nothing. There was nobody in the room with them.

The truth was that they could not communicate with words, and it was a fact that led undoubtedly to much misunderstanding. Yet did it not lead also to a peculiar intimacy? 'Writing, writing, writing!' Miss Barrett once exclaimed after a morning's toil. After all, she may have thought, do words say everything? Can words say anything? Do not words destroy the symbol that lies beyond the reach of words?

Once at least Miss Barrett seems to have found it so. She was lying, thinking; she had forgotten Flush altogether, and her thoughts were so sad that the tears fell upon the pillow. Then suddenly a hairy head was pressed against her; large bright eyes shone in hers; and she started. Was it Flush, or was it Pan? Was she no longer an invalid in Wimpole Street, but a Greek nymph in some dim grove in Arcady? And did the bearded god himself press his lips to hers? For a moment she was transformed; she was a nymph and Flush was Pan. The sun burnt and love blazed. But suppose Flush had been able to speak — would he not have said something sensible about the potato disease in Ireland?

So, too, Flush felt strange stirrings at work within him. When he saw Miss Barrett's thin hands delicately lifting some silver box or pearl ornament from the ringed table, his own furry paws seemed to contract and he longed that they should fine themselves to ten separate fingers. When he heard her low voice syllabling innumerable sounds, he longed for the day when his own rough roar would issue like hers in the little single sounds that had such mysterious meaning. And when he watched the same fingers forever crossing a white page with a straight stick, he longed for the time when he too should blacken paper as she did.

And yet, had he been able to write as she did — ? The question is superfluous, happily, for truth compels us to say that in the year 1842–1843 Miss Barrett was not a nymph but an invalid; Flush was not a poet but a red cocker spaniel; and Wimpole Street was not Arcady but Wimpole Street.

(*To be continued*)

THE BIG PEPPER AND BRINE MAN

BY GEORGE J. ANDERSON

I

Did you ever think about the drama behind a jar of pickled peppers?

Nothing, of course, is further from my purpose than to suggest that you are an addict. On second thought, I realize now that there is no special reason why you should have reflected upon pickled peppers at all. With your permission, however, I believe it can be demonstrated that mine was no flippant query. Mind you, I am not intimating that one can put Greek tragedy and divine comedy into jars of pickled peppers, or anything like that. My contention is merely this: that there are certain dramatic materials behind the routine business of picking, pickling, and purveying them to the pepper consumers, which may be unsuspected.

Let us try a simple test in the association of ideas. If we should ask at random one hundred persons what they connected with pickled peppers, we can scarcely doubt that ninety-nine answers would be in unison: 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.' Just study the import of that fact. Imagine the talents of the man, not to mention the drive of his organization, that could accomplish this feat. Despite all competition, Mr. Piper has made his brand, literally, a household word. Moreover, he has succeeded in driving it home, not merely to the devotees of pickled peppers, but to millions who have little or no interest in his product. This exploit, therefore, has led me to believe that here we may have the essence of business drama.

There is no good reason why I should not confess, at the very outset, to more than a cold, industrial interest in Piper and his peppers. The fact is that 'the old man,' as everybody calls him, is a friend of many years. True, I was not a personal observer throughout his rise from humble origins to commercial fame. The gap between our ages makes us of different business generations. But I have been privileged to hear the early story from his own lips and from his associates, not omitting the highly capable Mrs. Piper. Visits to the Piper plant, luncheons prolonged in casual chat, and many a hospitable week-end at their home have enabled me to learn, with tolerable clearness, the ups and downs of the pickled-pepper trade.

As is the case with many public and semi-public men, one does not derive much aid or interest from the bare bones of biographical data. Piper is both a modest and a reticent man. About pickled peppers he will talk by the hour. Of himself as an individual he rarely speaks. There are not more than half a dozen episodes in his career which the old man deems sufficiently vital to record for posterity. You can confirm all this for yourself by a mere glance at his official sketch — the one in *Who's Who in Pickledom.*

The items in that record are, as I

have said, only bare bones. Out of my friendship and with his reluctant consent, I shall try to put flesh and blood upon them. Mr. Piper has agreed, subject to two stipulations: first, that he will not review the writing in any way, leaving me solely responsible; second, that the primary object shall be to portray an interesting phase of business, without embarrassing him by hero worship. The former is easily arranged. The latter I shall do my best to observe, steering my craft as cautiously as possible between the Scylla of Mr. Piper's reserve and the Charybdis of my reader's natural desire to know fully what manner of man he is.

II

Peter was the eldest in a rather lengthy line of small Pipers. The year that he first beheld the smoke of Pittsburgh is a little indefinite. I have said that he is reticent; on personal dates, such as birth, marriage, and the like, he is positively secretive. However, his age can be fairly placed in the latter sixties. Patrick Piper, the father, made a modest living in the plumbing business. In fact, Pat is still remembered locally as the plumber who never — well, hardly ever — forgot his tools. Peter's mother was Polly Plunkett of the Pennsylvania Plunketts, whose force and drive have been apparent in the life of her oldest son.

Limitations of plumbing profits, without corresponding limits to the Piper family, barred Peter from having a college education. This has not prevented him from becoming a tolerably educated man. Early he learned to think for himself, and later to read with plan and profit. So much cannot always be said of all who achieve Phi Beta Kappa keys, or even for some who have greatness thrust upon them as all-American tackles.

Much to his father's regret, Peter did not choose to run after plumbing trade. In this he was no more wayward than many other sons in the homes of bankers, lawyers, or preachers. He did stick to business. But he early discovered that he liked to sell, and being the 'vital type,' so called, to sell what he liked to eat. At twenty-two or thereabouts he was canvassing the provinces for a wholesale grocery house. Just as soon as the modest salary and commissions allowed, Peter married the thrifty and industrious Priscilla Paddock. When I add that she sprang from the thrifty and industrious Paddocks in Portsmouth, you can visualize his comrade for the coming years.

Now the Piper rise to fame and fortune, like so many American examples of business success, was based partly on an accident. What seemed like hard luck and chance became stepping-stones to a new life. Peter was moving slowly upward in wholesale groceries when two blows fell together. A trade slump caught his concern perched on a three-legged stool with long and unsteady supports: excessive inventories, overextended receivables, and too many bank loans. When the liquidation was over, Peter's job was gone. At that moment, typhoid fever — lurking in some obscure hostelry on his sales route — laid him low.

It was his first, and only, serious illness. The stoutness of body and will that Patrick Piper and Polly Plunkett had combined to give him pulled him through. But he was so weak that the doctor positively forbade any thought of work or travel for six months. So the young Pipers found their small domestic ship aground; and it is more than metaphor to say 'aground.' At this time they were living in a suburban cottage on several acres of land. There, in a soft, early spring, they faced the problem of carrying on.

'Things never looked any blacker, before or since,' said Peter one day with a reflective grin. 'There was Pris with two kids, a couple of hundred dollars, me as limp as a dishrag, and no job!'

Thereupon, Priscilla took charge and showed the stuff which had made Paddocks. Partly to guard the small savings, partly for his health, she set Peter to work in the garden patch. She laid out a programme to include both summer provender and later preserving. From remarks she has dropped, I suspect some of it was pure camouflage for Peter's benefit.

'I just had to get him out of the house and out of the way,' Mrs. Piper admitted once when they were recalling the old days. 'It's awful to have a man around the place all day. You can't imagine it unless you're a woman. Especially anyone like Peter! He just has to be busy. That's why I always say pickled peppers saved my life!'

Fooling Peter with respect to gardening, one infers, was not so hard. He knew scarcely more about it than he did about plumbing. But Priscilla Paddock Piper knew gardens and knew what she wanted. In particular, she insisted upon plenty of peppers. Then and there, though neither knew it at the time, a business was born.

There is no need to make a short story long. Helped in the early days of his weakness by the sturdy spading of his wife, Peter brought forth a garden. The garden, in turn, brought forth peppers, and brought them forth abundantly. And in the preserving season Priscilla brought forth jars upon jars of pickled peppers. In truth, abundance became surplus. Now the restored and invigorated Peter once more asserted himself as senior partner. The sales instinct was again uppermost.

One March night the three of us were seated before an open fire. I had been trying to establish the exact story surrounding the first sale of Piper's pickled peppers.

'I would n't say it was a matter of life and death,' the old man remarked, chewing on his after-dinner cigar. 'But it was sell or eat. The house was full of pickled peppers from cellar to garret. Now that, you might say, was too big a stock for a small concern. Furthermore, I figured Pris's stuff would sell, too. Consequently,' he summarized, 'I sold the surplus.'

'And that,' placidly added Mrs. P. by way of footnote, 'was just my idea in the first place!'

The jars, neatly labeled 'Pickled Peppers,' were taken in several batches to the local tradesfolk. They were left on display, to be marketed with a commission to the storekeeper. In a fortnight they were all gone.

That autumn Peter found a new job with another food concern. But all that winter the spell of pickled peppers was upon him. He enlisted Priscilla to try the experiment on a larger scale the next season. They hired a man for the garden, and a helper in the kitchen during the pickling weeks. Priscilla threw herself into production with truly Paddock vigor. From far and near she gathered recipes and worked out the most delectable formula. In fact, she took first prize for pickled peppers at the county fair, winning twenty-five dollars and a blue ribbon. The latter, a bit faded now, is still treasured among the Piper heirlooms to be.

In this sales campaign, Peter added some new touches. The labels, instead of being inked by hand, came from the printer in bold capitals: 'Piper's Pickled Peppers.' For each display he painted a bold placard: —

PIPER'S PICKLED PEPPERS
Planted and Picked under the Supervision
of Peter Piper
Pickled by Mrs. Piper Personally
A Piper Product from Plant to Patron

When we reached this bit of the story, Peter went upstairs and retrieved from some hideaway a soiled and bent souvenir.

'That got 'em,' he declared proudly. 'It was our first advertising campaign!'

Again the pepper output went forth to a willing market. Not only did the peppers please locally, but the Pipers began to receive letters from the relatives and friends of satisfied customers. That was enough for Peter. 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' The next spring he gave up his job and began looking for a small pickling plant.

Another industry, leaving the home by way of the kitchen door, had passed through the factory gates. Thus the business world saw the birth of Piper's Pickled Peppers, Incorporated.

III

The next fifteen years form a familiar story in industry. The enterprise grew steadily, and Peter grew with it. He learned organization, accounting, sound merchandising. Accumulated reserves found him always putting money back into the plant, extending its capacity and keeping equipment up to date. He studied the mysteries of turnover, although Priscilla admits she never did grasp the real difference between pepper turnover and the apple turnover that Peter liked so much. He believed ardently in his advertising and kept full steam behind it. Year by year the pickled peppers were reaching a larger clientele, and by their unrelaxed quality keeping their hold on former friends.

Eventually the great day arrived that saw Piperville dedicated with a blare of bands and speeches. The big new plant, with its sheer glass and fresh lawns, its trim office building and the employees' athletic field, was a nine days' wonder thereabouts. Not a few scoffed at all the 'paternalism,' but Peter Piper was proud indeed.

'Slow but steady was our slogan,' is his comment on that era. 'We did n't have so many charts or statistics then. But I kept some figures in my little black notebook. I noticed we had our ups and downs, of course, like anybody does. One year might fall under the last one; still, when I added them up, three years at a time, I saw the totals were always getting bigger. One time we slipped a good bit. So I called in the boys from the road and gave them hel — '

'Peter!' warned Mrs. P.

' — and gave them some helpful hints,' continued the old man with a solemn wink. 'So we went right on, growing and growing with the best of them. You can't go backward in a country like this.'

IV

Gradually the record unfolds about the time of our post-war boom. From this point I am able to speak with better knowledge, for in the course of business Piper and I had now begun our friendship.

During these latter years he had been reaching out further and further. To enlarge his sales, he had worked out successive steps to add other pickled edibles. Now he was buying supplies far afield in California and the South. Costs were going up in all directions, but so were prices and profit margins. Then the depression of 1921 struck the business with all its force of sudden deflation. Some of Peter's old caution about inventories had been relaxed, and he learned a costly lesson.

In my old files is a letter written just as he was coming out of the slump. At once so typical and so illuminating, it is worth quoting in part: —

'Since you were here, we have

mopped up that inventory mess. We have charged off all our losses and taken our medicine. I can't say it was pleasant, but at least Piper can show a clean face, especially to the banks.

'However, what is bothering me now is how to handle this side of the business from here on. I have been thinking about our talks on this inventory problem. It seems to me we have been running it less like a business than a gambling joint. Furthermore, I have it figured out that there is more money to be saved than just by smarter buying. Of course, I admit we loaded up with supplies at the peak of the market. That is just good hindsight now, and if prices had gone higher I should have tooted my horn for a smart trade.

'The point is that by getting into the supply end for a while I see how I can do more than reduce the cost of inventory, no matter how prices go. I can go further and reduce some other costs of production by cutting down the seasonal swing. You know yourself it is pretty bad in our line, but it is worse than it needs to be. We have n't paid enough attention to it when business was good.

'Also please note what it will do on the human side. I think you will admit I have always tried to be fair to our hands in spite of some pretty foul competition. But it seems to me I was thinking more about wage rates and the factory being clean than I was about the total money they earned. If I can make the business run on a more even keel, by ironing out this supply kink, don't you think I can kill two birds?'

So Piper had learned another lesson. And whenever Peter learned he immediately put his knowledge to work. Within two years a new system of inventory control had shown extraordinary results. The purchasing department had been completely reorganized. New policies and new methods had changed it from a mere service of supply to a sort of gyro-stabilizer. Although sales had finally reached a new high, supplies on hand had averaged proportionately new lows. Best of all, improved scheduling of production had allowed the plants to reach the highest percentage of operating time in their history.

Peter was jubilant. When I next saw him the annual reports were spread all over his desk.

'Yes-siree-bob!' he exclaimed. 'We have got this thing licked. From now on, we buy from hand to mouth in the pickled-pepper trade.'

As the months passed, it began to appear that Piper had been bitten by a new bug — volume. When we met, he spoke as if the country were merely a huge platter to be heaped with pickled products. He began to lower his prices and to do more and more business on narrower margins. There was a good deal of talk about Henry Ford and mass production. Peter was becoming fascinated with the potential pepper markets of the world.

On a steaming August day I stopped off at Piperville. We discussed the temperature, of course.

'It is n't the heat — it's the humidity,' I contributed wanly.

Peter had taken off his limp collar. Rolling his shirt sleeves still higher, he held up a vast tabulation of figures. 'I'm going to show you the profits in volume. It is n't the price — it's the quantity!'

Back in his element again, he was soon urging sales, more sales, and still more sales. Promotion work absorbed much of his time now, and the advertising budget was larger than ever. 'I'm going to plaster the United States with posters about Piper's Pickled Peppers,' he boasted to me, and it may here be set down that he very nearly made good on that claim.

Publicity was increased by every medium, newspaper and magazine, subway placards and rural billboards. Increased advertising, increased volume of output, more publicity, more salesmen — the high-pressure era in pickled peppers was on. Peter chose his campaign slogan from a new assortment of ballyhoo: 'Piper's Pickled Peppers Please Particular People.' The last word had been 'palates' in the original version, but the old man would have none of it. He insisted doggedly that the word was a misprint for 'plates.' Even when the advertising men finally convinced him of the reality of palates, it made no difference.

'Palates don't buy peppers,' he scoffed. 'We're selling to people.'

And so 'people' it was.

We had lunch together in New York when this vital debate was in process. Over the coffee cups, I seized the chance to bring up a query from my old curiosity shop. 'Speaking of slogans, Peter,' I began, 'there's one thing about your old one that has always puzzled me. When you managed to get everybody saying, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," why did you say "picked"?' Going on to explain that the artful aid of apt alliteration seemed quite as valuable from 'packed,' I made bold to suggest that it was also more valid.

The old man grinned delightedly.

'I don't know as I quite get all that stuff about the illiterate artist, and so on, but I do know what's bothering you about "picked." It has upset a lot of folks besides you. They used to stop me on the street and tell me nobody could pick peppers already pickled.' He broke off to chuckle again. 'The fact is, I started with "packed." But the printers made a mistake, and it got by everybody. I figured people would pay a lot more attention to "picked," so we let it go; and they have!'

He rather guessed the old slogan would outlast the new, highfalutin one. And it did.

V

So advertising rolled the sales snowball along. Some time afterward, however, I observed that the old man was less exuberant. The new sales were secured by expensive methods. If volume was going up, so were costs. Margins and net profits were not keeping pace, it seemed, with the increased business. Piper was to be found more often surrounded by cost sheets. Out of his perplexities, however, a new zest was born. That natural resiliency with which he ever rises to fight more battles and win more triumphs led him on.

'I guess I have been paying too much attention to selling,' he wrote in another of his confessional letters. 'I have got to dig deeper into these factory costs. They are too high all round. I don't mean the boys are inefficient at the plant — or if they are I can't seem to find it. But costs are too high in relation to the selling price.

'Now some folks think we ought to go after the sales expense. I know you have had that idea, but I think you are all wet. (Please excuse slang; the insult is intentional.) It is the sales organization and our advertising that bring in the money. I am not going to do any cutting there, and next year I may even increase it. You know it takes a lot of volume to keep all these plants and employees busy.

'Neither do I want to touch wages. I believe in good wages because it is good business and makes good business. But I simply have got to cut down the cost of production. We have had some engineers in here, and I think I have the answer. I am going to rip out every last machine where there is a better one on the market. If it takes my last nickel, I am going to rebuild

the whole works. These cost studies indicate we can get from 15 to 18 per cent decrease in operating expenses.

'The only thing that bothers me is, not the investment, but the fact that it will cost our people a good many jobs. Still, I don't see how it can be helped. Business is business, and progress is progress. No one can stand in the way of it. If I don't do it, the other fellow may beat me to it. Anyway, costs have to come down. Please write me on this when you get time.'

Thus the Piper machine reformation was launched. It not merely came up to expectations; it surpassed them. The new equipment developed efficiency in every direction. Automatic machines, conveyors, standardized processes — all increased output per hour, reduced cost per unit, substituted electric horsepower for man power. Costs came down in pickled peppers. So, alas, did the number of Piper employees and the dollars of Piper pay roll.

Peter found consolation, however, in the pay envelopes he had created in the shops of the equipment concerns.

'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' he quoted with a philosophical air. 'That's the way this country goes on. Those dollars for machinery help to make a market for more pickled peppers. Then, perhaps, we will be taking our people back again.'

'Perhaps,' I agreed dubiously, but Piper looked so hurt that I recall adding with haste, 'Let us hope so.'

One morning, some months later, a large envelope with extra postage was placed on my desk. It contained an unusually elated letter from the old man. Much too long to reproduce and too involved for excerpts, I shall condense it as best I can.

Peter had founded Piperville at a spot where he could obtain freight service on two railroads. His shipments by one of the carriers, it appears, were considerably greater than by the other. An official from the latter dropped in for a call and in casual conversation expressed the hope for more traffic. Quite incidentally he added that, while his department, of course, had no jurisdiction in the matter, it might possibly be brought about that the dining cars throughout the system could be induced to stock up with Piper's Pickled Peppers.

One thing led to another, and now Peter was prospecting the pay ores to be discovered in 'reciprocal buying.' He was making the traffic department, he wrote, an annex to the sales divisions.

The possibilities of the idea were just in their infancy. It was a horse-sense proposition, wrote Peter, that simply meant 'Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.' The purchasing agent had been brought into the game also. He had prepared a list of all their important suppliers, those from whom they bought barrels, cans, coal, glassware, and so on. They had obtained their fuel for some years through a small but reliable coal company. By switching the contract to a larger concern, he had been able to place a sizable order for pickled products to be sold in the miners' commissaries. So they were still combing the supply list for further outlets.

Just to show me the possibilities, he added, they were even pushing three-cornered arrangements. 'Cushion shots,' Peter described them. For example, he had analyzed their contract with the glass manufacturer from whom they had long purchased all their bottles and jars. This was certainly a valuable piece of business, and the glass man was far from negligible as a coal consumer. He had suggested that his glass supplier break relations with the latter's coal company and transfer his requirements to the one with whom Piper did business. In re-

turn, Peter's coal man agreed to increase his purchases of the Piper products. When the glass manager balked, Peter placed his requirements with another more amenable to reason — and the back-scratching continued as a merry-go-round.

It was all not a little confusing as set forth in the inchoate paragraphs of the old man's letter. Something of its jubilant spirit, however, may be suggested in the words, scrawled in Peter's own handwriting, across the end: 'Reciprocal buying!! Where have you been all my life?!!'

I made no reply to this missive, but a few weeks later, being handy to Piperville, I dropped off for a call at the plant. Ushered into Peter's office prematurely by mistake, I found him in conference with the staff.

From the conversation it appeared that reciprocal buying was proving a difficult sweetheart to woo. The sales manager was complaining that, in some cases, the new friends were scratching his back altogether too vigorously. They were beating him down below his list prices while constantly demanding a grateful spirit for the favor of their orders. The purchasing agent had a similar story of being 'jacked up' when he was not able to call for competitive bids. The production man's grouch had to do with the quality or delivery of the new supplies. And the old man's face was noticeably flushed.

'Clear out!' he finally dismissed them with a blow from his fist on the big desk. 'Where do you think your jobs would be if we did n't sell?'

Biting on a cigar savagely, he made no reference to the meeting, but turned our talk on prosperity.

VI

An interval, unusually long for us, followed wherein neither Peter nor I had any occasion to communicate. Then came a telegram: 'Closed deal to-day for merger with Potter's Preserves. Wanted you to be among first to know big news. Makes us biggest in world. Will give you details next week. Hooray. Piper.'

The old man brought his story, as promised, on a hurried visit to New York. Potter had wanted to sell, and he had taken the concern over, 'lock, stock, and barrel.' Funny, avowed Peter, that a man would want to quit when the game was so exciting. Potter's Preserves, added to Pickled Peppers, meant a boost in size of nearly 50 per cent. He was certainly the unchallenged bull moose in the trade now, yes-siree-bob! He was already deep in plans for a new publicity crusade to announce the marriage. How was this for a new slogan? 'Putting Together Potter's Prime Preserves and Piper's Pickled Peppers — Pure, Popular, and Purchasable at Pleasing Prices.'

He had decided to go in for radio advertising. In fact, they were working out the programme already. Broadcasting cost money, of course, but the merger was worth a real splash. One had to make the country 'pickle conscious.'

So it proved. A little later, if you were visiting the big home in Piperville, you knew what to expect on every Friday evening at 8.45. The radio set would be tuned in for the 'Piper-Potter Products Paraders.' At the exact moment, you would hear the jazz band break into the strains of the theme song. '"Ol' Man River" — that's our "signature," they call it,' Peter explained with pride; and then a chorus of mixed voices would sing: —

'Ol' Man Piper, dat ol' man Piper,
He must know sumpin', but don't say nothin',
He just keeps rollin',
He keeps on rollin' along.'

And Old Man Piper would sing with them, lustily, if not in tune. For his sales, also, just kept rolling along.

On one of those Friday nights, after the broadcasting had ceased, we three — Peter, Mrs. P., and I — were once again sitting before the familiar fireplace. It was early in February, not long after the annual reports had been completed. Piper, more quiet than usual, had not even hummed with the chorus. His wife chatted at random about Junior's graduation from college in June.

Peter's voice broke rather gruffly into a momentary lull. 'Man alive, I'm getting so I don't understand things any more. Here we are doing more business than we ever did. Sold three times more last year than ten years ago. But we don't seem able to make much more money, and besides we've got four or five times more capital tied up in the outfit.'

Mrs. P. raised her head from a game of solitaire. I saw her look at the old man's face, where the lines were growing deeper every month. 'Sounds like a squirrel cage to me,' she observed.

'Why, we closed two deals last year,' went on Piper. 'Either one would have supported us in the old days. One was mail order, and tother was chain stores. Course, prices had to be shaded pretty fine to do any business with both of them. But you have to have a backlog.'

The practical Priscilla glanced into the glowing embers. 'Are you sure, P., it's a backlog? Perhaps they're only ashes.'

Peter sniffed and continued: 'Prices are too low. Nobody can get anywhere so long as they're giving their stuff away to each other. Everybody we buy from squeals about prices. They all say they're below the costs of production. Yet they admit they are selling as much or more than ever.'

'Perhaps this volume idea is n't the answer,' I ventured meekly to suggest.

'But, man, you have to get volume. Look at the plants and machinery we have. And the organization. The overhead is terrible. If you don't have big sales, the fixed charges eat you out of house and home. Besides, look at the competition! When you get a fairly decent price, somebody is at the customer's door next time with a lower bid. You have to meet it or lose the order. Furthermore, it only takes a small surplus to bust the market to smithereens. No, it is n't the volume; it's the prices, I'm telling you.'

I thought of that hot August day when he was expounding, 'It is n't the price — it's the quantity,' but discretion appeared a better part of valor.

'The government's all wet about this price-fixing. The public is entitled to be protected, and all that. But the seller ought to be able to act in self-defense, I say. Furthermore, take these foreign pickled goods coming in here. We are going to do something about that. I'm chairman of a committee for the Pickle Packers' Association and we're going to get protection. Pickled peppers are just as much entitled to a tariff as anything else,' he wound up, with something of a challenging note.

Finding neither his wife nor me picking up any gauntlets, Piper went on: 'I was reading a piece in the papers just yesterday. The fellow said that what we're having is profitless prosperity. That's what it is — profitless prosperity!'

Mrs. Piper adjourned the session by firmly announcing that it was bedtime for busy men. Even after I had gone to bed, however, I tossed in the broad four-poster, thinking of the old man and his burdens. Indeed, much of my rest was broken by an endless chant from radio voices: 'More sales, more plants,

more machines, more sales! Lower costs, lower prices, lower profits, lower costs! Money makes the mills go; pop! goes the market! More goods and fewer jobs, more goods and fewer jobs!' I awoke tired, and glad it was another day.

VII

Months passed before the next big news from Piper. This item you yourself surely knew at the time. Certainly you must have read in the financial pages that the great Paramount Pickled and Preserved Products Corporation had been formed. Early in 1929 this leviathan of a holding company swallowed Piper's Pickled Peppers, Inc., Potter's Prime Preserves Company, and half a dozen other concerns. These retained their identity as subsidiaries. The new president of the giant enterprise was no other than our old friend Piper himself.

It was some weeks before I knew any more of the story than what appeared in the papers. Peter was submerged in a mass of detail attending the big promotion. The headquarters were, of course, in New York; in fact, the vast office space was already leased and in the process of layout and furnishing.

Up to this time, with all his progress, both industrial and financial, Peter's way of living had changed but little in many years. His personal offices had remained at the Piperville plant, whence he directed or sallied forth to inspect the various additions to his production army. The old home — still 'the big house' of Piperville, though no longer solitary — had continued to be Piper's residence for most of the year. There Peter and Priscilla lived with hardly more trappings than in the days of early fortune. Now, of course, with the coming of the 'Corporation,' I realized that there must be other changes in the making.

As a matter of fact, it took a good many efforts to establish actual contact with President Piper. On the dark winter afternoon of my appointment, — such formality seemed strange in relation to Peter, — I finally penetrated the lines of impressive barriers. From the reception man I was passed to the private suite, and again was examined by the secretary. At last, stepping into a vast room, I descried Peter in the far distance, lighted by the dim glow of his desk light.

'Peter,' I exclaimed after my first gaze around, 'this is magnificent!'

'Yes, it's pretty good for a rush job. I'll get it fixed up right later on.'

Then he settled down, full of the tale of Paramount. He had succumbed to the lure of the bankers' prospectus for a huge pickle and preserve merger. Piper's Pickled Peppers, Inc., had been one of the first approached. He had received preferred stock for his holdings, also a bonus of Class C common.

'That's the only one with voting power. They're floating Class A and Class B on our combined reputations. But if anyone can put it over I guess the financial interests behind the Corporation can do it. Still, all the big fellows started with a lot of water, and now look at them! Why, we're going to be the U. S. Steel, the General Motors, of the pickle line! We have a big bond issue out now. Our bankers say the plants can stand it — for working capital and expansion, you understand. Man, watch our dust!'

Yes, he was moving to New York; in fact, they had already taken a duplex on Park Avenue. As soon as Pris got through with the interior decorators, I must come up. They were going to have a big housewarming. Did I think Greenwich or Long Island was better for a country place? Because the girls, Pauline and Patricia, were taking up

with the horsy crowd, he rather thought they ought to be in the heart of the riding country. And so on, and so on.

More weeks passed before I could get Peter for a luncheon. During the initial stages, of course, he seemed eternally in conferences. Whipping the far-flung organization into shape was his main job. He was fairly bursting with the pomp and power of the presidency.

At the lunch club, he waved his cigar grandly over a demi-tasse. 'Of course, I don't have to bother with any details. That's for the other fellow to worry about. You see, the bankers chose me as a policy man. It's pretty hard, though, to get acquainted with everybody at the same time. Naturally we're all new, and besides, there are so many vice presidents.'

I encouraged the old man to describe the administrative machine in some detail.

'Well, you see, our financial interests' — it began to dawn on me how often that phrase was in Peter's mouth nowadays — 'want me to coördinate the staff and line, and that's a lot of people to keep track of. Why, just take the vice presidents. We have first vice presidents for the line — production, sales, purchasing, finance, and like that. Then we have second vice presidents for the staff divisions, such as pickles, preserves, promotion, exports, imports, reports, and the rest. Then, under the pickling vice president, we have third vice presidents in charge of peppers, parsnips, pickles, and so on, and the same under preserves, third vice presidents for pears, peaches, prunes — you get it?'

I wanted to ask how it seemed to have the fate of the historic old pickled peppers handed over from Peter, their creator, to a third vice president. But that did not seem to be just the proper time. However, they appeared to me to have become merely one ingredient in a financial potpourri.

During the next few months I saw Piper but seldom. Of course I understood how pressed he was with the involved process of making Paramount an entity out of the helter-skelter of companies thus thrown together. On the occasions when we did come in contact our meetings were either hurried or harassed by his anxieties — the duplications, overlapping, and general waste of the early organization. Even in the welter of new problems, however, he seemed to find compensations. He had been made a director of the National Trust Company and of several other boards. One met him often in the paneled halls of banking rooms, and in swanky clubs.

The old man was winning his way, as usual, and becoming acquainted — 'with the big fellows, mind you.' They would draw him into a group and say: 'You know Piper, of course — the big pepper and brine man?' Or again: 'I want you to meet my old friend Pete Piper. He's the real push behind Paramount Products.' Then someone would call for the glasses to be filled again, and Peter would be asked his opinion on the market for Paramount Class A. It was all very exhilarating.

On those occasions when I did penetrate to the large executive chamber, I found myself more absorbed in what Piper did than in what he said. Several telephones were on his desk now, and even our brief chats were often interrupted by calls both to and from his stockbrokers. A ticker had been installed in the anteroom, and from its slow stream of purple printed news he drew much of his comment. He expected his Class C shares to pass two hundred in the near future. And I noticed the large cigars followed each other more rapidly than before.

VIII

So the swift passing of spring and summer brought us to the doomsdays of October and November. There is neither pleasure nor profit in rehearsing the dreary details of the crash. It was well into the new year before I saw Peter, for I had troubles of my own. The old man seemed rather dazed, but reiterated his belief that conditions were, on the whole, 'fundamentally sound.' He made little or no reference to affairs in the Paramount Corporation, but grumbled a good deal about Congress, and 'fool legislation.'

More than a year passed, largely devoid of any items worthy of record, and occupied, by both Peter and myself, in the drudgery of clearing away corporate débris. Rumors drifted around 'the street' that things were not going well in the Paramount. The chaff was no different in amount or in kind from that which whirled about other places, high and low. Then I ran into Peter, quite by chance one day, at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. The old familiar grin was on his face. His walk was that of a man a little weary, perhaps, but suddenly relieved from a burden on his back.

'Well, I'm through with all this!'

He swept an arm indiscriminately past the temples of finance around us, the Stock Exchange, Morgan's, the looming skyscrapers. Taken aback, I pulled him aside out of the path of hurrying men. More like the Peter of old, he burst out with a swift story of his decision.

He had put across an incredible scheme. The Paramount directors were accepting his resignation as president and he was taking back control of Piper's Pickled Peppers, Inc. They had been investigating the excess plants and the perilous gap between capacity to make and ability to market. Egged on by Peter, the third vice president in charge of peppers had made a report to the second vice president of the pickling division, which had finally been supported by the first vice presidents of production, sales, and finance. Piperville was simply impedimenta and should be closed down. There was ample capacity, both of peppers and of pickling, elsewhere. Peter seized the report and closeted himself with the chairman of the board. When he came out, it was agreed that, in exchange chiefly for his Paramount preferred, beloved old Piperville was to be released to his control. He was also to give the Corporation an optional contract to purchase such quantities of pickled peppers as they might require. Priscilla and he were going home.

His first letter from Piperville completed the record and incidentally offered me some good advice free of charge. Afterward I wished more than once that I had followed it. The Park Avenue duplex had been subleased — at a loss. The country place had been pressed to a sale — at a loss. All the brokerage accounts had been closed out — at a loss. The personal bank loans had been liquidated by their collateral — at a loss. Peter's Class C common had been sold 'at the market' and the sadly modest proceeds at once invested in government bonds. The latter was the only transaction on the profit side, for the 'bonus' had cost him nothing.

'If you know what is good for you,' the letter concluded, 'you will follow suit. This looks to me more like a tornado than a thunderstorm. I intend to be under cover. Made one profit out of our profitless prosperity, and that is a valuable lesson. In my opinion, even a good general ought to know when he is licked. When you come out this way again, drop in as usual. Pris has your old room all ready.'

IX

Pure curiosity, not to say my affection for the old man, would have brought me to Piperville, but the invitation made it certain. Another month found me at the scene of reunion. In the midst of hard times we nevertheless managed to revive the old times. It was a memorable week-end.

Plainly, he was a reborn Piper, back among his beloved pickled peppers, and his face was to the future.

'As between having your nose to the grindstone and having it in a stock ticker,' he remarked late on our final evening, 'I'm satisfied as to where mine belongs! Even when I was supposed to be working back there,' and he jerked a thumb in the general direction of our great metropolis, 'all I was doing toward the end was cutting salaries and wages, and firing people as fast as I could find out who they were and what they did. Was I fed up? Well — !'

From now on, it was to be a case of 'live and let live.' He was going to run business as a business, 'on the old lines of horse sense, as we did before everything went goofy after the war.' The old product was an honest product. Thank God, its reputation was still good. He would figure how cheaply he could put the pickled peppers on the market, consistent with quality stuff, fair dealing for suppliers, and decent treatment for 'the hands.' Then he would find out what the market would take of decent goods, decently made, economically sold, and that was to be enough — for these times.

'Enough is enough,' avowed Peter.

That was not all. The Pickle Packers' Association had drafted him for president. He had about made up his mind to accept. I seconded Priscilla in wondering if he did not have his time amply filled in putting Piper's Pickled Peppers, Inc., on its feet.

'Man alive, that's just what I'm driving at!' Peter's voice had the old excitement ringing in it. 'I can't put it back on the track alone. We're all in such a mess we have to pull out together. More than half our troubles are where one fellow can't reach 'em alone. I tell you we have got to be willing to live and let live. No one's getting anywhere in this riot of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."'

In my heart I agreed with the old man, but, feeling just contrary enough to goad him on, I drummed on one of his ancient tom-toms. 'Individual initiative made this country. Are you going to toss all the rugged stuff overboard?'

'Rot!' snorted Peter without recourse to diplomacy. 'So is suicide individual initiative. But tan my hide if I can see anything rugged about it! How about all this price-cutting and wage-slashing? How about taxes that break your back and tariffs that break your heart? How about laying lilies on the graves of pay envelopes and a club over the salesman's back when we killed off his customers? How about making stuff so cheap it's dear at any price? Now I admit criticism begins at home. We'll start in Piperville, sure as God made little apples! But take it from me, those fellows in the Pickle Packers' Association are coming in with me — up to their necks! Yes-siree-bob, right up to their ears! When I take that job, I'm going to give them hel — '

'Peter!' sternly warned Mrs. P.

'Listen, Mrs. Priscilla Piper! They need hell, and what's more, they know it. More than that, when they picked me they expected it. And I won't disappoint 'em. I shall give 'em the works!'

According to all my later advices, that is exactly what Peter Piper has proceeded to do — in public, in private, and in person. For old Peter is in the way of becoming, in truth, a big pepper and brine man.

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HOW THE JEW DOES IT

Why He Is What He Is

BY MILTON STEINBERG

I

THE Jew has alternately rejected and embraced the world; he has never come to terms with it. For a half millennium he secluded himself within ghetto walls, totally unconcerned about what lay beyond. Confined by the pressure of persecution and moulded by the influences of a traditional culture, he became a sharply defined personality, living his own patterns of conduct and thinking in a unique universe of discourse. But the day came when the world would not be denied, when it insinuated itself into his retreat, upsetting his balance of life, disturbing his peace. It hinted beguilingly of freedom and emancipation, of a fuller existence and a richer being. It beckoned, and the Jew crept forth. He tasted of this strange experience called liberty. It was sweet to the palate; he wanted more. So he abandoned his ghettos for the pursuit of it, he stripped off his protective segregation and exposed himself. The modern world took hold of him. It bent and twisted, thumped, kneaded, and shaped him. He emerged from the mills of emancipation a new creature, the Jew as the world knows him to-day.

Despite the entrance of the Jew into society, the modern world understands him no better than did the mediæval. Israel still runs true to form as the riddle among the peoples of the world. When the Christian of the Middle Ages referred to Jews, he knew exactly whom he meant. He was talking about those alien recluses who lived in ghettos, who read books in talismanic characters, who refused the true faith, and who uniformly and scrupulously performed suspicious rites. What the Christian could not comprehend was why the Jew did these things or how he managed to survive.

The modern Gentile is puzzled for an entirely different reason. When he thinks about Jews at all, it is with a sense of pained confusion. His experience with Jews is replete with contradictions. He knows some Jews who are pietists and others who are atheists, some who are radicals and some who are reactionaries, some who are cynics and others who are idealists. He has been irritated by Jews who are crude and brash with the boisterousness of parvenus, and moved to admiration by the quiet self-respect and poise of others. He always assumed that Jews were learned in their own heritage, only to discover many of profound intellectual attainments who are familiar with every literature but Hebrew, at home in any civilization except their own.

His confusion is infinitely worse confounded when he considers the divergent attitudes of Jews to their own group and its tradition. He knows one

Jew who is passionately loyal to ancestral sanctities and another entirely careless of them. He has met the Jew who eagerly seeks social acceptance from Gentile society and the Jew who is content to live within his own people. He has heard Jews argue sincerely for the assimilation and disappearance of the group into the larger body of mankind, and others insist on the right and duty of the Jew to persist as a distinct personality. Consider for a moment some of the contradictions and conflicts of the Jewish scene as they reveal themselves to the observer.

Along the streets of some modern city on a Saturday morning a Jew makes his way from the synagogue. His handkerchief is bound about his wrist, for rabbinic law prohibits the carrying of even the slightest burden on the Sabbath. Five precepts of the Law of Moses forbid shaving, wherefore no razor has ever touched his face. The weather may be inclement, but he will not ride, even in a public conveyance driven by and for Gentiles. He has recited the prescribed Sabbath prayer; he will soon partake of an elaborate meal prepared the day before in strict conformity with traditional rules of diet. Twice more, before the sacred day is passed, will he intone immutable formularies of prayer. At dusk, he will kindle a light for the first time in twenty-four hours and send the Sabbath angels away, as ordained, with the sweet savor of spices. In the eyes of the world he may be a living anachronism, a vestigial survival of mediævalism; in his own eyes he is a loyal Jew, obeying God's will as revealed on Sinai, and finding it graceful and lovely.

Along the same street, in perfect oblivion of the Sabbath, another Jew drives his automobile from his place of business to a luncheon engagement. From the point of view of Jewish tradition, he is sacrilege in motion, a redundancy of transgression. He has shaved, he has labored, he is riding, he has not prayed. The food he is to eat is forbidden and no wine cup will be blessed before he partakes. The game of golf or bridge which will afford his afternoon's entertainment is a travesty on the ancestral conception of a day of rest. If he is properly representative of his type, he has never given the whole matter a passing thought. At best, he has endured a perfunctory twinge of an anæmic conscience, or a transient nostalgia for an older way of life. At worst, he has dismissed it all as obsolete and fit only for those Jews who are not sufficiently modern to know any better.

Or consider the following contrast. The Jewish social climber is an interesting figure and deserves a moment of condescending attention. His whole life is concentrated on earning an accolade from the non-Jew. The mark of his triumph is enveloped in an invitation to a dinner or a membership card in some Gentile club. To attain his end, he has stripped himself deliberately of every vestige of his Judaism. He has Anglicized or Teutonized his name; his home is as conventionally American or German as he could possibly make it. Because he feels insecure, he is driven to ape his neighbors in every detail. He assimilates himself so completely to his environment that he becomes an object of suspicion. His conventionality is so perfect that it proclaims its spuriousness, his patriotic ardor toward the land of his residence so complete that it betrays deliberation. He may deny his Jewish descent and sedulously avoid contaminating contact with other Jews. Normally, it is all in vain. He finds the Gentile suspicious, polite, and cold. Ultimately he is convinced that the world does not want him. He

then takes refuge in the company of other frustrated Jews. Thus is formed a class of Jews who do not want to be what they are and cannot be anything else. In a communion of affliction, they look on yearningly like beggar children at the windows of palaces in fairy tales.

In direct antithesis stands the Jewish chauvinist, always forcing his Jewish identity on the attention of the world. This super-Jew may not be conventionally religious; his observance of tradition is often more than a little ragged; even his knowledge of the group culture may be a bit hazy — but his pride is explosively inflated and his allegiance impeccably complete. He resents militantly any aspersion on Jewish honor, even when it is justified, and resists bitterly any insinuation of inferiority. For the renegade, the assimilator, the social climber, he entertains a vigorous contempt. In the intensity of his loyalty, he insists that the world shall know him for what he is, and, with a dramatic flourish, he binds his Jewishness for a sign upon his hand and for frontlets between his eyes. From the Gentile point of view, it is a toss of the coin which is more objectionable, the ingratiating and fawning suppliant or the supersensitive and belligerent patriot.

II

This series of violent contrasts is not confined to conduct and social attitude. It penetrates into the realm of Jewish ideology; it has split the philosophers and theorizers of Jewish life into two camps — the assimilationist and the loyalist. Some there are who point to the bitterness of the Jewish lot, to the irritation which the Jew inflicts on the Gentile. They advocate the deliberate and conscious dissolution of the Jewish group on the grounds that the Jewish problem can be solved only when there are no Jews. Over against these counselors of mass disappearance stand the protagonists of survival, the justifiers of persistence. For them, assimilation involves a too heroic surgery on the Jewish personality. In their eyes, the attempt at submergence is impossible of success so long as the Gentile world exhibits little cordiality even to the dejudaized Jew. Above all, the whole effort of escape implies a wanton disregard for a great historic culture which has not yet said its last word to the nations of man.

All of these contrasting illustrations from the Jewish scene are extreme and limited cases. The reader will recognize them as such. Most Jews are neither totally observant of nor completely indifferent to traditional practices, neither eager aspirants for Gentile acceptance nor contemptuous of it, neither deliberate assimilationists nor subtle loyalists. In addition, the vast majority are neither completely ignorant of nor adequately informed in Jewish culture. Their knowledge is composed of odds and ends of information — fragments, half truths, and misconceptions. The average Jew is, then, a pathetically confused person who stands midway between these ultimate states and knows not which way to turn. He observes some Jewish forms and not others, nor is he entirely clear as to the logic which impels his acceptances and rejections. He would like to be at home among Gentiles; he actually feels comfortable only with his fellows. He is deeply, if unreasonably, loyal to his past and present, but he has his moments when he wonders what it is all about, when he asks why the Gentiles abuse him, and inquires whether he and the world would not be happier if he could cut away his Jewishness in one clean stroke.

Such is the portrait of the modern Jew, the picture of his conflicts, contradictions, and confusions — a people that seems less a people than a potpourri of diverse individuals, a group in chaos to which it appears futile to apply logical categories. Of all the prophecies of Scripture concerning Israel, one has been fulfilled, even if not in its original connotation: 'And ye shall be unto me a *peculiar* people.'

Now, the Jew may be an anomaly; he is certainly no miracle. Yet, when one recalls the figure of the ghetto Jew in its pre-emancipation lineaments, one is tempted to postulate some magician's wand, some sorcerer's charm, to explain how, from what he once was, the Jew became what he now is.

A bare century and a half ago, the Jew lived apart from the world under a tacit covenant of no intercourse. He pursued his own modes of conduct, to which he adhered uniformly and rigidly in all the diverse lands of his dispersion. He knew one culture and this he cultivated carefully and lovingly. In the larger world he displayed no interest; it was a place of cold crudities and of an inferior morality. He regarded it with patient tolerance; certainly he felt no desire to win either approval or acceptance from it. No haunting doubts beset him as to ultimate ends and objectives; he never asked himself whether it was not the part of wisdom to lose himself among the nations. The God of his fathers had elevated him to a high position and none could question the omniscience of the Divine.

Mediæval Jewry stands, then, in sharp contrast to modern. It was homogeneous and universally ordered rather than formless and inchoate. It was serene and self-contained, at peace with itself, and not restless with perplexities. It was free from either servile subjection to the world or blatant rebellion against it. And it was rich in its possession of a satisfying culture and competent ideology rather than impotent in ignorance and sicklied over with abstract alternatives of to be or not to be.

Only cataclysmic events could have effected so violent a transformation, only the strangest alchemies of destiny could have driven the Jew so far in so short a time. It is to this transforming and disintegrating history that we must now turn our attention. In our analysis of it, the character of the modern Jew will find explication, his contradictions resolve themselves reasonably. Without this understanding, the Jew must appear an absurd and unreasonable grotesque. With it, he may still be a strange or even an unpleasant person; he will at least be intelligible.

III

More than the Bastille fell on July 14, 1789; in its capitulation feudalism gave up the ghost. Through the thunder of falling beams could be heard the tolling of a death knell. An old order had changed, yielding place to new. For the nations of Western Europe the French Revolution was a spectacular but not a decisive event. It introduced no violent changes in the tenor of mass life. The mediæval economy and polity were for all practical intents already dead. The events of the last decade of the eighteenth century were only the elaborate rites of a decent burial.

For the Jew alone the French Revolution inaugurated a real revolution. Only his world experienced radical transformation. And when the smoke and dust of struggle subsided a half century later, his seclusion had disappeared; he had been transformed from a passive and indifferent spectator into an active and interested partici-

pant in European affairs, his character and personality had been remade.

The Jew did not slip unconsciously from mediævalism into modernity; he was catapulted into it headlong. Just as he passed from Palestine to the Diaspora in one decisive step, so he moved dizzily from the Middle Ages into the modern world within one or two fateful decades. The ghetto of 1750 may chronologically be assigned to the eighteenth century; in spirit it lived in the fourteenth. For five hundred years the withdrawal of the Jew had been complete. A Renaissance had come and gone, a Protestant Reformation had been born, an industrial economy had been created, a new science and a new philosophy had been conceived, but, except in isolated instances, none of these penetrated into the Judengasse. There time had stopped. For the half millennium prior to the French Revolution, the Jew was a chronological absurdity. And then time remembered that it had forgotten him. It seized him by the forelock and dragged him, willy-nilly, over a span of five hundred years in fifty. The general history of Europe closes the Middle Ages with the Renaissance or Reformation; it allows three to four centuries for the transition to modern society. The Jewish historian turns one page — dated July 14, 1789.

Within twenty-five years from the fall of the Bastille, the Jew in every land in Western Europe had attained partial emancipation. For words are potent things; they carry a dynamic logic of their own. When Europe had once subscribed to the slogans of the Revolution, — Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, — not even inveterate prejudices could keep their implications from affecting the ghetto. After all, it was uncomfortably inconsistent for the revolutionary to mouth three abstract nouns, always with the reservation 'except for the Jews.'

To ghetto masses all this was a bewildering but refreshing experience. They generally greeted their change of status enthusiastically; they availed themselves of their new rights and privileges; they learned, in an incredibly short time, to take them for granted. And then they reached for more, and their knuckles were rapped for their greed. In 1815 came the violent counter-revolution. The ragged survivors of the feudal order in solemn session at the Congress of Vienna voted to set back the clock. They resolved that every trace of the nightmare of the Revolution must be obliterated. Europe must return to normality, to the glory of ante-bellum days. The Jew was shocked and sobered. Once again he heard the order, 'Dog, to your ghetto!' Once more he timidly doffed his hat when a Gentile called, '*Jude, mach Mores.*'

Thus did the world coquette cruelly with the Jew, thus did it tantalize him. It offered itself coyly, and, when he reached, withdrew. With each lunge he won an additional favor, from each effort he fell back dissatisfied. The history of the Jew in the nineteenth century is a recurrent succession of concessions and their denial. When the whole mad game was over, the Jew had won much, but not everything; his hands were full, but it was of the ragtag odds and ends of freedom, of the semblance of emancipation but not its essential integrity.

The ghetto was gone; the life it sheltered went with it. Once the wild rush of liberating events was launched, degeneration proceeded with dizzy rapidity. Age-old habits of life disappeared, hoary ideas and ideals dissolved, a whole society vanished in a puff of historic smoke.

That so solid a world should melt

away seems incredible. Not even the change in external circumstance quite accounts for it. The secret of the velocity of decay is to be discovered in the peculiar conditions of mediæval Jewish stability. Equilibrium, whether physical or social, is an ambiguous word. It may denote the stability of inertia — the secure quiet of a book flat on a table. On the other hand, it may describe the deceptive rest of a body in infinite motion. The stability of the ghetto was that of a spinning top; it was the result of the interplay of social powers; it gave the illusion of firmness because the resolution of forces balanced exactly. Emancipation disturbed the stabilizing dynamism, and the collapse of a society followed.

The mediæval Jew had long awaited his Messiah, but never dreamed that he would incarnate himself in the squat form of a Corsican upstart. He had listened patiently for the word of salvation, and, paradoxically, it was heard in revolutionary slogans spun out of the brains of rationalists and agnostics. He had hoped for an ultimate rest from his afflictions, and had achieved instead the breathlessness of a transforming pursuit.

IV

The witches in *Macbeth* put the liver of a Jew into their boiling pot; into its seething cauldron society plunged the whole of him. Freely it applied the acids of rationalism, the spirits of modern conduct, and the elixir of a magical transformation. For a century and a half this mixture has boiled and bubbled effectively. Through the steaming vapors one can already see the older Jewish personality melting away, an ancient culture in dissolution. How the chemistry of modern history effected this metamorphosis in character and social order is our next concern.

Sooner or later it was inevitable that modern thought should intrude upon the Jewish mind and awaken it from its intellectual mediævalism. The awakening unfortunately was a rude one. With emancipation the Jew became free to walk abroad in the world and his eyes were opened. It must be said of him that he was an apt student. In one generation he overtook the intellectual lead of Europe gained through five centuries. But in the course of this pursuit he discarded one invaluable possession — his traditional theology, which was also his *raison d'être*. He read modern philosophy, and it converted his God from a vivid personality, such as might conceivably have chosen an Abraham, into a metaphysical abstraction, or, worse still, into pure nullity. The study of comparative religion revealed the fact that he had no monopoly on claims to revelation, and Biblical criticism shook his confidence in the divinity of his regimen of life. He applied the theory of evolution to his own history and discovered that his group life had been, not that of a mystic agent of God, but rather the struggle of an organism for survival.

The Jewish religious skeptic now appeared. All groups have their share of doubters on issues divine. Among Jewish intellectuals they are both more numerous and more vehement than elsewhere. For, unlike Christian theology, Jewish religious speculation had no opportunity to make progressive adjustment to the development of modern thought. The inroad of scientific knowledge came as a surprise attack. In disproportionate numbers, Jews who came to know modern thought rejected religion entirely. Except in Russia, no intellectuals are as rabidly anticlerical as newly emanci-

pated Jews. Their rabbis for centuries, they feel, have been misleading them; they would have continued to do so had the world not turned on the light.

Now, too, the Jewish assimilationist becomes comprehensible. Once the traditional atmosphere has been dissipated, the Jew can no longer claim for his group either election, divine guidance, or ultimate victory. These positions are either untenable completely or radically doubtful. But since these concepts historically have formed the rationale of his existence, he is no longer sure what the group is living for. He is compelled to cast about for a new apologia for Judaism, a new logic to justify it, and he fails to find one. He then considers the pain and frustration which the world inflicts on the Jew and the troublesome irritation which it suffers from him. The horrible conviction settles in his mind that the whole of Jewish agony, past and present, is some wanton, pointless jest. Shall a people, he asks, continue to suffer and weep for no reason and to no end? Better that it lose itself, that the slate be wiped clean.

In one other realm of the intellect did the new order affect Jewish character. It destroyed the tradition of a sanctified scholarship. For untold centuries the Jew had found in his learning courage in his suffering, escape from a threatened insanity, and a compensation for his lot. He cherished and nurtured it with that intensity with which a mind threatened by degeneration clings to elements of lucidity. He trusted in its value; he was assured that no system of thought was as accurate, no literature as rich, no culture as elevating, as was his. Then Western knowledge unfolded its ample page, rich with the spoils of time. The intellectual pride of the Jew turned to confusion. He grew ashamed because of his mediævalism. He felt that he was the Rip Van Winkle of Europe, still clothed in the tattered rags of a style long obsolete. His culture had philosophy, science, and theology, but they were outmoded. He was without the art, music, and drama which made Gentile civilization graceful.

Elemental intellectual honesty compelled the Jew to turn his efforts from his own outdated culture to the thought of the new world. The Talmudist now became a scientist, an author, or an artist, and to his new efforts he brought the same spirit of consecration with which once he approached the Hebrew tome. His love of learning has remained spectacular, his insistence on education emphatic. He crowds the professions to the point of suffocation. Modern life has changed the direction of the Jewish intellect; it could not dissipate its intensity, developed through centuries.

Blinded by a novel brilliance, the Jew to-day gives scant attention to the quiet light of his native culture. He assumes that its outmoded exterior reflects an essential irrelevance. He presents a strange paradox to the world — a man who knows all histories except his own, all philosophies but that of his people, who reads books in all the seventy tongues but who cannot generally construe a word of Hebrew.

Concomitant with this dissipation of mental climate went the disintegration of Jewish practice. For the theology and ideology had been not merely avenues of mental escape; they had been theories of sanction for routinized living, props and shorings for form and ceremony. Once the modern world kicked these intellectual foundations out from under, the collapse of the superstructure was inevitable. Ancient group habits were now without a preservative rationale.

Compelled to live with and among Gentiles, exposed to disintegrating alien influences, the Jew suddenly found the observances of his father burdensome. They kept him from his shops on Saturday, they broke into his normal day with innumerable and irrelevant interruptions, they erected a barrier of diet between him and his recently acquired Christian associates. The Jew cast about for some logical reason to justify all this troublesome inconvenience. He found none; he yielded to the demands of his interests and compromised.

And now the process of attrition, so long inhibited, began in earnest. There was generally nothing precipitate about the sloughing of Jewish habits. The automatisms of conduct rarely break sharply. They are worn away only gradually. But, once the first concessions are made, the landslide begins. With the passage of time the individual Jew yields more and more, conforms less and less. In each successive generation, the ceremony of riddance goes on with accelerating momentum. Herein lies the explanation of the contemporary crazy quilt of Jewish practice. Some few Jews there are to-day who have made no concessions, remembering *facilis descensus Averni*. Others there are who have yielded in some things but not in others. And there are those who, in more than a dietary sense, have gone 'the whole hog,' whose lives are distinguished by not a single traditional form or practice.

To Israel Zangwill we are indebted for the most apt characterization of this nonconformist chaos. He puts into the mouth of an Irish maid employed in a Jewish household this sage observation: 'To-night being yer Sabbath, you'll be blowing out yer bedroom candle, though ye won't light it; Mr. David'll light his and blow it out too; and the old misthress won't even touch the candleshtick. There's three religions in this house, not wan.'

V

If the history of the Jew of the Middle Ages be a tragic drama, then the record of his modern life is a satirical farce. For the essence of tragedy is the heroic theme, and there is little of heroism in recent Judaism. The act of renunciation may often be futile and unintelligent, but it is always dignified. Through his renunciation of the world the mediæval Jew acquired an epic quality that obscured his physical squalor. But the modern Jew is done with the self-immolation of his fathers. He has eaten of the fruits of the tree of emancipation and has developed an insatiate appetite for his new diet. The world, however, is still a grudging giver; it liberates the Jew only bit by bit. Even now it withholds much. As a result, the Jew finds himself a perpetual suppliant, constrained to wheedle and flatter for the residue of liberty and acceptance which has been withheld. His posture is neither dignified nor graceful. An Achilles sulking in a tent is a fitting theme for a Homeric poet; an Achilles scrambling headlong after an ever-elusive tortoise is a theme only for a comedian — or a philosopher.

Because the Jew is placed in this false position, his attitude toward Gentile society undergoes a radical transformation. Compelled by circumstance to plead for equality, he acquires unconsciously a beggar's psychology. Thus is born that sense of inferiority which perverts and degrades the Jewish personality, which drives so many Jews to imitate Gentiles blindly. The stupidity of undiscriminating imitation has infected every phase of contemporary Jewish life.

No names are so immaculately Anglo-Saxon as those with which Jewish parents afflict their offspring. Jews eat food they do not like, engage in sports and games for which they have no aptitude, and train their children in amenities that appear inconsequential to them — all because such is the fashion of the Gentile. The Jew who once refused to imitate the virtues of the non-Jew now sedulously copies even his vices. The very ritual of the synagogue is often appraised by the alien standards of the outer world.

The Jew is a subtle person, and when he is accused of an indecent lack of self-respect he has his answer prepared; he offers an ingenious defense of his parrot-like, ape-like procedure. Why, he asks, does the world refuse unreserved recognition to Jews? A plausible explanation is that Jews insist on being distinct personalities, on clinging to their otherness. The very logic of the situation demands a deliberate remaking of the Jew into a Gentile. The more emulation, the less social discrimination. This is the casuistic logic of contemporary Jewish mimicry, the rationalization of a programme of imitation.

The Jewish social climber is the natural product of this servile psychology. Cursed by a sense of inferiority, overwhelmed by a presumption of the superiority of the non-Jewish world, the Jew determines to win acceptance from it. The more often he is rebuffed, the more desirable entrance into it becomes; the more he insists, the more transparent and tawdry appear both his motives and his means. Gentile society is polite; it never tells the unwanted Jew the unpleasant truth; it even, in moments of weakness, gives him grounds for hope. Never discouraged, yet never successful, he eats out his heart in impotent rage, a despicable yet a pitiful figure.

This business of emulation and ingratiation has now been in process for a century and a half. In each generation when the Jew awoke to the meanness of his pursuit, he placated his outraged self-respect by assuring himself that the end justified the means, that the game was worth the candle. But after he had played long enough he became oppressed with a sense of futility. The winning of Gentile recognition seemed discouragingly prolonged, like those ghastly nightmares in which one wanders through labyrinthine corridors hoping always to find a way out but never succeeding. At each stage the world held something back; at each step it insisted, 'Thus far and no further.' The ointment was never without some fly, minute as it might be.

For a time, at each point, the Jew engaged in wishful thinking. He believed, because he wanted to believe it, that the whole evil would disappear if only certain trifling factors were modified. He pinned his hopes successively on the fall of some reactionary minister, on the correction of specific economic evils, on the spread of democracy, on the universalization of popular education. The reactionary minister fell, the specific economic evils were mitigated, democracy became a pious reality, and literacy attained to a delightful universality — and still salvation had not come, acceptance was not complete. The old flies in the ointment had been removed only to reveal the presence of others hitherto unsuspected. The upshot of the whole process was a progressive disillusionment. No game is worth the candle if the game can never be won.

Out of perpetual frustration many a Jew turned to counsels of despair. If the Gordian knot could not be unraveled, it might perhaps be cut. The first of these avenues of wild escape was obviously religious conversion.

During the first half of the nineteenth century in Western Europe, and the latter half in Eastern Europe, a strange travesty was enacted — a parade of hypocrites to the baptismal font where Jews hoped to become as Christians, not in religion but in social advantage. In early emancipation days thousands of desperate Jews made the plunge of baptism. And then the parade was halted abruptly. The Jew discovered that the church offered no social salvation. The world suspected the Christianized Jew; it doubted the efficacy of holy water to change his spots.

The rise of the Jewish radical reflects in part a second counsel of despair. No apology need be given for the fact that a people has its rebels. Whether the Jewish group has more than its share of social revolutionaries is a moot point. In any event, certain factors in the contemporary Jewish scene logically incline the Jew toward programmes of fundamental correction in society. In the first place, he is heir to a great ethical tradition and a body of law which persistently stress the rights of man and the ideal of social justice. In the second, he is relatively a newcomer in European society. He regards the world with a fresh objectivity, with a critical appraisal undimmed by habituation. But, in large measure, the Jewish radical is a direct result of the vagaries of emancipation. When the Jew has lost his old world and finds no place for himself in the new, he rises in rebellion, he determines to shatter an inhospitable society to bits and remould it nearer to his heart's desire. The world has raised its afflicting hand against him; no wonder, then, that his hand strikes back against his oppressor.

And if, by reason of either temperament or training, the Jew cannot become a radical, he tends to be a cynic. What faith can he put in the professions of the Western World, when his own lot demonstrates their insincerity? From personal experience, he knows that the ideal of human brotherhood is a dishonest myth, equality a Sunday School aphorism, and the worship of democracy a lip service. Acutely conscious of the failure in practice of human ideals, he rejects all idealism as a conventional lie of civilization.

The same history that created social climber, radical, and cynic has produced the Jewish chauvinist. The world does not genuinely want its Jews. Pride often leads the Jew to contempt of the world. The answer to perpetual anti-Semitism is a vehement Judaism. Wherefore the old Jewish rebel cry is heard again, 'To your tents, O Israel'; and less audibly, for even the super-Jew fears Gentile censure, 'A plague on all your houses.'

Underneath this chaos of a society in decay and personality in transition runs, like some sombre undertone, a refrain of pain and restlessness. When an old world dies and a new world is not yet born, the soul of man is left homeless. It has been expelled from the quiet of the order that has perished. The new body in which it is to incarnate itself struggles toward birth but is not yet actualized. The modern Jew, then, is a man of sorrows, of split personality and divided loyalty. If he is normal, he loves the past of his people, he is possessed of an instinctive devotion to it. He surrenders it only grudgingly and hankers after it when it is gone. But, since he is human, he knows that his future and his interests lie in another, unrealized realm.

It is often glibly asserted that the Jew is a neurotic. Certainly his conduct impresses observers as unbalanced and unstable. The explanation of this maladjustment is to be found in recent history and contemporary conditions.

The Jew to-day stands astraddle of two worlds, with his feet planted on two different orders. One breaks under him whenever he rests his weight upon it, the other heaves in protest against him and seeks to shake him off. Only a people of acrobats could preserve a semblance of poise on a footing so unstable.

VI

At no time, during this entire process of disintegration, was the Jew unaware of what it was doing to his personality and group culture. Attentively he watched the liquefying of his fast-frozen civilization and its ever-quickening dissolution. With anxious apprehension, he observed the emergence from his own body politic of agnostics and assimilationists, of social climbers, imitators, radicals, and chauvinists.

The great masses of Jewry unconsciously adopted a philosophy of *sauve qui peut*. Impelled by the momentum of two thousand years and inspired by his tremendous instinctive loyalty, each Jew saved from the wreck what he could. Despite the lack of a formulated programme, the undeliberate loyalist (a phrase descriptive of a vast majority) succeeded surprisingly. He preserves to this day great patches of traditional practice, deep wells of ancient loyalty, large fragments of ancestral culture. He has, by and large, avoided the alternative pitfalls of a surrender of self-respect and a recourse to counsels of desperation. For all his mental confusion, he represents the human strength of Judaism to-day, the material through which programmes of solution must find expression.

On the other hand, from the very inception of the collapse the need for deliberate planning became apparent. Face to face with a cataclysmic emergency, theorizers of Jewish life proceeded to the formulation of philosophies of reconstruction which might be adequate to the problem.

Early in the nineteenth century, the first attempt at a competent ideology was made, the philosophy known as 'reform Judaism' was conceived. In the ghetto the Jew had been a Jew purely and simply. Now that he was a citizen of the land of his residence, he was bewildered as to his status; he was at a loss to understand how he could be both a Jew and a citizen of his own country. The impasse was traversed by redefining the nature of Jewish identity. The Jew, argued the theorizers of reform, is actually a German, Frenchman, or Briton in nationality, culture, and social identity. He is a Jew only in theology, religion, and tenets of belief.

By this doctrine, Judaism was a religious communion and the Jew a member of a sect. Now traditional Judaism had, to be sure, included a credal atmosphere, but it had been much larger than that. These metaphysicians of Jewish life were not deterred. They proceeded to make Judaism conform to their Procrustean bed, to eliminate all aspects of the whole that could not be explained in credal terms. They reduced Judaism to a pallid religiosity; by systematic emasculation they excised those virile qualities which alone could enlist the intense loyalty which the hour of stress demanded. Conceived as a programme of integration, reform has accelerated the centrifugal momentum; intended to make survival possible, it has, at the worst, encouraged dejudaization, and, at the best, only retarded it.

If the emancipation and its consequences shocked all Jews, the failure of reform to inhibit disintegration threw many into a blind panic and fear. One attempt had been made to

come to terms with the world, only to end in frustration. A return to mediævalism followed close upon this recognition: the new orthodox Jew was born.

The orthodoxy of the new orthodox Jew is not the undeliberate conformity of his fathers. It is conscious and calculating. It argues that any rapprochement with Gentile society must lead to ultimate group extinction. It demands a mental if not a physical return to the ghetto. Let the Jew close his eyes to the results of modern science and philosophy; let him make a wild leap of faith and accept the divine origin of traditional Judaism. Then the process of compromise in conduct is nipped in the bud, the Jewish scheme of life preserved in all its pristine integrity. There are to-day thousands of Jews who, in obedience to this solution, obey every tenet which mediæval Jewry held sacred. The intent is laudably honorable, the programme none the less sadly futile. Their Judaism refuses to bend; it must ultimately break.

Only most recently has a fresh start been made toward the formulation of a theory of Jewish existence which shall be true to essential tradition and equal to the demands of contemporary conditions. A more adequate ideology is now being evolved. Its form is still not definitive, yet its larger outlines are sufficiently clear to make possible tentative statement.

The protagonists of this philosophy make three presuppositions which they regard as axiomatic to any rationale of Judaism. The first of these is the impossibility of escape. Experience has demonstrated that complete acceptance by the world is impossible. A few Jews may achieve it; the bulk of Jews must remain Jews, if for no other reason than that anti-Semitism will not allow anything else. The second postulate asserts that, even were assimilation readily possible, Judaism deserves the preservation of its identity. For all that much of Jewish tradition is obsolete and untenable, its essential character is still unique and unimpaired. The ancient way, representing four thousand years of wise experience, can still be, if not the best way, at least as good as any other. And if the Jew must, in any event, continue to suffer frustration and denial, he may as well derive all the satisfactions that unapologetic Jewish living affords.

The final assumption underlying the new programme stresses the necessity for immediate action. At present, the Jewish group still possesses predominating numbers of individuals whose conduct and loyalty are largely traditional. Besides, it still can count on huge reserves of human material from Eastern Europe, where Jewry still lives under the *ancien régime* and the Jewish pattern is, by and large, undisturbed. In consequence, a sense of half-hysterical urgency drives the reconstructionist. The new programme must become operative before it is too late, before the tenuous allegiances of the West are completely dissipated, before the East withdraws its subsidies. Failing this promptitude, decay in character and culture will attain a point at which all effort becomes hopeless.

Proceeding from these three premises, the new philosophy of Jewish existence spins forth its theoretic *apologia pro vita sua*. Judaism, it indicates, is the unique culture and civilization of the Jewish people, possessed of its own peculiar qualities, traits, and attitudes. Like any other civilization, it represents an organic nexus of a literature, language, folk ways, group hopes, and aspirations. In this living whole, religion is at once

the driving motif and the ideal expression, but it is by no means the whole or even the largest part.

This, in a nutshell, is the essence of the new ideology. Its authors already draw from its logic huge practical implications. They demand a rebirth of learning. They insist on a return to a modified and adapted practice, less on theological grounds than because these forms are the *mores* of the Jewish group. To the old fear of a divided social loyalty they respond by arguing that each Jew must carry two cultures — that of his land and that of his ancestry. The Jew is no less patriotic an American, Briton, or German because he is endowed with a second civilization. On the contrary, he can, if he is alert, make himself the medium of an intellectual leavening. The culture of his country will be enriched by the fructifying stimulation of another system of thought. Civilizations, like flowers, blossom bountifully only through the transference of pollen.

More than thin-spun philosophical programmes, the dream of restoring a Jewish homeland in Palestine has breathed life into a moribund decadence. By its apparently impossible quixotism, Zionism infuses the drabness of Jewish existence with a spirit of adventure. It affords a dramatic purpose analogous to older dreams of a Messianic restoration. The Jew finds in it a programme of physical action, a release from eternally painful debate. It has made possible, at least in one land, a full, dynamic Jewish life, a revival of a complete civilization. That culture, free and untrammeled, need not always make adaptation to a hostile world; it is not overshadowed with the haggard threat of dissolution.

Palestinian Jewry is culturally creative as no Diaspora community has been in two thousand years. It has evoked a renaissance of Hebrew literature, art, and music. Out of its vitality, revivifying impulses have passed to the dispersion. The Zionist can now tell himself that even if his deepest dreads are realized, even if Jewry of the Diaspora is doomed, even then, with the failing strength of death, he has built for himself one society where his incarnate spirit shall defy time and its corrosions.

VII

Our description of the contemporary Jewish scene is complete. Before our eyes has been unfolded the pageant of character in transition, of personality in contradiction, and of programmes in conflict. The decisive issue has now been joined. The powers of dissolution struggle chaotically with the newer reënforcements of a self-respecting survival. It is natural that one should undertake to read the future, that an attempt be made to foresee the final event on that

> darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The world from curiosity, and the Jew from poignant concern, ask alike, 'Watchman, what of the night?' But the modern student, for all his personal loyalties, must simulate the indifferent manner of science and answer, 'I am no prophet; neither am I a prophet's son.'

RUSSIA AND AMERICA: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

My first impression of America, upon returning after an absence of more than ten years, mostly spent in Soviet Russia, was one of vivid, almost blinding contrasts. At first they came on me so thick and fast that I could do little but blink and gasp. Later, after I had crossed the continent from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific and back again, my impressions began to shake down into an orderly pattern.

The most overpowering contrast between the two countries may be summed up in one word — mechanization. The Soviet leaders have been talking so stridently of their ambitions and achievements under the Five-Year Plan that many foreigners perhaps think of Russia as a land where the machine already dominates everything. But Soviet progress in this field has thus far been almost wholly confined to the erection of new industrial plants; it scarcely touches the daily life of the people.

The Muscovite has no subway to transport him to his place of employment. He struggles into a chronically overcrowded street car, walks up three or four flights of stairs, for the elevator is usually out of order, and carries on his day's work without benefit of automatic letter chutes, sanitary drinking cups, and a thousand and one other devices which are taken for granted in an American office. Similarly, the Russian housewife performs her duties according to the immemorial pattern of her ancestors, without iceless refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, electric toaster, or other labor-saving inventions common in American households.

The contrast was brought home to me most sharply in the small towns of America. I have traveled tens of thousands of miles throughout the Soviet Union and I know the bleak conditions of the villages, where the sole shelter is usually a 'Peasants' Home,' dirty, crowded, infested with vermin. It seemed to me, then, little short of miraculous to find in Lawrence, Kansas, a well-appointed hotel with clean, comfortable beds and modern bathrooms, and to look out upon the main street black with automobiles. In a Russian town of the same size one sees either no automobiles at all or very few, and these rickety from hard and unskilled use — the property, not of individuals, but of local government institutions. Such privately owned cars as there are belong, almost without exception, to foreign residents.

II

In spite of their sharp contrasts, Russia and the United States share

one phenomenon in common: at the present moment there are great numbers of citizens in both countries who are unable to obtain a comfortable or adequate livelihood. The causes of the crisis, however, as well as the resultant distress, are widely, sometimes grotesquely, different. What is regarded as acute want in America might easily pass as a satisfactory standard of living in the Soviet Union. The food allotments which our unemployed receive in cities like Milwaukee, where relief work is well organized, are about equal to the normal rations of many employed workers in Russia. Of course Russia has for ages been accustomed to an excessively low standard of living, — a fact which hasty tourists often forget, — and present conditions do not afflict the people with a sense of hardship. Indeed, it may well be that the young Communist, fired with faith in the upbuilding of his country and ignorant of living conditions elsewhere, enjoys a more satisfying life on his meagre rations than does the skilled mechanic in America who has been precipitated from comfortable security to the uncertainties of existence on a kind of dole.

Nothing could be more paradoxical than the causes underlying the crisis in the two countries. In America, supply is far in excess of effective demand; in Russia, demand is much greater than available supply. The American system of planless, unregulated industry conducted for profit has built up magnificent machinery for production without creating any guaranty of corresponding capacity to consume. The Soviet system of concentrated state planning has yet to prove its ability to produce enough goods and services to assure a comfortable or even a tolerable standard of living for the whole population.

Consider, for example, the problem of railroad transportation. After my years in Russia, travel in America seemed incredibly luxurious. There I had had to live on tinned goods, malted-milk tablets, and such uncertain fare as could be purchased from peasants at fantastic paper-ruble prices during brief stops at stations; here I had only to step into the dining car and order whatever took my fancy. After becoming accustomed to the Russian way of arguing and pleading with Soviet and railroad authorities for special permission to buy a ticket on a train that was certain to be crowded to the very doors, I marveled to see how easy it was here to get a lower berth on any train anywhere. But, though it was comfortable to me to be the sole passenger in a Pullman car, as I happened to be in the Southwest, it was obviously not profitable for the railroad. I recalled the exclamation of an American railroad president who visited Russia and looked with professional envy upon the milling throngs around every station. 'Ah,' he said, 'if we had as many passengers on our railroad, my financial worries would be over.'

Consider, too, the agricultural problem, a pressing one for both governments. In America we see desperate efforts to persuade farmers to grow less food; in Russia equally desperate efforts to make the peasants grow more. Soviet newspapers take great pains to point out to the Russian peasant that his lot is a happy one in that, unlike the American farmer, he does not live under the threat and fear of mortgage foreclosures. To be sure, there is no mortgage problem in Russia, for the simple reason that there is no private property. But the number of peasants who have been evicted from their holdings and, in many instances, sent under armed guard to forced labor in remote parts of the country is greater

than the number of American farmers whose mortgages have been foreclosed. The kulaks, the formerly well-to-do peasants, of whom there were approximately a million families, have for the most part been 'liquidated,' to use the euphemistic Communist phrase. Moreover, eviction and arrest are not uncommon penalties for failure to turn in one's quota of requisitioned grain or for alleged sabotage interfering with the government's agricultural measures. During the past winter whole communities in the North Caucasus were forcibly deported.

III

In their attitude toward the crisis as well as in the methods adopted to meet it, Russia and the United States stand at diametrically opposite poles. I am thinking now of America as I saw it in January and February, when the country seemed to be in a mood of helpless drift. There were profound differences of opinion about the causes of the depression, and many of the remedies suggested were mutually contradictory and added to the general confusion of thought. The man in the street seemed to look upon the national affliction very much as if it were an epidemic of influenza which, it was hoped, would some day come automatically to an end.

In Russia, on the other hand, the traveler finds a perfect regimentation of all articulate thought. Nothing like it is conceivable anywhere else, unless perhaps in Italy or, more recently, in Germany. Whenever I see a delegation of inquiring tourists making a round of Soviet offices, factories, and collective farms, I know just what answers they will bring back. In talks with foreigners, the Communist in a responsible post adheres closely to the 'Party line,' which means that he will interpret Communist policy and explain the difficulties that crop up precisely as these things are interpreted and explained in his catechism — the Soviet press. To be sure, there is a great deal of individual thinking going on in Russia just as elsewhere, but free, public discussion is simply out of the question.

Both Russians and Americans today have many causes of worry, but they do not worry about the same things. I gather from my American acquaintances that they are anxious about actual or impending loss of employment, about investments that have gone wrong, and about banks that have failed or might fail. These things would have no meaning for the Russian. Russia's employment problems are created by a shortage of labor. Investments are nonexistent in a land where all property is publicly owned. The banks cannot fail, for they are all supported by the state. And money in Russia, unless it is foreign money, which possesses special value, means less than it does anywhere else in the world, simply because its purchasing power is so uncertain. With an abundance of paper money and a dearth of food and manufactured goods, the Russian sums up his dilemma in a popular joke: 'Who are the richest people in the world? The Russians, because they don't know what to do with their money.'

Though their economic system automatically frees them from many of the anxieties which cause Americans to lie awake at night, the Russians have special worries of their own. The most popular new play produced in the Moscow Art Theatre is Afinogenov's *Fear*, in which an old professor announces his theory that fear is one of the moving forces of life in the Soviet Union. 'The peasant woman who sells milk,' declares the professor, 'fears

that she may be called a kulak. The engineer fears that he may be suspected of sabotage. The Communist Party member fears the suspicion of heresy. The non-Party employee fears the *chistka* [the purging of undesirable workers periodically carried out in Soviet offices].'

The Soviet citizen also has his anxieties about getting food, shoes, textiles, and fuel, and about the crowded and complicated living arrangements which compel several families to share one communal kitchen. One might summarize the difference between the two civilizations by saying that, if the American's concern is about money income, the Russian's chief worry is to find things which he can buy with his paper rubles after he gets them.

It is my impression that the old are hardest hit by present-day conditions in Russia, while it is the young who fare worst in the crisis that afflicts America. Men and women past middle age feel keenly the physical deprivations that the Five-Year Plan has brought with it. They miss their butter and sugar, their coffee and white bread. They are less hopeful than their grandchildren about the possibilities of building what Trotsky described as a Communist 'paradise in this world.' In America, however, it is the young men and women just starting out in life who, losing their jobs and unable to find others, are the chief victims of the depression.

In Russia, the post-war generation has had its enthusiasm fired almost to a religious pitch by Communist propaganda. There is no paralyzing fear of unemployment, because there is so much work to be done, and young people occupy the most responsible posts in Soviet factories and offices. They are not indifferent, of course, to the lack of material comforts, but they feel the sacrifice less than their elders, partly because they possess greater vitality and endurance, partly because they hope to live long enough to begin reaping the rewards which are expected to flow from their present efforts. Then, too, their ignorance of conditions in the outside world helps to keep them happy; they know only what they read in the Soviet newspapers, which report what is going on in capitalist countries almost wholly in terms of strikes, unemployment, and the persecution of Communists.

IV

The newspapers, indeed, may be taken as symbols of the profound differences in life, interests, and general point of view which separate Russia and America. The Soviet newspaper represents the greatest imaginable contrast to the American newspaper, both in what it prints and in what it omits. One would scan the Russian press in vain for stories of crime, except for political cases which point some Communist moral. There is no scandal, no professional sport, no fashion page, no society column, no advice to the lovelorn — nothing that an American editor would classify as 'human interest.' Intimate sketches of Stalin and other Soviet leaders are strictly barred. Very few Russians outside the circle of Stalin's closest acquaintances know how many children he has, or where he spends his summer vacations, or what his favorite pastimes are. Many a foreign journalist has discovered to his sorrow that the Soviet idea of a biographical sketch is a dry list of the Party Congresses a political leader has attended and of the public posts he has held.

Moscow may be buzzing with gossip about some highly placed Comrade who has yielded to the weaknesses of

the flesh and put aside his wife of pre-revolutionary days for a charming ballet dancer, but no hint of it ever appears in the press. It is a principle of Soviet journalism to treat as private those marital vicissitudes which receive the fullest degree of publicity in most American newspapers. On the other hand, news which would probably be found only in the special business sections of American papers — such as the figures of steel and coal production — is continually featured as front-page copy in Russia. The Soviet editor fills his columns with details of the current economic plan and the work that is being done under it, with items about Party Congresses, public speeches, state trials, and official decrees and resolutions. Chronicled at full length are the valiant deeds of industrial shock brigadier Ivanov, who laid more than his quota of cement at a new factory, or of rural shock brigadier Petrov, who thwarted some malignant effort at kulak sabotage and succeeded in getting in the hay on his collective farm before the rain came.

Even the most important newspapers, such as the government organ, *Izvestia*, and the Party organ, *Pravda*, are restricted in space because of the chronic paper shortage, and rarely consist of more than four pages. As one would expect under a dictatorship, the press is under the strictest control. If a journal prints aspersions against a foreign power, they reflect, not the whim of the editor, but the policy of the government. No indiscreet revelation of foreign policy, no criticism of vested authority, ever appears. Whatever does appear is understood to bear the stamp of official approval.

A noteworthy characteristic of Soviet journalism, as of Soviet life in general, is the almost complete absence of advertising. One looks out of a Russian train window and never sees a billboard. Advertisements in the Moscow newspapers consist only of announcements of theatres and entertainments and notices about rooms and jobs. Significantly enough, requests for rooms outnumber offers fifty to one, and there are many more items of 'Men Wanted' than of 'Work Wanted.' Advertising in the American manner would of course be wasteful and useless in a country where the shortage of manufactured goods is so acute that the mere rumor of a newly arrived shipment of cheese or textiles is sufficient to attract a clamoring throng of expectant purchasers.

Another medium which emphasizes the striking contrasts between Russia and America is the motion picture. In both countries the themes presented on the screen are rigidly standardized, but the two patterns have crystallized along utterly different lines. Hollywood's leitmotifs, romantic love and individual success, are banned by the Soviet censor, and most pictures exploit the drama of Russia's economic programme.

A typical film which I saw in Moscow last year had for its principal characters a Young Communist and a factory girl with whom he was in love. Eventually the man persuaded the girl to quit the factory and live with him. This, as the captions pointed out, was an outrageously scandalous thing for her to do, not because the young couple had entered into a forbidden relationship, for they had duly visited the Bureau for the Registration of Marriages and Divorce, but because the girl had 'deserted her proletarian post' for a life of ignoble domestic ease. Gradually her conscience — the word does violence to Communist phraseology, but let it pass — began to torment her as she thought of her untended machine; in the end she abandoned the un-

worthy Young Communist who had seduced her and returned to her workbench. Whereupon there was an extraordinary rise in the factory's production figures and an equally remarkable decline in the percentage of waste and breakage.

V

It is frequently said that Soviet Russia represents either a challenge or a menace to America's political and economic order. I am inclined to be very skeptical of this theory. In every field of life and thought the two countries are as far apart as if they were on different planets, and where comparison is impossible the element of challenge scarcely enters in.

In economic development Russia is fifty years behind the United States. It will have to do an enormous amount of road building, of housing construction, of steady work in mining, in manufacturing, transportation, and communication, before comparison can be anything but grotesque. Soviet leaders have constantly stressed the goal of 'overtaking and outstripping America' in the fairly near future, and in this it is quite possible that they have done more harm than good, for they have tended to promote overambitious schemes of industrial expansion which have worked out badly and have clearly put too heavy a strain upon their resources, both technical and human.

The social differences between the two countries are even greater. America was colonized and has been built up on the principle of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. The underlying principle in Russia is that an omnipotent state shall plan and supervise the country's growth, regulating not only the working habits of the people but their thinking as well, with a relentless and efficient organization of spies (the G. P. U.) weeding out those individuals who do not fit into the regimented scheme of things. It may be debatable which of the systems involves more human suffering, but certainly they foster psychological differences so fundamental that one can hardly regard either as a challenge to the other.

The United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics remain, then, essentially a study in contrasts. Some of the sharpest divergences between full-blooded Capitalism and full-blooded Communism are likely to disappear with the passing of time. The march of social evolution may soften the sharp outlines of each. When the débris of the present crisis is at last cleared away, it may well be that America will have parted with a good deal of its 'rugged individualism.' Similarly, it is probable that Russia will go still further along the road which Stalin has already marked out, by granting higher material rewards and greater personal authority to the heads of state enterprises in the hope of raising the level of technical competence. In spite of such changes, however, it seems likely that in 1943 or 1953 the American visitor to Russia or the Russian visitor to America will return to his native land and be able to convey to his countrymen a comfortable feeling of superiority by describing the strange habits, customs, and ideas which he has encountered.

THE PREACHER'S PILGRIMAGE

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

I

At the end of the rails New York was, and, beyond New York, Palestine; and now after eighty years' desire — now when he stood on the back porch of his life with the best doors latched behind — he felt that nothing he had ever known, even in the most high-living days, would equal this. He was tired, though, and half glad New York was a long way off, not to be reached till morning. But, once in Palestine, he would not ever be worn out again, or low in faith — this much he knew beyond all doubting.

In his mind, sometimes, he had been great Moses reborn and moving alive among his people; but when the winters came, and the shacks were paper in the snow, he knew himself to be an old man, and an old man too tired to hold out against Grant Williams — Grant Williams, who was not flesh or devil, but voice of a changing world. In summer the gourd vines grew enormous and climbed the perilous pillars of the stoop, casting huge shadows of their leaves across the floor, and Arnold thought of Jonah, and of how Jonah tried to escape God but had found no place to hide; and while the days were warm Arnold's faith was full sun, and blazing, so that it could carry him about preaching the Lord's love and hate, and denied his age. But in winter the porch looked like a rickety-legged old spider, and the floor was pooled with icy air; and Looey would yell out every hour, 'Shut the doah! Foh Gohd's sake, shut the doah!' The old outhouse would then be no more than a pile of sticks against the east wind from the river; Kate would go and look out of the kitchen window, scratching her nails against the plastered frost, and examine the empty shelves and the closet, and glance at him and past him as if saying, 'Arnold's a man of Gohd — he not responsible foh this. . . . Pray foh us, preacher; pray foh us.' And Arnold would pray until his own words fitted around him warm and thick as woolen comforts, but he could see that Kate was cold under all her great black flesh, and that old Looey shriveled until she looked the way starving grackles do.

It was two winters ago that Grant Williams had started talking — started climbing up on boxes, with his big hollow face looming down upon the Negroes, and his glasses shining out in the light of oil lamps. He called them sheep — dumb black sheep — the same that Arnold called them on Sunday in the church. 'Ye are the sheep of my pasture. . . . He leadeth you beside the still waters.' Sheep of my pasture — but in Williams's mouth the word had a whipped-cur sound. He talked low and hard, and his words seemed to thud against their minds like a hammer driving. They listened and growled among themselves and kept what he said in the side of their minds they

lived by, and came each Sunday to hear Arnold preach about the lowly, and the carnelian mansions of a dream, and the corridors where the Lord walked in the glare of giant light bulbs.

But the Lord got dimmer when the factory shut down. 'He's a stingy Gohd!' Kate said. 'A mean Gohd!' She shook her puffy fists at the ceiling, and the east rain leaked down the wall paper, dribbling into buckets on the floor. They had to pull Looey's bed out from the corner into dry space, though Arnold saw that she felt ashamed and exposed with the children crawling on all sides of her, with no wall or corner shadow to hide in, and that she kept her eyes shut, mortified with being set out in the room, as if she were already laid out and the neighbors come to peer at her corpse.

Paul sat around the house all day, drumming on the window, and was gone all night. 'Why don' you work?' Arnold exhorted him. 'Why don' you bring some money in to Kate?'

'Fact'ry closed,' Paul said. 'Ain't no more wuk.'

The children yiped and howled and played like hell's imps along the floor, and crawled on Looey's bed to warm their feet. They had no shoes to speak of, nor any sweaters. Kate sat all day with her feet in the stove oven; once she struck at Paul with a half-charred stick of wood, and yelled sometimes at the children to 'keep scarce' of Looey.

Arnold would sit quiet in a corner, thumbing Bible leaves or copies of the *Christian Courier;* he liked their rich and holy covers, lighted up by rays of an unearthly sun. Magdalene and Mary and Jesus with His lambs were nailed up and down the walls, and John the Baptist was grown gray in the trickle where the roof leaked down.

II

It was in the *Courier* that he had found the great dream made possible — the gate half set ajar to divine adventure and release. Here it had offered without obligation or return, to all ministers subscribing, a journey to the Holy Land with part expenses paid and special rates. The dream made possible, but not imminent, for there was still the train ride to New York, and the one word 'part,' which left the Lord to poke around and brush up all the rest. But that it was a thing not wholly beyond reach led Arnold's tired old mind through a labyrinth of scheming and nosing about for some way to find money — some way that a minister might use — and make money grow where no money ever was. But every corridor of plan was a blind alley leading nowhere. Yet the thought persisted and stayed with him, growing in his mind in the way of all great unfulfilled dreams.

He used to read long passages from the Bible to himself, and felt warm and comforted until he saw Paul's sour and brooding face, and poor old Looey's outraged dignity, and all around him doubt — doubt like a devil sitting there in Looey's bed, doubt in the slime trickling through the roof, doubt in Kate's swollen, shiny face, in the water soup and the last bean jars. 'Justify us, show us Gohd's mercy. Wherefore persecutest thou me, O Lawd? . . . I done what I could. I'm old, Gohd. . . . You seen me through worse than this. You seen Harley lynched. You seen the white beas' and the flame. You heard me say, "Thy will be done" when the rope was there and I heard him howl. . . . Don' let me down now into dark!'

'Like sheep in the shambles' — that's what Williams had said. 'Don't let God's mercy make you forget man's

hate. Go put on your wings and plat'-num shoes when you die, — go sail all around God's Heaven when you die, — but don't let any black preacher say that you have to live like a hog in a wallow, or squirm under white toes till Gabriel blows his horn!' That's the way he had talked — all the time. He was like a Saul of Tarsus who had seen new light, and was too full of it to hold.

Arnold would pray, 'Lawd, give us patience unto our sufferings,' and Williams would shout out in Ike Baker's barn: 'How long — how long are you going to live like this? Don't stand and wait for the ravens' coming!' 'Crow bait and vulture meat' he called them, and they felt he was not wrong. It takes manna to feed faith, and no manna ever came.

The ache got into Arnold until it felt like fire running through his back, but he had gone on preaching anyway. Each week-end he had crept out to the church, grave-cold and damp, and sometimes he lighted the stoves himself. The people came and the church was always full, and back in the corner he could see the gleam of Williams's glasses like round, malignant eyes, watching him, remembering everything, as though there went on between them some unacknowledged battle for the lives and souls of each one in the room. The congregation came to listen to what he had to say so that later they could hear Grant Williams twist it round, and show it up, and dangle his words before their mud-poor, grinning faces.

But it was not so much of Williams that Arnold was afraid, as of something that was coming over himself. At night, when he was tired, he could hear the fierce grunting of the hungry sows under the floor, and the beans tasted sour, and Kate would yell out at Paul, 'You leave me be — I'm tard,' and Looey would whine out to him, 'Make 'em keep still, Ahnold! Make 'em keep still, cain't you? Make Gohd shut 'em up, Ahnold!' and her pain would come whistling up the throat and push out in long, wavering sighs. Then he would think it was age — old age coming on him, an old man edging in where his own flesh used to be.

This would comfort him awhile, since age was only the top rung of a ladder, and close above he would soon bump against the trapdoor to immortality and Heaven. But later on, in the night, fear would come slinking back into his head, though the house was quiet, and even though he felt more warm and strong-confirmed in body than he had for days; and the fear would be a voice whispering things like the words he heard Paul's sister say when she thought he was gone out of the house. 'He's a good Gohd-preacher, Paul,' she had said. 'He's a good man, Reverend Ahnold. But Gohd is gone away. Gohd's dead. He is no mo'. And Ahnold preach dead words.' These were the things that came into his mind: 'Gohd is no more. . . . You preach tomb words. . . . They ask for bread and you feed them words.' He felt then that it must be the Devil, not old age, that made him doubt — the Devil come, like a slime mould creeping, to fill up his mouth and choke back the channels of the Lord.

After a time, however, he had stopped preaching about false prophets and wolves that came calling themselves Messiahs, though he felt that he had betrayed his God in not denouncing Williams. He began to doubt even himself, to think perhaps it was not that the Lord was gone away, but that he was no longer a vessel for the Lord, that he was nothing but a rusty pot defiling Him when he stood each Sunday in the pulpit.

III

It had been a long low winter, the last before he left, with rain and gray fog so thick that the river was gone out of sight, and the boat whistles sounded like lost souls tooting out of Purgatory for release. The children looked like beetles, as if all flesh were sliding out of their arms and legs and going to swell their stomachs out. The Sunday collection of dimes dwindled, shrunk to pennies.

Looey died in February, and he preached the service at her funeral, momentarily roused to his old eloquence and strength, but no longer full of scouring exhortation to repent. 'You all knew Looey; you knew my wife good. She died in trust.' It seemed too carnal and earthly to say that they had loved each other, that it was Looey who had made him feel God manifest on earth when they were young.

'Old Looey died in meekness and believing,' Ike told Williams when the funeral was over. Ike was old and fat, and he thought Williams's gospel asked of a man too much energy and singleness of thought. He liked to think that the ravens would bring more than pork some day — in the meantime pork was pretty good.

'Looey died dirt-poor and ashamed,' Williams had answered back. 'I don' want my wife to die like that!' He let words fall like a stone in water, and the ripples went out on every side in big increasing circles, making Arnold seem like a preaching child. 'He's an old man, a good man,' Williams said, 'but you don' belong to him forever. This is no world for old men to go preaching in forever.'

After a long time spring had come crawling in, and Arnold had planted seeds in the lumpy yard, ringing round his plots with empty bottles. The sparrows built huge strawy nests in every shed, and wrens made their homes in the empty buggy seats. Things changed on earth, but not in people. 'Give me some more faith, Lohd!' Arnold would pray. 'Make His meekness manifest in truth!' And Williams would talk all through the raw spring evenings: 'Lead the people out of bondage! *There's* Bible words that you can use! *There's* a thing to live by, and to march with! *There's* the voice of God we need!' And the people were like a colony of ants, disturbed and running in all directions, not knowing what to think; but they went on living in the same scratch-soil and helpless way.

After a while it seemed to Arnold that not only for his own sake, but for God's, he ought to take this pilgrimage. If he walked where Jesus had walked, he might be healed. The stitching of His garments had trailed on the stones, and, God never dying, His virtue might still be there on the rocks. By going there, he might come to *know;* faith's cracked old vessel might be refilled, and he would return like Moses, with a light so blinding that his people could not see him for the glare.

Often, when the cold May rain washed down the glass and trenched the lilac roots, and the house was never dry, he sat there by the window, hot burning in his back, and his hands too knotted up even to turn the Bible leaves — sat there thinking of all he had heard or visioned of this Jerusalem: the high white air, and the hot blue sky, and the shimmering towers of the temple places; the olive trees with gnarled trunks and varnished leaves, and deep shade over the white road dust.

He thought of himself coming home full of faith and some huge vision — vague but great — of how the people

could find a way by belief alone, and not go blundering in Grant Williams's path with a Lord called Justice instead of God. In September the ship would sail, and return in March, and he saw himself coming back in intolerable brightness, the winter past and buried, the warped lilacs bursting into leaf, and himself strong, certain, made wise by holy earth.

IV

He spent long, shameful hours thinking of money, and sometimes forgot to eat unless Kate reminded him. At first she believed he was in the clutch of a Holy Visitation, and was afraid to thrust herself into his deep preoccupation, but she remembered Jesus walking and eating in the fields of grain, and would push his plate toward him until he came out of the thinking haze. Then, one day, she found the notice cut out and pasted in his red hymn book, and was as shaken by it as if the boards had gone out from under her. Her first reaction was fear, her mind clumping away in terror from the unknown, then anger that he had said no word of this to anyone, and at the end a quick-swollen pride that he was her father and a preacher and might go to Jerusalem and walk where Jesus walked. She had turned to him, though, fierce-looking and indignant, demanding what he aimed to do.

'I don' know,' Arnold said. He felt ashamed, betrayed, and glad to be found out. 'I aim to understand — to understand Gohd better. Going to find what's left of where his old place used to be.'

At these words Kate saw him coming back soaked with God-healing, the people falling down before his light. Already Arnold seemed translucent; tongues of flame seemed to jump up and down around the mild gray nimbus of his hair. She felt it would be fitting to kneel down and pray.

'But I ain't the money,' Arnold said, and the great light was punched out for both.

Kate sat down slowly in her chair and wiped a spoon mechanically on her apron — wiped it and stared into its shallow face. 'I ain't none either, Ahnold, nor has no other nigger, here or any place. You got to stay at home.'

They sat there a long time, uncomfortable, watching each other, uneasy and cautious, both in their minds creeping nearer the one hope, circling round it, afraid to show that they knew it there.

'He could use the funeral money,' thought Kate, 'could use it now. It's a lot of money to keep till death.'

'I could use the funeral money,' came the echo in Arnold's mind. 'But what'll Kate think? What'll the people say? "Preachah going to his grave worse than anybody else. Coffin looks like a dog's burying box. Gohd must've cast that preachah off His book. . . . Goin' to his grave like a porehouse uncle!" It would bring shame to the dignity of God, making it look like God had forgotten the preachers of His Word.'

It had come to Kate that he was wrestling with his spirit, and it came to her too that his mind was on the funeral money, that he was mortified at giving even standing room to such a thought. She spoke aloud then, quickly, before her courage humped away and left her. 'Why don' you use the funeral money, Papa? Livin' means more than a swole-up show to Death!' She held her fat hands tight together. This might be either blasphemy or blessing, and it was well to pray. 'O Lohd, fohgive me if I done some wrong. . . . Receive me into Thy fold same as if I had n't done it. . . . Fohgive us our trespassers. . . .'

But Arnold was not outraged or in a fury. The ghost of a toppled dignity passed over his face and left a worried smile.

'You think I could do that, Katy? You think it a reverent thing to do — honorable in His sight?'

'I do,' Kate said. Her conviction seemed to come from some immortal source, and made her feel like the secretary to Almighty God.

V

When it had become known that the Reverend Arnold was leaving, — Kate having spoken of it as a secret, to be told again by everyone with a speaking mouth, — an awe and sudden conscience took possession of his people. They were poor still and plagued with troubles, but one among them was going on a pilgrimage to return with Truth, and they came now on Sundays, not to hear what Williams could deny, but as disciples who seek to grasp some goodness by hearing the words of him who could redeem them all.

The Sisters of the Eastern Star collected three dollars out of nowhere, and gave Arnold a stick pin big as a flash light, and the King's Daughters worked all summer on things that he could never use — woolen scarfs large enough to smother God Himself, woolen socks for some great giant's feet, with heels like the rudders to a ship. 'Pray foh us, preachah, pray foh us,' they said. 'Remembah us in prayer.' It was like the old years again, before Grant Williams had begun to sow discord.

Five dollars Arnold had set aside for presents, for souvenirs of great Jerusalem, for tangible evidence and proof of pilgrimage. The rest he sent on to the *Courier* office, receiving a signed acknowledgment and much advice. A list of the ministers who had gone this way in other years came with it, and Arnold recognized the names of a few — the Reverend Dr. Brail of the white Baptist church, and Fish of Belleville's High Episcopal. It pleased him in a very earthly way to think of Fish succumbing to low rates and half expenses paid — Fish with his orchid congregation, serving cake in place of bread at his communions. He thought of going to call on Dr. Brail to ask him for advice, but was too proud. He left it all to the *Courier* and the Lord, and spent most of his time in long waking dreams of Palestine.

For three weeks before he left, his trunk had stood open on the floor and Kate had put in things as she thought of them, for fear something might be forgotten — five half-empty medicine bottles . . . his overcoat . . . two long bars of laundry soap . . . a box of matches. Arnold protested mildly, to no purpose.

A great crowd of the congregation had come down to the train with him, and he left them waving faithfully in a cold September rain. Kate was as grave as if she had watched Moses going off up to the mountains. Even the children did not scream.

The burden of his responsibility had come suddenly to weigh heavy on Arnold. There had been a horrible moment of doubt and clarity — a fear that he was going only to escape from the daily sight of things he could not change, that he would come back only a selfish old man who had eased his rheumatism in Palestine's hot sun, while his people scrabbled along as best they could in faith of his divine return.

But the moment had passed, and in its place arose a firm conviction, unchangeable as stone, star-fixed, that God would speak to him there, give

him some message, some iron retort to scoffers, some affirmation to the poor doubting ones who cried, 'Where is God now?' — and he felt that he would never more be shaken.

He was tired now from all the hours of travel, and the months of waiting that had gone before, but the great faith and purpose were untroubled. With his exaltation had come an excited feeling of adventure, of being on life's threshold instead of going out its old back door.

He put his feet up on the suitcase and went to sleep, dreaming he brought Kate a waist dyed with pomegranate stain, and the buttons were white crosses sewed on by angels of the Lord.

VI

They were kind to him at the *Courier* office. All his money was returned, and they offered to see him on the train, would even have paid for his berth back home. Said they were sorry he had come so far, and had n't realized it was a trip for white subscribers only. Hoped he would understand how delicate their situation was. . . .

They wondered about him sometimes afterward. He had slipped out pretty fast after they told him about the trip, and nobody had had time to trace him. They wondered where he had gone, and what he meant when he said he could never go back home again.

A LETTER FROM DUTCH FLAT

BY BILL ADAMS

Dear Atlantic, —

Many thanks for your letter, which came to me some half-hour ago. Now everyone up and down the mountain for a mile in each direction knows that Bill Adams had a special delivery letter this morning; and all are asking questions of one another as to whether I have relatives, and if so where and who, and what can be amiss with them.

A special delivery letter is not really necessary in Dutch Flat, for we all go to the store whenever a mail comes in, which is twice a day. The boy who delivered this one at my kitchen door while I was taking my johnnycake out of the oven (I got up late this morning) arrived gasping, with popping eyes, and paused after I had taken it from him. So I said, 'Hold on, Jimmie. Let's see what it's all about.' And he came in and sat down. After I had read your letter I told Jimmie, 'A feller back East has a hound pup and wants to know if I'd like him to send it to me.' Jimmie said, 'By George, tell him "sure"' — for this is a deer-hunting country and everyone is always on the lookout for a good young hound. So I told Jimmie, 'Don't say nothin' to no one. We'll keep it quiet till the pup shows up.' . . . And there you are!

So you think I have a book in me? Well, maybe I have. It would be straight autobiography. Fiction is right enough in its way, but life is what

I like best. I suppose, though, that everyone thinks he or she has had a queerer life than most other folks have had.

I don't know where I should begin. I might begin out in the back yard digging for worms on that showery day I remember so plainly. It began to rain and I went in, and, unseen by anyone, made my way upstairs. The house had been very silent all day. I went into a room where there was an empty bed. Two chairs stood by it, and on them was a long brown box. I tiptoed and looked down into it. Ah, me! . . . As I was stealing from that room next moment, two servant women came along the passage. They looked at me, and one said to the other, 'He's seen his mother.' Those are the first words of human talk that I remember from my babyhood. I was then four and a half years old.

My father ran away from home as a lad and enlisted in the Foreign Legion. They lost the colors in battle and he recaptured them. He carried them thenceforth. But he grew tired of the Legion and deserted. He was caught, tried, and sentenced to be shot. On the night ere the shooting was to be, he escaped and swam off to a ship, and so got back to England. Later he rode with the Heavy Brigade on Balaclava day, the day when the Light Brigade made its charge. His brother commanded the Guards at Inkerman and died of his wounds after the battle. Later still, my father rode with Sherman 'from Atlanta to the sea.' I was the child of his second wife. He was sixty-seven when I was born.

My father was penniless, and was taken care of by one of my maiden aunts, who disapproved of him altogether. After my mother died, I was taken away to a private school owned by my responsible aunt and her sister. The other boys hated them both and took it out on me. I was teased, pinched, tormented. The aunts, partly to show that they were just and did not favor me because I was their kin, were very severe on me. I was always in trouble. I got it both going and coming. I grew shy, sensitive, secretive. I was forever in fear.

Part of my aunts' severity toward me proceeded from their wish to get out of my system any characteristics that I might have inherited from my disapproved-of father. I was forever being spanked. I was put in charge of a servant named Ada. How I abhor that name! She also was an old maid. One night when she had heard me say my prayers she told me that if I was n't good my fingers would be cut off and I should be fed on bread and water. Thus were little children taught to be moral in the Victorian day! I knew sheer, utmost, appalling terror many and many a time. I was alone in the world, and it seemed to be all against me. I could not understand; I was a baby.

Well, how do I go on and be brief?

At the age of fourteen I won a scholarship at an English public school. I was not clever, but I was hard-working. There was no need for me to have taken the scholarship examination, for when I was nine my aunts had come into a large fortune and had disposed of their school. They had turned it over to two women who had been under-mistresses for them — Miss Minnie and Miss Louie. Very common women they were. For five years I stayed on there under them, and they forever held me up to ridicule before the other boys and made fun of my two old aunts.

At my public school I found myself jeered at as a scholarship boy, for to be poor is, among English public-school boys, a disgrace, and for me to have taken a scholarship proved that my

people were too poor to pay my way. I grew more than ever shy and sensitive. I was different, and made no chum — nor sought to make any. I hated their compulsory game system and went my way alone. I came to be a member of the sixth form and wore a silk top hat, and kid gloves, and carried a walking stick on Sundays. And at seventeen, just after my father died (he was thrown from a horse when he was eighty-four), I went to sea. The moment I entered the half deck I was at home. I was among my own kind there.

I must be brief. . . . In my book I plan to say hardly anything of my sea life. I had to leave the sea because of ill health, brought on by hardships endured while bringing a very undermanned ship round the Horn. I had to come ashore.

I should not care so much to write my book were it not for my dear wife. She whom I had known since my babyhood died last November. She always wanted me to write a book some day. It was she who stood by my side through the long, tired years when I was a workingman, who endured far more hardship than I ever did. She was gently brought up. The daughter of wealthy people, she had never had so much as to make her own bed until she was eighteen. She was eight years older than I. We worked together on ranches, for all sorts of bosses. I was a tramp for a time. I was a cop for a time. In the war, I was a Y.M.C.A. secretary. I had done all manner of shore jobs until, in 1922, I sold a story. Then I quit, and my working neighbors all took it for granted that I must be bootlegging.

Now I live here all alone. We came here, to our first home, just four years ago. We were very happy here in the mountains. Our daughter is a teacher in a little mountain school across the divide, forty-five miles away. I see her seldom. But it will soon be vacation time. Together, she and I nursed my dear wife till death came. No hand save ours touched her at the last. No flowers were heaped upon her grave. Our simple mountain neighbors buried her.

My life is done. What comes now is but a sort of sequel; it does n't matter so much. My comrade and I fought our little fight together. We had three and a half years here, happy after labors. Her picture smiles at me from the top of my desk — 'Courage!' She was always courageous, always laughing. And I can still laugh. Life has been very good. I've had a world of fun. I have friends who would take the shirts off their backs for me, friends who loved us both, and love me now that I am left without her.

I have a drawer full of letters from people all over the shop — old women of eighty, young lads. A lad of twenty-four has been writing to me for ten years from New Zealand; I have 'raised' him, as it were. He says, 'Life is n't hard now, Bill, because you've shown me the way.' That is what life is for — to show others the way, to keep one's end up and refuse to be beaten. I am apt to loathe churches. I abhor sermons. The sky is my temple roof; the stars are my preachers.

I don't know how I'd end my book, nor just where in my life I'd end it. I have written some 45,000 words of it in the rough. I want to make people wriggle with laughter. I should like to paint pictures in words. I want no sadness, no grief, no whining. Strong hands on the rope, and the song of a man shouting back to the song of the howling storm wind, to the rage of the thunderous sea. I abhor cowardice and complaining.

My health is not very good. I have had a hard winter alone here. My bank

failed some months ago. Till yesterday I had made just six dollars since New Year's. Yesterday I sold a pot-boiler, and now I have enough to keep me for some weeks. I want to wiggle along on my way. It costs me forty-five cents a day for grub, for me and my dog. I owe a good deal of money — the first time I was ever in debt in my life. But I think I can wiggle along. I'll try to, anyway. You know, where I was brought up, — at sea in the days of sailing ships, — one did not fly a distress signal just because the ship was dismasted and rudderless and had her decks stove in and her pumps jammed. One went to work to refit her. One got a new rudder rigged somehow or other, and managed to step new masts and cross new spars. One brought the old ship in, if it was by any means possible to do so.

You suggest making me an advance. Well, suppose you did, and then I went and wrote a book that was no good. A lot you'd think of me then, eh? And what should I think of myself?

It has seemed of late, during these last months since my dear wife died, my bank failed, my health went back on me, that things have been trying to crowd me to the wall. Friends tell me that I have shown marvelous nerve and courage. I do not see it that way. I have not yet won my fight, not yet done my job. My book is not yet written. And I want to write it — very much I want to. I want to do it well, and I should like to do it alone, unaided. If you were to make me an advance, I think I should feel burdened. My present debts are none of them burdens. I can pay them when I am able. Should I die to-day, my daughter would in time pay them. We are rather independent-minded people. There is still such a thing as pride in the world.

Now, instead of working on my book, as I had meant to do this morning, I have tired myself writing this long letter. And perhaps it is not rightly explanatory. Writing is a very difficult thing with me. There is so much to write, and one must be careful to have things just thus and so. I like good clear English, with a bit of a lilt to it, here and there a dirge note, but the gay note prevailing. I have seen a deal of life, and know that for all the sorrow that man must meet and endure there is ample compensation.

I want, if possible, to keep right on with my book. I may have to leave it now and then to do a pot-boiler story. I hate to leave it. But one of the great lessons of life is that one must be patient. My dear wife always said that I was the most patient man on earth. She said, too, one day when she was dying, that there was no one who could make an invalid as comfortable as I could. That, too, is one of life's lessons — strength with gentleness. There is nothing that I enjoy more than nursing, helping the sick and dying. A few days ago I sat with an old man of eighty-four who was dying. His wife took his arm to stroke it. He drew it away, and I took it. Then he said to his wife, 'Leave him alone. *He knows how.*'

You, a publisher, are interested in books, just as Jimmie, who brought me your special delivery letter a while ago, is interested in hound dogs. You remember what I said to Jimmie? 'Don't say nothin'. We'll keep it quiet till the pup shows up.' That's what we'd best do, I reckon. Eh?

TWO SONNETS

BIRDS

Some hear them not at all: for some they sing
Passion or ecstasy or sharpest pain —
The slow despair of summer on the wane —
The swift delight of winter on the wing —
The instant breathless joy of love in spring —
The life in death that sings through autumn rain.
Each hears his secret bliss or anguish plain,
Revealed, transmuted, made a lovely thing.

The song is theirs: their secret is their own.
We know not whence it grows, nor can we tell
What prompts, what guides their strange and certain flight.
Some spring of love and trust, some sense of light,
Some inner beauty that is theirs alone
Flows still from Eden where their spirits dwell.

LOVELINESS OF EARTH

The substance of the loveliness of earth
Wrought by the hand and woven with the brain,
All that is ours, for pleasure or for pain,
All we have made, thought, dreamed of, brought to birth —
And we, the brain that wove, the hand that wrought,
We that have seen and loved and caught the breath,
Who feel the glow of life, the chill of death,
Are ashes blown upon the wind — to naught.

And yet we lift our faces from the dust
And all the eternal loveliness of God
Is ours to love, to touch, to make our own.
Shall we not leave our toys to mould with rust
And, loving still our nest beneath the clod,
Launch out upon the seas of light alone?

Christina Chapin

THE WAR AND GERTRUDE STEIN

Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. III

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

I

AMERICANS living in Europe before the war never really believed that there was going to be war. Gertrude Stein always tells about the little janitor's boy who, playing in the court, would regularly every couple of years assure her that papa was going to the war. Once some cousins of hers were living in Paris; they had a country girl as a servant. It was the time of the Russian-Japanese War and they were all talking about the latest news. Terrified, the servant dropped the platter and cried, 'And are the Germans at the gates?'

We went to England July 5, 1914, and went according to programme to see John Lane, the publisher, at his house Sunday afternoon.

There were a number of people there and they were talking of many things, but some of them were talking about war. One of them — someone told me he was an editorial writer on one of the big London dailies — was bemoaning the fact that he would not be able to eat figs in August in Provence as was his habit. 'Why not?' asked someone. 'Because of the war,' he answered. Someone else, Walpole or his brother I think it was, said that there was no hope of beating Germany as she had such an excellent system — all her railroad trucks were numbered in connection with locomotives and switches. 'But,' said the eater of figs, 'that is all very well as long as the trucks remain in Germany on their own lines and switches, but in an aggressive war they will leave the frontiers of Germany, and then, well I promise you then there will be a great deal of numbered confusion.'

This is all I remember definitely of that Sunday afternoon in July.

As we were leaving, John Lane said to Gertrude Stein that he was going out of town for a week, and he made a rendezvous with her in his office for the end of July, to sign the contract for *Three Lives*. 'I think,' he said, 'in the present state of affairs I would rather begin with that than with something more entirely new. I have confidence in that book. Mrs. Lane is very enthusiastic, and so are the readers.'

Having now ten days on our hands, we decided to accept the invitation of Mrs. Mirlees, Hope's mother, and spend a few days in Cambridge. We went there and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

It was a most comfortable house to visit. Gertrude Stein liked it; she could stay in her room or in the garden as much as she liked without hearing too much conversation. The food was excellent — Scotch food, delicious and fresh — and it was very amusing meeting all the University of Cambridge dignitaries. We were taken into all the

gardens and invited into many of the homes. It was lovely weather, quantities of roses, morris-dancing by all the students and girls, and generally delightful.

We had been hearing a good deal about Dr. and Mrs. Whitehead. They no longer lived in Cambridge. The year before, Dr. Whitehead had left Cambridge to go to London University. They were to be in Cambridge shortly and they were to dine at the Mirlees'. They did, and I met my third genius.

It was a pleasant dinner. I sat next to Housman, the Cambridge poet, and we talked about fishes and David Starr Jordan, but all the time I was more interested in watching Dr. Whitehead. Later we went into the garden and he came and sat next to me and we talked about the sky in Cambridge.

Gertrude Stein and Dr. Whitehead and Mrs. Whitehead all became interested in each other. Mrs. Whitehead asked us to dine at her house in London and then to spend a week-end, the last week-end in July, with them in their country home in Lockridge, near Salisbury Plain. We accepted with pleasure. We went back to London and had a lovely time. We dined with the Whiteheads and liked them more than ever, and they liked us more than ever and were kind enough to say so.

Gertrude Stein kept her appointment with John Lane at the Bodley Head. They had a very long conversation, this time so long that I exhausted all the shop windows of that region for quite a distance, but finally Gertrude Stein came out with a contract. It was a gratifying climax.

Then we took the train to Lockridge to spend the week-end with the Whiteheads. As one of my friends said to me later, 'They asked you to spend the week-end and you stayed six weeks.' We did.

II

There was quite a house party when we arrived — some Cambridge people, some young men, the younger son of the Whiteheads, Eric, then fifteen years old but very tall and flower-like, and the daughter, Jessie, just back from Newnham. There could not have been much serious thought of war because they were all talking of Jessie Whitehead's coming trip to Finland. Jessie always made friends with foreigners from strange places; she had a passion for geography and a passion for the glory of the British Empire. She had a friend, a Finn, who had asked her to spend the summer with her people in Finland and had promised Jessie a possible uprising against Russia. Mrs. Whitehead was hesitating but had practically consented. There was an older son, North, who was away at the time.

Then suddenly, as I remember, there were the conferences to prevent the war. And then, before anything further could happen, the ultimatum to France. Gertrude Stein and I were completely miserable, as was Evelyn Whitehead, who had French blood, and who had been raised in France and had strong French sympathies. Then came the days of the invasion of Belgium, and I can still hear Dr. Whitehead's gentle voice reading the papers out loud, and then all of them talking about the destruction of Louvain and how they must help the brave little Belgians. Gertrude Stein, desperately unhappy, said to me, 'Where is Louvain?' 'Don't you know?' I said. 'No,' she said, 'nor do I care, but where is it?'

Our week-end was over and we told Mrs. Whitehead that we must leave. 'But you cannot get back to Paris now,' she said. 'No,' we answered, 'but we can stay in London.' 'Oh no,' she said, 'you must stay with us until you can get back to Paris.' She was

very sweet and we were very unhappy and we liked them and they liked us and we agreed to stay. And then to our infinite relief England came into the war.

We had to go to London to get our trunks, to cable to people in America, and to draw money, and Mrs. Whitehead wished to go in to see if she and her daughter could do anything to help the Belgians. In London everything was difficult. Gertrude Stein's letter of credit was on a French bank, but mine, luckily small, was on a California one. I say luckily small because the banks would not give large sums, but my letter of credit was so small and so almost used up that they without hesitation gave me all that there was left of it.

Gertrude Stein cabled to her cousin in Baltimore to send her money, we gathered in our trunks, we met Evelyn Whitehead at the train, and we went back with her to Lockridge. It was a relief to get back. We appreciated her kindness because to have been at a hotel in London at that moment would have been too dreadful.

Then one day followed another and it is hard to remember just what happened. North Whitehead was away, and Mrs. Whitehead was terribly worried lest he should rashly enlist. She must see him. So they telegraphed to him to come at once. He came. She had been quite right. He had immediately gone to the nearest recruiting station to enlist, and luckily there had been so many in front of him that the office closed before he was admitted. She immediately went to London to see Kitchener. Dr. Whitehead's brother was a bishop in India and he had in his younger days known Kitchener very intimately. Mrs. Whitehead had this introduction and North was given a commission. She came home much relieved. North was to join in three days, but in the meantime he must learn to drive a motor car. The three days passed very quickly and North was gone. He left immediately for France and without much equipment. And then came the time of waiting.

Evelyn Whitehead was very busy planning war work and helping everyone, and I as far as possible helped her. Gertrude Stein and Dr. Whitehead walked endlessly around the country. They talked of philosophy and history. It was during these days that Gertrude Stein realized how completely it was Dr. Whitehead and not Russell who had had the ideas for their great book. Dr. Whitehead, the gentlest and most simply generous of human beings, never claimed anything for himself and enormously admired anyone who was brilliant, and Russell undoubtedly was brilliant.

Gertrude Stein used to come back and tell me about these walks and the country still the same as in the days of Chaucer, with the green paths of the early Britons that could still be seen in long stretches, and the triple rainbows of that strange summer. They used, Dr. Whitehead and Gertrude Stein, to have long conversations with gamekeepers and mole-catchers. The mole-catcher had said, 'But sir, England has never been in a war but that she has been victorious.' Dr. Whitehead turned to Gertrude Stein with a gentle smile. 'I think we may say so,' he said. The gamekeeper, when Dr. Whitehead seemed discouraged, said to him, 'But Dr. Whitehead, England is the predominant nation, is she not?' 'I hope she is, yes I hope she is,' replied Dr. Whitehead gently.

The Germans were getting nearer and nearer Paris. One day Dr. Whitehead said to Gertrude Stein (they were just going through a rough little wood and he was helping her), 'Have you any copies of your writings, or are they all in Paris?' 'They are all in Paris,'

she said. 'I did not like to ask,' said Dr. Whitehead, 'but I have been worrying.'

The Germans were getting nearer and nearer Paris, and the last day Gertrude Stein could not leave her room — she sat and mourned. She loved Paris, she thought neither of manuscripts nor of pictures, she thought only of Paris and she was desolate. I came up to her room; I called out, 'It is all right, Paris is saved, the Germans are in retreat.' She turned away and said, 'Don't tell me these things.' 'But it's true,' I said, 'it is true.' And then we wept together.

The first description that anyone we knew received in England of the battle of the Marne came in a letter to Gertrude Stein from Mildred Aldrich. It was practically the first letter of her book, *The Hilltop on the Marne.* We were delighted to receive it, to know that Mildred was safe, and to know all about it. It was passed around and everybody in the neighborhood read it.

Another description of the battle of the Marne, when we first came back to Paris, was from Alfy Maurer. 'I was sitting,' said Alfy, 'at a café, and Paris was pale, if you know what I mean,' said Alfy, 'it was like a pale absinthe. Well I was sitting there and then I noticed lots of horses pulling lots of big trucks going slowly by, and there were some soldiers with them and on the boxes was written "Banque de France." That was the gold going away just like that,' said Alfy, 'before the battle of the Marne.'

III

In those dark days of waiting in England of course a great many things happened. There were a great many people coming and going in the Whiteheads' home, and there was of course plenty of discussion.

First there was Lytton Strachey. He lived in a little house not far from Lockridge. He came one evening and he and Mrs. Whitehead discussed the possibility of rescuing Lytton Strachey's sister who was lost in Germany. She suggested that he apply to a certain person who could help him. 'But,' said Lytton Strachey faintly, 'I have never met him.' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Whitehead, 'but you might write to him and ask to see him.' 'Not,' replied Lytton Strachey faintly, 'if I have never met him.'

Another person who turned up during that week was Bertrand Russell. He came to Lockridge the day North Whitehead left for the front. He was a pacifist and argumentative, and although they were very old friends Dr. and Mrs. Whitehead did not think they could bear hearing his views just then. He came and Gertrude Stein, to divert everybody's mind from the burning question of war or peace, introduced the subject of education. This caught Russell and he explained all the weaknesses of the American system of education, particularly their neglect of the study of Greek. Gertrude Stein replied that of course England, which was an island, needed Greece, which was or might have been an island. At any rate Greek was essentially an island culture, while America needed essentially the culture of a continent, which was of necessity Latin.

This argument fussed Mr. Russell, he became very eloquent. Gertrude Stein then became very earnest and gave a long discourse on the value of Greek to the English, aside from its being an island, and the lack of value of Greek culture for the Americans, based upon the psychology of Americans as different from the psychology of the English. She grew very eloquent on the disembodied abstract quality of the American character and cited examples, mingling automobiles with Emerson, and all proving that they did not need Greek, in a way that

fussed Russell more and more and kept everybody occupied until everybody went to bed.

There were many discussions in those days. The bishop, the brother of Dr. Whitehead, and his family came to lunch. They all talked constantly about how England had come into the war to save Belgium. At last my nerves could bear it no longer and I blurted out, 'Why do you say that? Why do you not say that you are fighting for England? I do not consider it a disgrace to fight for one's country.'

Gertrude Stein used to get furious when the English all talked about German organization. She used to insist that the Germans had no organization, they had method but no organization. 'Don't you understand the difference?' she used to say angrily. 'Any two Americans, any twenty Americans, any millions of Americans, can organize themselves to do something, but Germans cannot organize themselves to do anything. They can formulate a method and this method can be put upon them, but that is n't organization. The Germans,' she used to insist, 'are not modern; they are a backward people who have made a method of what we conceive as organization, can't you see? They cannot therefore possibly win this war because they are not modern.'

Then another thing that used to annoy us dreadfully was the English statement that the Germans in America would turn America against the Allies. 'Don't be silly,' Gertrude Stein used to say to any and all of them. 'If you do not realize that the fundamental sympathy in America is with France and England and could never be with a mediæval country like Germany, you cannot understand America. We are republican,' she used to say with energy, 'profoundly, intensely, and completely a republic, and a republic can have everything in common with France and a great deal in common with England, but nothing in common with Germany.'

The long summer wore on. It was beautiful weather and beautiful country, and Dr. Whitehead and Gertrude Stein never ceased wandering around in it and talking about all things.

From time to time we went to London. We went regularly to Cook's office to know when we might go back to Paris, and they always answered 'Not yet.' We also had to go to the American Embassy to get temporary passports. We had no papers, nobody had any papers in those days.

By the fifteenth of October Cook's said we could go back to Paris. Mrs. Whitehead was to go with us. North, her son, had left without an overcoat, and she had secured one and she was afraid he would not get it until much later if she sent it the ordinary way. She arranged to go to Paris and deliver it to him herself or find someone who would take it to him directly. She had papers from the War Office and Kitchener, and we started.

IV

The boat was crowded. There were quantities of Belgian soldiers and officers escaped from Antwerp, all with tired eyes. It was our first experience of the tired but watchful eyes of soldiers. We finally were able to arrange for a seat for Mrs. Whitehead who had been ill, and soon we were in France. Mrs. Whitehead's papers were so overpowering that there were no delays and soon we were in the train, and about ten o'clock at night we were in Paris. We took a taxi and drove through Paris, beautiful and unviolated, to the rue de Fleurus. We were once more at home.

There were not many people in Paris just then and we liked it, and we

wandered around Paris and it was so nice to be there, wonderfully nice. Soon Mrs. Whitehead found means of sending her son's coat to him and went back to England, and we settled down for the winter.

Gertrude Stein sent copies of her manuscripts to friends in New York to keep for her. We hoped that all danger was over, but still it seemed better to do so and there were Zeppelins to come. London had been completely darkened at night before we left. Paris continued to have its usual street lights until January.

The dreary winter of 1914–1915 went on. One night, I imagine it must have been about the end of January, I had, as was and is my habit, gone to bed very early, and Gertrude Stein was down in the studio working, as was her habit. Suddenly I heard her call me gently. 'What is it?' I said. 'Oh nothing,' said she, 'but perhaps if you don't mind putting on something warm and coming downstairs I think perhaps it would be better.' 'What is it,' I said, 'a revolution?' The concierges and the wives of the concierges were always talking about a revolution. The French are so accustomed to revolutions, they have had so many, that when anything happens they immediately think and say 'revolution.' Indeed Gertrude Stein once said rather impatiently to some French soldiers when they said something about a revolution, 'Oh you are silly; you have had one perfectly good revolution and several not quite so good ones; for an intelligent people it seems to me foolish to be always thinking of repeating yourselves.' They looked very sheepish and said, '*Bien sûr, mademoiselle*,' in other words, 'Sure, you're right.'

Well I too said when she woke me, 'Is it a revolution and are there soldiers?' 'No,' she said, 'not exactly.' 'Well what is it?' said I impatiently. 'I don't quite know,' she answered, 'but there has been an alarm. Anyway you had better come.' I started to turn on the light. 'No,' she said, 'you had better not. Give me your hand and I will get you down, and you can go to sleep downstairs on the couch.' I came. It was very dark. I sat down on the couch and then I said, 'I'm sure I don't know what is the matter with me, but my knees are knocking together.' Gertrude Stein burst out laughing. 'Wait a minute, I will get you a blanket,' she said. 'No, don't leave me,' I said. She managed to find something to cover me and then there was a loud boom, then several more. It was a soft noise, and then there was the sound of horns blowing in the streets and we knew it was all over. We lighted the lights and went to bed.

The next time there was a Zeppelin alarm, and it was not very long after this first one, Picasso and Eve were dining with us. By this time we knew that the two-story building of the atelier was no more protection than the roof of the little pavilion under which we slept, and the concierge had suggested that we should go into her room where at least we should have six stories over us. Eve was not very well these days and fearful, so we all went into the concierge's room. Even Jeanne Poule, the Breton servant who had succeeded Hélène, came too. Jeanne soon was bored with this precaution and so, in spite of all remonstrance, she went back to her kitchen, lit her light, in spite of the regulations, and proceeded to wash the dishes. We too soon got bored with the concierge's *loge* and went back to the atelier. We put a candle under the table so that it would not make much light, Eve and I tried to sleep, and Picasso and Gertrude Stein talked until two in the morning, when the all's clear sounded and they went home.

As soon as we were back in Paris we went to see Mildred Aldrich and stayed with her several days. She was much the most cheerful person we knew that winter. She had been through the battle of the Marne, she had had the Uhlans in the woods below her, she had watched the battle going on below her, and she had become part of the countryside. We teased her and told her she was beginning to look like a French peasant, and she did, in a funny kind of way, born and bred New Englander that she was. We saw her several times that winter.

V

At last the spring came and we were ready to go away for a bit. Our friend William Cook, after nursing a while in the American hospital for French wounded, had gone to Palma de Mallorca. Cook, who had always earned his living by painting, was finding it difficult to get on and he had retired to Palma, where in those days when the Spanish exchange was very low one lived extremely well for a few francs a day. We decided we would go to Palma too and forget the war a little.

We arrived in Palma and Cook met us and arranged everything for us. William Cook could always be depended upon. In those days he was poor, but later when he had inherited money and was well to do and Mildred Aldrich had fallen upon very bad days and Gertrude Stein was not able to help any more, William Cook gave her a blank check and said, 'Use that as much as you need for Mildred; you know my mother loved to read her books.'

William Cook often disappeared and one knew nothing of him, and then, when for one reason or another you needed him, there he was. He went into the American army later, and at that time Gertrude Stein and myself were doing war work for the American Fund for French Wounded and I had often to wake her up very early. She and Cook used to write the most lugubrious letters to each other about the unpleasantness of sunrises met suddenly. Sunrises were, they contended, all right when approached slowly from the night before, but when faced abruptly from the same morning they were awful. It was William Cook too who later on taught Gertrude Stein how to drive a car by teaching her on one of the old battle-of-the-Marne taxis. Cook, being hard up, had become a taxi driver in Paris; that was in 1916 and Gertrude Stein was to drive a car for the American Fund for French Wounded. So on dark nights they went out beyond the fortifications and, the two of them sitting solemnly on the driving seat of one of those old two-cylinder, before-the-war Renault taxis, William Cook taught Gertrude Stein how to drive.

Life in Palma was pleasant, and so instead of spending only the summer we stayed until the following spring. We walked a great deal and ate extremely well.

The feelings of the island at that time were very mixed as to the war. The thing that impressed the Mallorcans the most was the amount of money it cost. They could discuss by the hour how much it cost a year, a month, a week, a day, an hour, and even a minute. We used to hear them of a summer evening, 'Five million pesetas, a million pesetas, two million pesetas, good night, good night,' and knew they were busy with their endless calculations of the cost of the war. As most of the men, even those of the better middle-classes, read, wrote, and ciphered with difficulty and the women not at all, it can be imagined how fascinating and endless a subject the cost of the war was.

Life in Mallorca was pleasant until the attack on Verdun began. Then we all began to be very miserable. We tried to console each other, but it was difficult.

In the port of Palma was a German ship called the *Fangturm* which had sold pins and needles to all the Mediterranean ports before the war. It had been caught in Palma when the war broke out and had never been able to leave. Most of the officers and sailors had gotten away to Barcelona, but the big ship remained in harbor. It looked very rusty and neglected and it was just under our windows. All of a sudden, as the attack on Verdun commenced, they began painting the *Fangturm*. Imagine our feelings. We were all pretty unhappy and this was despair. We told the French consul, and he told us, and it was awful.

Day by day the news was worse and one whole side of the *Fangturm* was painted, and then they stopped painting. They knew it before we did. Verdun was not going to be taken. Verdun was safe. The Germans had given up hoping to take it.

When it was all over, we none of us wanted to stay in Mallorca any longer, we all wanted to go home.

VI

We came back to an entirely different Paris. It was no longer gloomy. It was no longer empty. This time we did not settle down, we decided to get into the war. One day we were walking down the rue des Pyramides and there was a Ford car being backed up the street by an American girl, and on the car it said, 'American Fund for French Wounded.'

'There,' said I, 'that is what we are going to do. At least,' said I to Gertrude Stein, 'you will drive the car and I will do the rest.' We went over and talked to the American girl and then interviewed Mrs. Lathrop, the head of the organization. She was enthusiastic, she was always enthusiastic, and she said, 'Get a car.' 'But where?' we asked. 'From America,' she said. 'But how?' we said. 'Ask somebody,' she said, and Gertrude Stein did; she asked her cousin and in a few months the Ford car came. In the meanwhile Cook had taught her to drive his taxi.

As I said, it was a changed Paris. Everything was changed, and everybody was cheerful.

During our absence Eve had died and Picasso was now living in a little home in Montrouge. We went out to see him. He had a marvelous rose-pink silk counterpane on his bed. 'Where did that come from, Pablo?' asked Gertrude Stein. '*Ah ça*,' said Picasso with much satisfaction, 'that is a lady.' It was a well-known Chilean society woman who had given it to him. It was a marvel. He was very cheerful. He was constantly coming to the house bringing Paquerette, a girl who was very nice, or Irène, a very lovely woman who came from the mountains and wanted to be free.

All this time we were waiting for our Ford truck which was on its way, and then we waited for its body to be built. We waited a great deal. It was then that Gertrude Stein wrote a great many little war poems; some of them have since been published in the volume, *Useful Knowledge*, which has in it only things about America.

This winter Paris was bitterly cold and there was no coal. We finally had none at all. We closed up the big room and stayed in a little room, but at last we had no more coal. The government was giving coal away to the needy, but we did not feel justified in sending our servant to stand in line to get it. One afternoon it was bitterly cold; we went out and on a street corner was a

policeman and standing with him was a sergeant of police. Gertrude Stein went up to them. 'Look here,' she said to them, 'what are we to do? I live in a pavilion on the rue de Fleurus and have lived there many years.' 'Oh yes,' said they, nodding their heads, 'certainly, madame, we know you very well.' 'Well,' she said, 'I have no coal, not even enough to heat one small room. I do not want to send my servant to get it for nothing, that does not seem right. Now,' she said, 'it is up to you to tell me what to do.' The policeman looked at his sergeant and the sergeant nodded. 'All right,' they said.

We went home. That evening the policeman, in civilian clothes, turned up with two sacks of coal. We accepted thankfully and asked no questions. The policeman, a stalwart Breton, became our all in all. He did everything for us, he cleaned our home, he cleaned our chimneys, he got us in and he got us out, and on dark nights when Zeppelins came it was comfortable to know that he was somewhere outside.

There were Zeppelin alarms from time to time, but like everything else we had gotten used to them. When they came at dinner time we went on eating, and when they came at night Gertrude Stein did not wake me; she said I might as well stay where I was.

Our little Ford was almost ready. She was later to be called 'Auntie' after Gertrude Stein's aunt Pauline, who always behaved admirably in emergencies and behaved fairly well most times if she was properly flattered.

One day Picasso came in, and with him and leaning on his shoulder was a slim elegant youth. 'It is Jean,' announced Pablo, 'Jean Cocteau, and we are leaving for Italy.' Picasso had been excited at the prospect of doing the scenery for a Russian ballet, the music to be by Satie, the drama by Jean Cocteau. Everybody was at the war, life in Montparnasse was not very gay, Montrouge with even a faithful servant was not very lively, he too needed a change. He was very lively at the prospect of going to Rome. We all said good-bye and we all went our various ways.

The little Ford car was ready. Gertrude Stein had learned to drive a French car and they all said it was the same. I have never driven any car, but it would appear that it is not the same. We went outside of Paris to get it when it was ready, and Gertrude Stein drove it in. Of course the first thing she did was to stop dead on the track between two street cars. Everybody got out and pushed us off the track.

The next day when we started off to see what would happen we managed to get as far as the Champs-Élysées and once more stopped dead. A crowd shoved us to the sidewalk and then tried to find out what was the matter. Gertrude Stein cranked, the whole crowd cranked, nothing happened. Finally an old chauffeur said, 'No gasoline.' We said proudly, 'Oh yes, at least a gallon,' but he insisted on looking, and of course there was none. Then the crowd stopped a whole procession of military trucks that were going up the Champs-Élysées. They all stopped and a couple of men brought over an immense tank of gasoline and tried to pour it into the little Ford. Naturally the process was not successful. Finally, getting into a taxi, I went to a store in our quarter where they sold brooms and where they knew me and I came back with a tin of gasoline, and we finally arrived at the Alcazar d'Été, the then headquarters of the American Fund for French Wounded.

Mrs. Lathrop was waiting for one of the cars to take her to Montmartre. I immediately offered the service of our

car and went out and told Gertrude Stein. She quoted Edwin Dodge to me. Once Mabel Dodge's little boy said he would like to fly from the terrace to the lower garden. 'Do,' said Mabel. 'It is easy,' said Edwin Dodge, 'to be a Spartan mother.'

However Mrs. Lathrop came and the car went off. I must confess to being terribly nervous until they came back, but come back they did.

VII

We had a consultation with Mrs. Lathrop and she sent us off to Perpignan, a region with a good many hospitals that no American organization had ever visited. We started. We had never been further from Paris than Fontainebleau in the car and it was terribly exciting.

We had a few adventures, we were caught in the snow, and I was sure that we were on the wrong road and wanted to turn back. 'Wrong or right,' said Gertrude Stein, 'we are going on.' She could not back the car very successfully, and indeed I may say even to this day, when she can drive any kind of a car anywhere, she still does not back a car very well. She goes forward admirably, she does not go backwards successfully. The only violent discussions that we have had in connection with her driving a car have been on the subject of backing.

On this trip South we picked up our first military godson. We began the habit then which we kept up all through the war of giving any soldier on the road a lift. We drove by day and we drove by night and in very lonely parts of France and we always stopped and gave a lift to any soldier, and never had we any but the most pleasant experiences with these soldiers. And some of them were, as we sometimes found out, pretty hard characters. Gertrude Stein once said to a soldier who was doing something for her — they were always doing something for her; whenever there was a soldier or a chauffeur or any kind of a man anywhere, she never did anything for herself, neither changing a tire, cranking the car, or repairing it — Gertrude Stein said to this soldier, 'But you are *tellement gentil*, very nice and kind.' 'Madame,' said he quite simply, 'all soldiers are nice and kind.'

This faculty of Gertrude Stein of having everybody do anything for her puzzled the other drivers of the organization. Mrs. Lathrop, who used to drive her own car, said that nobody did those things for her. It was not only soldiers; a chauffeur would get off the seat of a private car in the Place Vendôme and crank Gertrude Stein's old Ford for her. Gertrude Stein said that the others looked so efficient, of course nobody would think of doing anything for them. Now as for herself, she was not efficient, she was good-humored, she was democratic, one person was as good as another, and she knew what she wanted done. 'If you are like that,' she says, 'anybody will do anything for you. The important thing,' she insists, 'is that you must have deep down as the deepest thing in you a sense of equality. Then anybody will do anything for you.'

It was not far from Saulieu that we picked up our first military godson. Our taking him up was a good example of the democracy of the French army. There were three of them walking along the road. We stopped and said we could take one of them on the step. They were all three going home on leave and walking into the country to their homes from the nearest big town. One was a lieutenant, one was a sergeant, and one a soldier. They thanked us and then the lieutenant said to each one of them, 'How far

have you to go?' They each one named the distance and then they said, 'And you, my lieutenant, how far have you to go?' He told them. Then they all agreed that it was the soldier who had much the longest way to go and so it was his right to have the lift. He touched his cap to his sergeant and officer and got in.

As I say, he was our first military godson. We had a great many afterwards and it was quite an undertaking to keep them all going. The duty of a military godmother was to write a letter as often as she received one and to send a package of comforts or dainties about once in ten days. They liked the packages but they really liked letters even more. And they answered so promptly. It seemed to me that no sooner was my letter written than there was an answer.

We did finally arrive at Perpignan and began visiting hospitals and giving away our stores and sending word to headquarters if we thought they needed more than we had. At first it was a little difficult, but soon we were doing all we were to do very well. We were also given quantities of comfort bags, and distributing these was a perpetual delight — it was like a continuous Christmas. We always had permission from the head of the hospital to distribute these to the soldiers themselves, which was in itself a great pleasure, but also it enabled us to get the soldiers to write postal cards of thanks, and these we used to send off in batches to Mrs. Lathrop, who sent them to America to the people who had sent the comfort bags. And so everybody was pleased.

VIII

Perpignan is not far from Rivesaltes, and Rivesaltes is the birthplace of Joffre. It had a little hospital and we got it extra supplies in honor of Papa Joffre. We had also the little Ford car showing the red cross and the A.F.F.W. sign and ourselves in it photographed in front of the house in the little street where Joffre was born, and had this photograph printed and sent to Mrs. Lathrop. The postal cards were sent to America and sold for the benefit of the fund.

In the meantime the U. S. had come into the war, and we had someone send us a lot of ribbon with the stars and stripes printed on it and we cut this up and gave it to all the soldiers, and they and we were pleased. Which reminds me of a French peasant. Later in Nîmes we had an American ambulance boy in the car with us and we were out in the country. The boy had gone off to visit a waterfall and I had gone off to see a hospital and Gertrude Stein stayed with the car. She told me when I came back that an old peasant had come up to her and asked her what uniform the young man was wearing. 'That,' she had said proudly, 'is the uniform of the American army, your new ally.' 'Oh,' said the old peasant. And then contemplatively, 'I ask myself what we shall accomplish together. *Je me demande, je me demande qu'est ce que nous ferons ensemble.*'

Our work in Perpignan being over, we started back to Paris. On the way everything happened to the car. I do not know how often Gertrude Stein used to swear and say, 'I am going to scrap it, that is all there is about it — I am going to scrap it.' I encouraged and remonstrated until the car started again.

On the way back to Paris we, as I say, had everything happen to the car, but Gertrude Stein with the aid of an old tramp on the road, who pushed and shoved at the critical moments, managed to get it to Nevers where we met the first piece of the American army. They were the quartermaster's de-

partment and the marines, the first contingent to arrive in France. There we first heard what Gertrude Stein calls the sad song of the marines, which tells how everybody else in the American army has at some time mutinied, but the marines never.

Immediately on entering Nevers, we saw Tarn McGrew, a Californian and Parisian whom we had known very slightly, but he was in uniform and we called for help. He came. We told him our troubles. He said, 'All right, get the car into the garage of the hotel and to-morrow some of the soldiers will put it to rights.' We did so.

That evening we spent at Mr. McGrew's request at the Y.M.C.A. and saw for the first time in many years Americans, just Americans, the kind that would not naturally ever have come to Europe. It was quite a thrilling experience. Gertrude Stein of course talked to them all, wanted to know what state and what city they came from, what they did, how old they were, and how they liked it.

The next day she spent in the garage with California and Iowa, as she called the two soldiers who were detailed to fix up her car. She was pleased with them when, every time there was a terrific noise anywhere, they said solemnly to each other, 'That French chauffeur is just changing gears.' Gertrude Stein, Iowa, and California enjoyed themselves so thoroughly that I am sorry to say the car did not last out very well after we left Nevers, but at any rate we did get to Paris.

We did not stay in Paris very long. As soon as the car was made over we left for Nîmes; we were to do the three departments, the Gard, the Bouches-du-Rhône, and the Vaucluse. We arrived in Nîmes and settled down to a very comfortable life there. We went to see the chief military doctor in the town, Dr. Fabre, and through his great kindness and that of his wife we were soon very much at home in Nîmes.

Soon the American army came to Nîmes, a regiment of the S.O.S., the service of supply; how well I remember how they used to say it with the emphasis on the 'of.' We soon got to know them all well, and some of them very well.

Gertrude Stein always said the war was so much better than just going to America. Here you were with America in a kind of way that if you only went to America you could not possibly be. Every now and then one of the American soldiers would get into the hospital at Nîmes, and as Dr. Fabre knew that Gertrude Stein had had a medical education he always wanted her present with the doughboy on these occasions. One of them fell off the train. He did not believe that the little French trains could go fast, but they did — fast enough to kill him.

This was a tremendous occasion. Gertrude Stein, the wife of the prefect, and the wife of the general were the chief mourners. The Protestant pastor asked Gertrude Stein about the dead man and his virtues, and she asked the doughboys. It was difficult to find any virtue. Apparently he had been a fairly hard citizen. 'But can't you tell me something good about him?' she said despairingly. Finally Taylor, one of his friends, looked up solemnly and said, 'I tell you he had a heart as big as a washtub.'

I often wonder, I have often wondered, if any of all these doughboys who knew Gertrude Stein so well in those days ever connected her with the Gertrude Stein of the newspapers.

IX

Time went on, we were very busy, and then came the Armistice. We were

the first to bring the news to many small villages. The French soldiers in the hospitals were relieved rather than glad. They seemed not to feel that it was going to be such a lasting peace. I remember one of them, when Gertrude Stein said to him, 'Well here is peace,' replied, 'At least for twenty years.'

The next morning we had a telegram from Mrs. Lathrop. 'Come at once. Want you to go with the French armies to Alsace.' We did not stop on the way. We made it in a day. Very shortly after we left for Alsace.

Soon we came to the battlefields and the lines of trenches of both sides. To anyone who did not see it as it was then it is impossible to imagine it. It was not terrifying, it was strange. We were used to ruined houses and even ruined towns, but this was different. It was a landscape. And it belonged to no country. I remember hearing a French nurse once say, '*C'est un paysage passionnant*, an absorbing landscape.' And that was what it was as we saw it.

Another thing that interested us enormously was how different the camouflage of the French looked from the camouflage of the Germans, and then once we came across some very, very neat camouflage and it was American. The idea was the same, but as after all it was different nationalities who did it, the difference was inevitable. The color schemes were different, the designs were different, the way of placing them was different; it made plain the whole theory of art and its inevitability.

Our business in Alsace was not hospitals but refugees. The inhabitants were returning to their ruined homes all over the devastated country and it was the aim of the A.F.F.W. to give a pair of blankets, underclothing, and children's and babies' woolen stockings and babies' booties to every family.

We distributed. We went into all the devastated villages. We usually asked the priest to help us with the distribution. One priest who gave us a great deal of good advice and with whom we became very friendly had only one large room left in his house. Without any screens or partitions he had made himself three rooms, the first third had his parlor furniture, the second third his dining-room furniture, and the last third his bedroom furniture. When we lunched with him, and we lunched well and his Alsatian wines were very good, he received us in his parlor, he then excused himself and withdrew into his bedroom to wash his hands, and then he invited us very formally to come into the dining room. It was like an old-fashioned stage setting.

We distributed, we drove around in the snow, we talked to everybody and everybody talked to us, and by the end of May it was all over and we decided to leave. We went home by way of Metz, Verdun, and Mildred Aldrich.

X

We once more returned to a changed Paris. We were restless. We were still in the shadow of war work and we went on doing some of it, visiting hospitals and seeing the soldiers left in them, now pretty well neglected by everybody. We had spent a great deal of our money during the war and we were economizing, servants were difficult to get if not impossible, prices were high. We settled down for the moment with a *femme de ménage* for only a few hours a day.

Jessie Whitehead had come over with the peace commission as secretary to one of the delegations, and of course we were very interested in knowing all about the peace. It was then that

Gertrude Stein described one of the young men of the peace commission who was holding forth as one who knew all about the war; he had been here ever since the peace. Gertrude Stein's cousins came over, everybody came over, everybody was dissatisfied, and everyone was restless. It was a restless and disturbed world.

Gertrude Stein and Picasso quarreled. They neither of them ever quite knew about what. Anyway they did not see each other for a year, and then they met by accident at a party at Adrienne Monier's. Picasso said 'How do you do' to her and said something about her coming to see him. 'No I will not,' she answered gloomily. Picasso came to me and said, 'Gertrude says she won't come to see me. Does she mean it?' 'I am afraid if she says it she means it.' They did not see each other for another year, and in the meantime Picasso's little boy was born and Max Jacob was complaining that he had not been named godfather. A very little while after this we were somewhere at some picture gallery and Picasso came up and put his hand on Gertrude Stein's shoulder and said, 'Oh hell, let's be friends.' 'Sure,' said Gertrude Stein, and they embraced. 'When can I come to see you?' said Picasso. 'Let's see,' said Gertrude Stein, 'I am afraid we are busy but come to dinner the end of the week.' 'Nonsense,' said Picasso, 'we are coming to dinner to-morrow,' and they came.

It was a changed Paris. We saw a tremendous number of people, but none of them as far as I can remember that we had ever known before. Paris was crowded. As Clive Bell remarked, 'They say that an awful lot of people were killed in the war, but it seems to me that an extraordinarily large number of grown men and women have suddenly been born.'

As I say, we were restless and we were economical and all day and all evening we were seeing people, and at last there was the defile, the procession, of the Allies under the Arc de Triomphe. Luckily for us, Jessie Whitehead's room in her hotel looked right over the Arc de Triomphe and she asked us to come to it to see the parade. We accepted gladly. It was a wonderful day.

We got up at sunrise, as later it would have been impossible to cross Paris in a car. This was one of the last trips Auntie made. We left her near the river and walked up to the hotel. Everybody was on the streets — men, women, children, soldiers, priests, nuns. We saw two nuns being helped into a tree from which they would be able to see. And we ourselves were admirably placed and we saw perfectly.

We saw it all. We saw first the few wounded from the Invalides in their wheeling chairs wheeling themselves. It is an old French custom that a military procession should always be preceded by the veterans from the Invalides. They all marched past through the Arc de Triomphe. Gertrude Stein remembered that when as a child she used to swing on the chains that were around the Arc de Triomphe her governess had told her that no one must walk underneath since the German armies had marched under it after 1870. And now everybody except the Germans were passing through.

However it all finally came to an end. We wandered up and we wandered down the Champs-Élysées and the war was over, and the piles of captured cannon that had made two pyramids were being taken away and peace was upon us.

(*To be concluded*)

THE MISTAKES OF THE FATHERS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

At midnight, beneath a hotel awning, the two of us stood and waited. My chance companion, an aged bass-violist, was accompanied by his instrument, a baize-covered form of a stature equal to his own, and of an even more ample girth. He supported it with one arm about its shoulders, as if it were a tipsy brother, and periodically he stepped it about on its one wooden leg as he went forward to take another look down the avenue.

In a little while we took cognizance of one another, humanly.

'It is pretty wet weather,' he offered.

'Yes,' I said. 'It is pretty wet and chilly.'

'Well, that is the way it is in spring. We have got to take it as it comes.'

'Yes,' I replied. 'But I think this is about the end of it. The evening paper predicts fair and warmer.'

The three of us were waiting for a street car — the two of us, that is, and the portly fiddle in its brown night-gown; and the street car did not come. Time passed, the water dripped, and the chill gust fluttered the scallops of the awning. And still the street car did not come.

'Is that a pretty good instrument you have there?' I queried.

'Him? Oh yes. He is of very good quality.'

As he said this his hand went to the neck, and the viol turned about and faced toward me as if moved by a sense of courtesy. He went on to explain that the viol had had a quite long and successful career; it had played for years in various orchestra pits, but now the best it could do was to fill engagements at dances and dinners. He went into some further details; and then I noted that his attitude of respect for the instrument changed and deepened into a note of grievance.

The main theme of his grievance was that a man with a bass viol cannot get into a street car and sit down as other people do, but must always stand outside on the platform. Instead of riding like a regular passenger, enjoying the inner light and warmth and social atmosphere, he must find his corner in that cold and drafty place and sort always with his wooden companion, a creature of frail physique and too cumbrous proportions. He dwelt also on other situations that go to make up the life of a violist. It was a chronicle of mishaps that must be guarded against in getting on and off the car; of shielding the thin and fragile belly against the push of drunken roisterers and the stress and strain of crowds; of seeing that its insubstantial shell was not poked in by sharp umbrellas or cracked against the many varieties of hard projections; and, in general, of conducting a viol through a world where more than once its bridge had been pushed over and all its strings unstrung.

If only a viol could sit down in a seat like a person, even though it had to

pay a regular fare! As he made this suggestion he indicated by a slicing motion with the edge of his hand just where a hinge or flexure would have to come. But of course that would be impossible. If he took it into the car with him, it would have to stand up in the aisle, where it occupied as much room as a full-sized German, and he would have to stand with it and protect it, which again was impossible. In addition to such perplexities there were midnight encounters with wind and weather, and long waits at street corners or under drippy awnings; so that altogether there was a side to the life of a violist which was little suspected by the heavy diners at the banquets or the light and giddy couples on the ballroom floor. In addition, he was the only one in the orchestra who had to stand up to play. When he was through he had to stand at the street corner and wait. And then he must stand and ride.

'And that,' I interjected, 'is the very hardest sort of work. The blood on its way back to the lungs, and the tissue fluids that give renewed life to the cells, receive little help from the pumping of the heart. They depend largely upon the movement of the muscles to complete the circulation. That is why it is so much more fatiguing to stand than it is to take moderate exercise. Right now I would rather be walking on to the next block than standing on this spot waiting.'

'Ha!' he exclaimed. 'An educated man like you — *you* know how it is. That is what I tell my boy Fred. I say it is easier to march than it is to stand still. But of course that is all in my line of work, and it is not his fault. As I have said, he is an instrument of fine quality. In sixty years he has raised two families; and he has brought them up well.'

At this he gave a playful pluck at one of the strings, and it answered with a muffled hum under the brown baize, like a bee in a bonnet.

'Oh!' I exclaimed. 'You mean that the viol is not to blame. You call it *he*.'

'Well, that is something you would think strange, I suppose. I should have to explain. It was my son Fred who started that. When he was a little boy he seemed to think the viol was a real person. It was alive to him — like a doll, you know. One day he put an old sweater on it, and a coat and a hat. Then he ran and got his mother; and he jumped up and down and squealed — just as if it were a snow man. And he called it "Mister." And then his mother named it for him. She called it "Mr. Zoom-zoom." For twenty years it has had that name. And I got to calling it "Mr. Zoom-zoom" too. My father was born in Vienna, but I was born here, and I would not call other things *he*.'

'Then your boy is grown up now. Was he musically inclined?'

'Very much so. It is in the family. But never would I have him live a life like mine. And when he would get the bow and try to make a sound on Mr. Zoom-zoom I would take it away from him. "Oh no," I would say. "That is all right for me. But not for you."'

As the violist said this he emphasized the point by plucking out a chord — a very deep and discordant chord from the belly of the viol. Immediately there came into my mind that line from Shakespeare, 'I have sounded the very base-string of humility.' It comes in the *First Part of Henry IV*, where Prince Hal tells how he has been sorting with the low characters of the Boar's-Head Tavern, and calling the sour-smelling ale drawers 'by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis.' This had the effect of turning my mind for the moment from the subject of conversation. Possibly this habit of

recalling other men's sayings, even Shakespeare's, can get to be a vice.

'And so he did not get to be a player of the bass viol?' I continued.

'Oh no. Never. I would not have that.' And again, thinking it might be his car that was coming, he stepped Mr. Zoom-zoom forward to take a look.

It is, thought I, the same old story. In Europe it is still quite usual for the son to follow the father in his calling, but here we labor constantly under the delusion of better things. The shoemaker may stick to his last, but he will seldom allow his son to do so. The skilled machinist, chastising his boy, will threaten to put him at work in the shop, as if this were the worst possible thing that could happen to him. Possibly no preacher ever threatened to put his wayward son into the pulpit; but no doubt this would be the most corrective influence that could be brought to bear upon the race of preachers' sons.

'But anyway,' continued the bass-violist, coming back, 'he has turned out well in spite of everything. I sent him through common school and then through high school. And when he was through high school I said to him, "Now, boy, if you want to change your mind and go on to college, you may do so. You will not have to work your way through college, nor play your way through, either. Mr. Zoom-zoom and I will tend to that." Well, he thought it over a little while and then decided that he would rather keep right on with his music. Maybe the studies in college would interfere with what he wanted to be. He was already started and he felt that he ought not to ask me to send him to the University.'

'His music?' I queried.

'Oh yes. He is good. He is brilliant. You ought to hear him play. Already at twenty-three he is an artist — and with a great band behind him.'

The clang of a bell and the rumble of iron wheels brought the violist and Mr. Zoom-zoom forward to the curb again; and this time it was the North Avenue car.

'Good-bye,' he waved to me. 'Maybe sometime you will hear my son. Maybe you will hear him in "The Ride of the Valkyries." He plays the piccolo in Donizetti's Band.'

The last I saw of Mr. Zoom-zoom the upper part of him was showing through the back window of the car; and the white hand of the violist was grasping him firmly by the neck.

ROARING BOYS AT THE MERMAID

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

'*The constable is an arrant rogue, an unseasonable rogue. I have been at the cutting of a thousand better men's throats than his. And I hope to live to be at the cutting of a hundred thousand better men's throats than his within this city.*'

What eye would not be arrested by a declaration so vivacious and a wish so devout? Thrashing about in the thick parchment-and-paper foliage of the Elizabethan records in Chancery Lane, intent on the hunt which ended with the discovery that Shakespeare's familiar friend, William Johnson the vintner, was no other than the host of the Mermaid Tavern, I ran upon these engaging speeches about the constable. They were part of a story of how a company of wild young sparks drank themselves quarrelsome at the Mermaid, and went whooping and hallooing through the midnight streets of London, to give bloody battle to a constable and his officers until they were overpowered.

Stories like this one make us regret that Shakespeare and his fellow playwrights lived before the day of the newspaper. Properly to measure their achievement in creating those vigorous and enthralling dramatic pictures of London life, we feel the need of hearing actual Elizabethans — the raw material of the dramatist — speak for themselves, and tell us of experience as it seemed to them. It is true that the surviving letters, memoirs, and pamphlets do much to satisfy us; yet among the manuscript records of trials in Shakespeare's London we find something more vivid than the newspaper — the depositions of witnesses. Here is a mine of living information, a mine still virtually unexplored. Here from Elizabethan lips we have racy, first-hand reports of remarkable passages of life, of accidents and crimes, all smacking of actuality; characters in search of an author; that

> pure crude fact
> Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
> And brains, high-blooded, ticked [three] centuries since.

But why has this particular Star Chamber record of a very stirring brawl a stronger attraction for us than other exciting trials — for example, the story of a deer-stealing, or of a duel with rapiers in Moorfields? Well, we have already seen that the action here leads off at the Mermaid Tavern, beloved of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. What is more, in the cloud of witnesses we shall find the testimony of Richard Kitchen, the lawyer who, as we remember, once gave bail for Christopher Marlowe, when that reckless young dramatist was in collision with the law.[1] Further, we shall listen to William Johnson, Shakespeare's newly discovered friend. And finally, in the chief offender, Sir Edmond Bainham, we

[1] See 'Marlowe among the Churchwardens,' in the *Atlantic* for July 1926. — EDITOR

shall make the acquaintance of a notable 'angry boy' and conspirator, a man who within the year following was condemned to death for his part in the treason of the Earl of Essex; inadvisedly pardoned, he lived to be deeply implicated in Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot. But to our story.

II

Scene, the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, London, kept by William Williamson.

Time, Tuesday, March 18, 1600. Six o'clock in the evening.

Our first witness of what went on that night is 'poor deceased Kit Marlowe's' friend, Richard Kitchen, gentleman, aged forty-six, who says: '[While I was] walking with William Williamson in his house at "the Mermaid" in Bread Street, Sir Edmond Bainham came into the house; upon whose coming Williamson said to me, "Here is company coming in: and I had as list have their room as their company, for they will expect to have music here; and they shall not have any in my house." And presently after Sir Edmond there came two or three more of the company, whereof one of them said, "God's wounds! what shall we do in this house? for here we shall have neither music nor dicing, for the good man of this house is the precisest [*i.e.* most puritanical] man in England. We had better have gone to any tavern in London than to have come hither." Sir Edmond and his company came to the house to supper about six of the clock in the evening, or somewhat after; and presently Williamson went from me and told me that he would go to his men and give order that there should no musicians come unto them.'

Master Williamson need be no Puritan to look askance at the six wild young gentlemen with rapiers and daggers under their cloaks, who, followed by their servants, swaggered into the Mermaid, bent on wine, music, and dice. The leaders, Sir Edmond Bainham and Captain Dutton (though the tavern keeper did not know it), were fresh from service in Ireland under the Earl of Essex, slaughtering kerns and gallowglasses. A third, Tom Badger, was not far behind them in truculence.

Williamson wanted no noise, quarreling, or bloodshed in his house, and might take Dame Quickly's protest against Pistol out of her mouth: 'If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours: I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.' He wished he had not let these swaggerers in; but at least he could and would shut the door against fiddlers, whose intoxicating strains would stir wine-flown spirits to unruliness; and he gave his eldest servants Johnson and Aldrich orders to that effect.

Lawyer Kitchen took his leave of the master of the tavern, and departed to his lodging. Climbing to an upper chamber of the house, the swaggering six fell to their belly-cheer, and sent the drawers skipping with calls for wine, wine, and still wine. The shades of night closed down; the moon rose over Bread Street, and the arrogant spirits of Bainham, Dutton, Badger, and their cronies rose with it. To crown their revels, they would have music; and a little before nine one of them dispatched a servant of his to fetch a 'noise' or band of fiddlers. (Remember how Shakespeare has the First Drawer of the Boar's-Head Tavern say to the Second Drawer: 'See if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dis-

patch!') Let us follow this lad out on his errand, and await his return at the threshold of the house next to the tavern.

III

Williamson's next-door neighbor is a very old friend, a forty-seven-year-old pewterer named Robert Sheppard, who has known Williamson — apprentice and afterward householder at the Mermaid — these thirty years (ever since 1570, when Shakespeare was a small boy). As for character, he can say that 'Williamson hath, ever since he was a householder there, behaved himself very honestly and orderly in the well ordering of his house and family as any man of his trade in London, and doth not maintain any carding or dicing in his house.' Sheppard is sitting at his door in quiet converse with Robert Payne, another neighbor (who has known Williamson for a score of years), when the fiddlers, found by the roisterers' emissary, arrive, and the trouble begins.

Payne testifies: '[Sitting with Sheppard] at the next door to Williamson's house, about nine of the clock at night, I did see certain musicians come thither with a servant of one of the gentlemen, and would have come in, but could not be permitted by Williamson and his servants; whereupon the musicians, or the servant which came thither with them, made a great noise by bouncing at the door with their heels, the door being made fast against them.' Payne and Sheppard came up to see what the row was about, and were joined by Edward Prescott, another neighbor. Prescott says, 'I reproved the serving-man for the disorder and noise, who answered me that he was sent about his master's business, and his master's business he would do.'

In the upshot, Williamson let in his three neighbors and the serving-man, but none of the fiddlers. He was much perturbed by the mounting racket abovestairs. Apprehensive potboys brought word that the loud supper party was getting dangerously out of hand, and one of the neighbors went off for the parish constable, one John Weston, a draper, who had retired for the night.

Constable Weston testifies, 'I was called out of my bed about nine of the clock at night by some of my neighbors, to go to the said Williamson's house, who told me there was some misdemeanor committed, and likely to be some mischief done. Whereupon, with as much convenient speed as I could, I did repair to the said house; and as I came near unto the door, I did see divers persons standing there, who upon sight of me said, "Yonder comes the constable!" and withal ran away from the door; they being musicians, as near as I could judge by the moonlight, for I perceived them to have something under their cloaks. And then I knocked at the door and was let in, and went presently [upstairs] into the room where Badger and the rest of the gentlemen were. (I do know Thomas Badger, and have known him for the space of these two years or thereabouts, but do not know any of the other gentlemen.)

'And upon my coming, Badger took notice of me, and complained himself to me of Williamson, that he would not suffer them to have music there. Whereupon I charged them to keep her majesty's peace, and to behave themselves like gentlemen. And thereupon one of the gentlemen, which was said to be Sir Edmond Bainham, did desire to speak with Williamson; and presently therewithal came down into a room where Williamson was with Robert Payne, Edward Prescott, and Robert Sheppard, and there spake to Payne (thinking he had been William-

son), and told him that he was sorry that the constable was sent for; and that he thought he might have obtained so much favor as to [have] had some music there. Whereunto Williamson answered, that he did not use to permit any music in his house at that time of night. And then Sir Edmond replied and said, that if they might have so much favor as to stay there some small time, they would depart in quiet manner, without further trouble of any; — using other discreet speeches which I do not now certainly remember.

'And further, Williamson willed me to persuade them to go quietly out of the house, for that he was afraid they would do some hurt to him or his wife or servants; and said further to me, that he would willingly give them their reckoning to be quietly rid of them.'

Neighbor Sheppard remembers Sir Edmond's expressions as somewhat more offensive: 'Taking Payne to be the master of the house, [Sir Edmond] said unto him that he knew her majesty's laws and what belonged to government better than he did, and so he thought the rest of his company did likewise; and therefore thought himself very hardly dealt with to have a constable sent unto them.'

Obviously it was past closing time, and the tipplers knew it. But they also knew that, however much Williamson wished them gone, it would be a ticklish thing, numerous and reckless as they were, for him to try to eject them. Constable Weston, having delivered his warning and received assurances of good behavior, went home to his interrupted rest.

IV

The gallants were by now more than three parts fuddled and cup-shot. To their first grievance, the prohibition of fiddlers, had been added this second, the sending up of the constable to admonish them. The more they drank and dizzily reflected on their wrong, the more it rankled. They fell to easing 'their stomachs with their bitter tongues'; and when, as the night wore on, Williamson went up to reason with them, they gave him saucy and outrageous language. Constabulary interference had been the last straw; and they began to study malicious knavery — especially the annihilation of constables.

Williamson, no longer a young man, was more than tired of his heady guests. It was far past his bedtime; and about ten o'clock he called his eldest servants, William Johnson — Shakespeare's friend, who in three years was to step in as master of the Mermaid — and Edward Aldrich, to him for their final instructions. Examined in court on the question whether the brawling began in the Mermaid, Johnson testifies: 'Sir Edmond Bainham and his company did depart from the house of my master about eleven of the clock at night in peaceable manner. Williamson was in his chamber at such time as Sir Edmond Bainham and his company departed thence. Williamson, before he went up into his chamber, willed me and my fellow-servants to stay by them [the company], but not to reply or give any words of offence unto them, whatsoever they should say, but to bear any words which they should say as he himself had done. Neither Sir Edmond Bainham nor any other in his company did throw off their upper garments, nor did draw any manner of weapon, to my knowledge, at the time of their departure from the house.'

Young Aldrich corroborates his fellow servant Johnson as to the time of the roisterers' departure, and gives his version of Williamson's words as follows: '"You know what hard words they have

given me, and I do bear it; and therefore I would that by all means you do bear anything that they shall say." And further, Sir Edmond and his company did quietly depart out of the house without casting off any of their upper garments, or drawing of any weapons, whilst they were in my sight; and so I left them, and locked up the doors after them. But Sir Edmond Bainham, before he went out of the house, did give his cloak to his man and willed him to hie him home and make a fire in his chamber, and he would come presently.'

The swashbucklers were out of the house without violence or blows struck. With what relief did Johnson and Aldrich shoot the bolts home behind the last well-dressed and drunken back! The fellow servants exchanged a look, and went up to a welcome bed. Their conjecture of the time as 'about eleven' when the riotous pot companions tumbled out of the tavern is conservative, doubtless made so to soften the censure which might fall on the Mermaid for keeping late hours; for when the watch two streets away toward St. Paul's first heard uproar in the street, it was, according to their calculation, 'about midnight.'

V

The soft air of an early spring night recalled the winish spirits to their purpose of punishing the officers of the watch, whose duty it was to stop and question all who walked the streets of London at this late hour. When they threw their cloaks to their servants, that rapier arms might have free play, our six roaring boys were far from the cautious mood in which Valentine (in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*) asks: 'Draw me a map from the Mermaid; I mean a midnight map to 'scape the watches.' On the contrary, they were bent on striking terror to the hearts of all watchmen and constables who might cross their path. The more the better. And what their army lacked in numbers they made up in noise. 'Full of supper and distempering draughts,' and reeling-ripe for mischief, they made a formidable show with their blades flashing in the moonlight. The two men and a boy of the Friday Street watch who first sighted this warlike front rolling down upon them might be pardoned if they were tempted to follow Dogberry's advice in *Much Ado:* —

Master Constable Dogberry. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Watch. How, if 'a will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects. . . .

Dogb. Well, you are to . . . bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober.

The Friday Street constable was named, not Dogberry, but Doughty; and at the corner of Friday and Watling Streets he had posted James Muggins, a haberdasher aged forty-seven, Thomas Bastwicke, a sixty-year-old salter, and an apprentice. These men, outnumbered as they were, and armed only with halberds, — a blade and spearhead mounted on a long handle, — made a commendable but futile attempt to quiet the Sons of Belial, disguised as gentlemen, who descended on them.

Let Muggins tell his story: 'About 12 of the clock at night, I and Thomas Bastwicke and one other (three watchmen under one Doughty, a constable in Friday Street), being placed at the

corner of Friday Street, heard a noise of whooping and hallooing by divers persons whose names I know not; and seeing them coming with their swords drawn, without cloaks, I and the other two watchmen in my company went unto them; and then, putting off my hat, I did desire them to make less noise and to be quiet. And one of them (whose name I know not) then asked of me what I was. And I answered, "One of the Queen's watch." And he replied, "Then art a rogue," and withal laid his hand upon my halberd, endeavoring to take it from me, and struck me on the head with his sword, and on the face with his hand. And one other of the company (whose name I know not) was ready with his sword to have run me through, and so had done, but that one of their company took him and turned him about.'

Bastwicke, the old watchman, corroborates Muggins's account in detail, and adds, 'I came to one of the company, whose name I know not [obviously Sir Edmond Bainham], with my hat in my hand, and said unto him, "Good gentleman, be quiet." "God's wounds!" said he, and took me by the beard, saying, "Dost thou make but a gentleman of me? I am a knight!" and withal shook me by the beard in such sort as he made my eyes water abundantly. And another of the disordered company, whose name I know not, did thrust at me with a sword or rapier, and he was called away by another of his company who said I should not be hurt because I was an old man; and so they departed.'

VI

For the 'terrible boys' this was no victory at all; they wanted watchmen worthy of their steel. The band turned west down Watling Street, and made for St. Augustine's Gate into Paul's Churchyard. To reach the Strand, where Bainham, Dutton, and Badger had their lodgings, they must pass St. Gregory's by St. Paul's, then down Bowyers' Row and out through London Wall at Ludgate. Stubborn opposition, however, awaited them in Paul's Churchyard. In that enclosure there was something more than the dark and shuttered fronts of booksellers' shops such as the Angel, kept by Andrew Wise, which had for present sale copies of *The History of Henry the Fourth. . . . With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff*, by William Shakespeare, a playwright who at that moment was doubtless sleeping quietly in his bed across the river in Southwark.

James Briggs, a forty-three-year-old blacksmith, constable of St. Gregory's, was keeping watch in St. Paul's Churchyard, with seven or more men under him. Catching the glint of drawn swords approaching from the east through St. Augustine's Gate, Briggs told off four of his halberdiers to go and look into it.

One of these was Thomas Rice, a clothworker aged twenty-five; and he tells a lively tale as follows: 'At midnight, James Briggs, constable in St. Gregory's parish, together with me and others of the watch, were standing at Pullford's door near unto Paul's Chain; at which time we saw a company coming from Watling Street end in their doublets and hose, with their swords drawn in their hands. And thereupon James Briggs the constable sent me, Edward Smith, Hugh Williams, and one other of the watch named Jarvys, unto the said persons to inquire what the matter was. And when I and those in my company came near them, I demanded of them what they were, and what the reason was why they were with their swords drawn. Whereupon Badger, one of the company, came forth from the rest, and sware, "God's

wounds! what do you here with your halberds? If you will not stand away, I will run you through."

'And thereupon the said Badger and his company [came] all together with their swords drawn; and I and the rest of my company kept them back with our halberds, until at last Hugh Williams, lifting up his halberd to strike at them, they brake in with their swords, and had the said Williams down. And Sir Edmond Bainham did then cut Williams in the head, and Captain Dutton with his sword or rapier ran him through the jerkin, doublet, and shirt on his right side, and yet missed his body. And Sir Edmond Bainham having gotten Williams his halberd from him, Sir Edmond and his company passed me and those which were then in my company. Whereupon Constable Briggs with the rest of his company came to rescue us. And then Sir Edmond with his halberd knocked down the said constable; and went on from thence and did hurt one Abraham Parnell, one other of the watchmen, in the wrist.'

One of these watchmen, an apprentice named Richard Exoll, adds, 'I was knocked down with a halberd twice at the least, and was sore hurt; and I think in my conscience that Briggs had been slain if he had not been well defended by me and other watchmen.' Bainham worked sanguinary havoc among the watch with their own weapon; but Briggs and Williams, though wounded and momentarily down, were far from out — as the rioters were soon to discover.

After hearing the watch's view of the battle, it is interesting to read the drunken gentlemen's very innocent-and-injured account of it, prepared for their defense in court: —

'These defendants did take the ordinary ways towards their lodgings, in which way they happened, at or about the gate which is at or near the west end of Watling Street, to come amongst certain watchmen (as since these defendants understand them to be, but at that time these defendants — it being in the night — did not on the sudden discern what they were, viz., either watchmen or others) who, without making themselves known to be the watch, or requiring these defendants (to their hearing) to stay, did bend their weapons towards these defendants as though they had a purpose to have made an assault; whereupon these defendants did draw their weapons, and afterwards some strokes passed between them, wherein these defendants (or most of them) received divers blows and wounds, to the great effusion of the blood of some of them, and some of them were stricken down divers times to the ground, so as they were all greatly astonied and amazed; which affray was committed in or on two several places in the high street, but not within the churchyard of St. Paul's (to these defendants' knowledge). But therein what hurt was done to others, [or] by whom and in what manner the same was done, these defendants do not know, for that the same was a sudden uproar and fury raised to the great affright and astonishment of these defendants. But if in the said affray any hurt hath been done, or offence committed by these defendants or by their means, they are heartily sorry and grieved for the same, and do in all humbleness submit themselves to the grave, honorable, and favorable censure of this most honorable Court.'

Very innocent, surprised, and apologetic. But we have yet to hear the outcome of the fray as the watch saw it.

VII

Dutton and Bainham were in a drunken fury, and struck to kill. In

this crisis, as Watchman Exoll tells us, 'the watch, for safeguard of their lives, were enforced to cry out for help; and upon that cry the said disordered persons fled towards Ludgate. And I, with the constable and the rest of the watch, followed towards Ludgate, and there and near thereabouts divers of them were taken.'

The watch, although they called for help, evened up scores with Bainham and Dutton, whom they left down near Ludgate, badly damaged and unable to move, while they chased and captured Tom Badger and one William Grantham. The rest made good their escape. Several citizens — a constable and some haberdashers in and about Bowyers' Row and Ludgate, where the running fight took place — rolled out of bed at the shouts for aid, and dashed into the dark street to lend a hand. We can piece together the details from their testimony.

Nicholas Dethicke, a haberdasher: 'I did hear a very great outcry and uproar in the streets, and heard people cry "Murder! Murder!" Whereupon I presently arose and went forth into a place called Bowyers' Row near Ludgate; and then and there perceived that there had been a great affray and outrage done by Sir Edmond Bainham, Captain Dutton, and others. And perceiving the said Sir Edmond to be hurt in the same affray and outrage, I took him by the arm and went with him to a barber's shop thereby, where he was dressed.' Bainham was supported on the other side by another haberdasher, Henry Colthurste, who corroborates this story.

Dethicke says he found Bainham and Dutton 'sore hurt and wounded'; and 'what with their hurts and what with the distemperature of drink, [they] did exceedingly stagger in their going as they passed along, and were fain to be holden up. And in the time they were dressed of their hurts, did show great tokens of their insobriety, not fit to be spoken of in this honorable Court.'

Thomas Langwith, a haberdasher who helped to get Dutton back up the street to the barber's shop in the Churchyard by Paul's Chain, deposes: 'I found Captain Dutton sitting upon the bench near Ludgate, being hurt, and heard [him] desire to go to a surgeon's to be dressed. And so he rose and went; and upon the way in Ludgate Street, Dutton said, "If I live, I will be revenged of this city. I will set fire on it."'

Dethicke relates further that 'as he [Sir Edmond] was in dressing, Captain Dutton, being overcome with drink, came into the barber's shop: unto whom Sir Edmond (also overcome with drink) then said, "How dost thou, Tom? I doubt not but we shall have a day [*i.e.* of revenge] shortly for this. And I hope to be at the sacking of this city." And immediately upon the uttering of these speeches, the said Dutton fell asleep. And afterwards, upon the multiplying of speeches, Sir Edmond swore by God's wounds that if he had but fifty horse, he could overcome the city.'

Constable Briggs and more of his men joined the gathering in the barber's shop, bringing in Tom Badger and the fourth prisoner, William Grantham. Briggs and his watch had wounds of their own to be looked to. Says Exoll, of the watch: 'Sir Edmond Bainham, seeing Briggs the constable come into the barber's shop, said, "God's wounds! art thou alive yet? I had thought thou hadst been slain, or else I would have run my rapier up to the hilts in thee, for I have been sundry times troubled with watches."'

Rice, of the watch, recalls a fiery threat: 'Sir Edmond said, "If I live, I will be revenged of thee, Briggs, if thy

name be Briggs. I will fire thee and this city."'

Thomas Smith, another haberdasher, remembers something very insulting: '[Sir Edmond] willed Briggs the constable to keep on his hat to keep in his cuckold's horns.'

VIII

When the barber had finished binding up the assorted wounds, and Tom Dutton had been shaken out of his stupor, the recessional began. Briggs and his watch marched the four bandaged revelers back through Paul's Churchyard, up Old Change to Cheapside, and so eastward to the Compter in Wood Street — the jail a few yards north of the Mermaid Tavern where, a few hours before, this memorable night had begun. Bainham's and Dutton's tongues had not been arrested, and the grim watch had to listen to more abuse and threats as they trudged along.

Rice, of the watch: 'Captain Dutton, as he was passing from the barber's shop towards the Compter, said, "What do these halberds here? There need not so many halberds with me, now I am hurt." "Nay," said one of the company, "the halberds go not with you, they go with the constable." "The constable," said Dutton, "is an arrant rogue, an unseasonable rogue. I have been at the cutting of a thousand better men's throats than his. And I hope to live to be at the cutting of a hundred thousand better men's throats than his within this city."'

Exoll, of the watch: 'Captain Dutton, as he went towards the Compter, said that the constables and watchmen were a company of rogues, rascals, villains . . . and unseasonable slaves. And that if ever any of them chanced to come under his command, he would plague the rogues for that night's work.'

Weylde, the Ludgate constable, who, like the haberdashers, had left his bed at the cries of 'Murder!': 'Captain Dutton, as he was . . . going along the Old Change, swore these horrible oaths, viz., "By the blood and wounds of God, I hope ere it be long to see the throats of ten thousand of you cut."'

When he saw the gate of the jail waiting for him, Sir Edmond hurled his final defiance at Constable Briggs. This was Tuesday night; and Sir Edmond had intended to leave London within three days — before Easter Sunday. Now, however, he had earned the privilege of spending that holy tide in jail.

Briggs the constable relates that 'when Sir Edmond Bainham came to the Compter gate, he said to me, "Sirrah, is thy name Briggs? and dost thou mean to have me into this place (meaning the Compter)? I will make thee repent it, for I meant to have gone out of town within these three days, but now I will not go these three weeks. For what with making of friends, and what with giving of bribes, I will be revenged of thee, and be thy undoing."'

Exoll, of the watch: 'Sir Edmond at the Compter gate also said that he thought to have gone out of town within three or four days; but now he would stay a quarter of a year. . . . And that he would have the constable in the Compter within ten days, and would not leave him whilst he was worth a groat.'

IX

It seems pretty clear that Bainham's and Dutton's alcoholic abuse and threats of revenge voiced the Elizabethan antagonism, bred of the rise of the industrial and mercantile classes, between courtier and citizen, gentleman and tradesman, heir and self-made man. Every thrust of the rapier

on the night of our story was a drunken assertion of privilege; every hearty counterblow of the halberd was a knock-down argument for a common law over every Englishman. The watch, under the frothy insults, — that they were base rascals, to be cuckolded by their betters, — contented themselves with a glance at the bandaged gentlemen headed for jail, and with the cool retort, 'Nay, the halberds go not with you, they go with the constable.'

The pertinacious parish constable, Blacksmith Briggs, commands our admiration. He saw these murderous gentlemen behind the bars, and would risk what they and their possible friends in high places might do to him afterwards.

Briggs the constable laid down his halberd three centuries ago; yet do we not meet him whenever we walk abroad in the streets of London to-day? He has changed his doublet and hose for a suit of uniform blue, but under it he is unmistakably the same Briggs, embodiment of English order. A Londoner can take Carlyle's famous sentence about Shakespeare, transpose the names 'Shakespeare' and 'Parish-Constable,' and yet do truth no violence: 'Wheresoever, under what sort of Shakespeare soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another, "Yes, this Parish-Constable is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him."'

It is satisfying to learn that our roaring boys spent several cooling weeks in prison. Though, after they were released, it was a month or more before the lords in Star Chamber passed judgment on them. What the sentence was we do not know; but as they apologized, and made much of their irresponsible and intoxicated condition at the time of their offense, they were perhaps let off by their judges with a reprimand. In the interim, Bainham, who had lost his rapier in the brawl, found leisure to return and vent his spleen on Briggs and the watch in further threats.

For this we have Briggs's words: 'Since the said 18th day of March, Sir Edmond Bainham, Captain Dutton, and others in their company came unto my house in Adling Street, London; and there they spake with Abraham Parnell, one of the said watchmen [whom Bainham had wounded in the wrist], and, as I was told, asked for me. And Parnell (as I have been informed) answered that I was not within. And presently after, I came home; and there found Sir Edmond Bainham and his company; and he then asked of me for his rapier, which he lost the said night time before mentioned, saying he would have the same rapier again, and that Dethicke the stock-seller could tell where it was; wishing that I and all my company (meaning the aforesaid watch) had been hanged seven years before; saying further (as I have been since informed), it were a good deed to beat the said Parnell as long as he could stand over him. And Captain Dutton (as I was likewise informed) then said, "But not here."'

No doubt the set faces of Parnell's friends and neighbors, and the well-known alacrity with which London apprentices, at the cry of 'Clubs! Clubs!' could tumble out of their houses and fall on with four-foot crabtree cudgels, may have had something to do with Captain Dutton's caution.

X

Whether the swearing knight got his lost rapier again or not, we do not know. But on Sunday, February 8, 1601, less than a year after his midnight running skirmish with the watch in

Bowyers' Row below St. Paul's, Sir Edmond Bainham was once more facing halberds on that very spot.

It was the fatal Sunday of the Earl of Essex's abortive insurrection. On his first move, the government had hastily proclaimed the Earl a traitor; and now, unsuccessful in his desperate attempt to secure support among the Londoners, Essex was leading his company of lords, knights, and gentlemen back out of the City to his house in the Strand. We remember that some of these conspirators had spent the preceding afternoon heartening themselves for their attempt by witnessing a performance of *Richard II*, with its deposition of a sovereign, given at their special request by Shakespeare and his fellows at the Globe.

As Essex brought his cavalcade down Bowyers' Row towards Ludgate, he found his way barred. Sir John Leveson had stretched a chain across the street, and behind it he had drawn up musketeers and pikemen, with halberdiers at the ends by the houses. Essex halted, and by messengers sought to persuade Leveson to let him pass. The knight, however, had orders to hold the place, and stood firm.

But in the Earl's band of desperates there were hotheads like Bainham, spoiling for fight. And Leveson tells us that, upon his fifth refusal to budge, 'one of the Earl's side cried, "Shoot! Shoot!" and then the pistols were discharged at us within a three-quarters pike's length of us, and they were answered again by such shot as we had. And forthwith Sir Christopher Blunt charged with his sword and target, and came close to the chain, and cut off the head of sundry of the pikes, and with him divers other of the Earl's company, of which some got between the post and the chain, and let drive among our pikes and halberds. And in this encounter Sir Christopher Blunt was hurt, first by a thrust in the face, and then felled by a knock on the head. Upon the sight whereof, and of the fall of young Mr. Tracy, the Earl's page, our company coming upon them put them back; which the Earl perceiving called them off, and so departed from us.' The Earl's page was killed, one tall halberdier mortally wounded, and much blood shed on both sides. Essex and his followers turned down to the Thames, and found their way out of the City by water, only to surrender later in the day.

Bainham must have cut and slashed with the best in the fray, for, after examination, with two others he was arraigned and condemned to death. His sentence was pronounced on Ash Wednesday, the very day which saw the beheading of the Earl of Essex in Tower Yard at eight o'clock in the morning. During the subsequent weeks that witnessed the execution of Sir Christopher Blunt and three more of Essex's followers, Bainham lay in the King's Bench prison in Southwark, not far from Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, expecting death. His lands and goods, as those of an attainted traitor, were seized for the Queen. We learn from the inventory that in his house at Boxley, Kent, the officers found 'a pair of playing tables' (backgammon boards), worth two shillings; 'one Bible and a service book,' worth five shillings; in the parlor, 'one form' (a bench), 'and one pair of virginals' (a spinet or small harpsichord), twenty shillings; and finally, as we might expect, a very good armory — materials for gambling, religion, music, and fighting.

Spring wore on into summer, but still the order for Bainham's execution did not come. Friends were exerting themselves in his behalf, and at length, on August 10, 1601, a pardon came from the Queen; and, though heavily fined, he was free.

The next glimpse we have of him, more than a year later, is brief but characteristic: he is fighting a fierce duel with another of Essex's followers, a man who had been fined £200 for his part in the rebellion. That invaluable gossip, John Chamberlain, writes in October 1602: 'Sir Edward Michelborne and Sir Edmond Bainham were lately in the field together, and both sore hurt; but I know not the quarrel.'

Three years pass; Elizabeth has been succeeded by James; and suddenly, in that grisly chapter of history, the Gunpowder Plot, appears the name of our desperado, Sir Edmond Bainham, wrung from the lips of Guy Fawkes, Thomas Winter, and Father Garnet. Bainham, they admitted, had been sent as a secret envoy from the plotters to Rome, to be ready, when James I and the Parliament had been blown to bits, to secure the Pope's help for oppressed Catholics in England.

Guy Fawkes confessed that Catesby (the ringleader) told him 'that Sir Edmond Bainham was directed by him to go to the Pope, and to acquaint him with the hard estate of the Catholics of England; to the end Sir Edmond Bainham might be there in readiness, and the Pope to be by him acquainted with the success, and to be prepared for the relief of Catholics after the project of the powder had taken effect; and that then such further employment might have been made of Sir Edmond Bainham to the Pope as should have been thought fit. [*Signed*] Guido Faukes.'

Complicity deep as this in the Gunpowder Treason made it prudent for Bainham not to return to England, where the government had its talons sharpened for him. He remained on the Continent, and distinguished himself in the autumn of 1608 by provoking the English Ambassador, Edmonds, with some insulting language. Chamberlain, the gossip, writes: 'We hear that Sir Thomas Edmonds hath lately played the part of a tall gentleman, rather than of a grave ambassador, in drawing upon Sir Edmond Bainham, for the little respect he used towards him.'

In the following winter Chamberlain gives us our last picture of Bainham, fighting a 'bloody battle' with Sir Griffin Markham, a conspirator banished for treason in the Bye Plot of 1603: 'We hear of a bloody battle in the Low Countries betwixt Sir Edmond Bainham and Sir Griffin Markham, who fell out in discourse about the powder treason, and fought with short sword and pistol in their shirts on horseback. Markham was left dead in the field; and the other, *plus plein que vide* of cuts and gashes. It seems some angry planet reigns amongst these swaggering mates.' Chamberlain's informant was mistaken: Markham unfortunately survived. And what angry star brought the unregretted Bainham at last to a disastrous end, we do not know.

We have been carried far from the wild supper party at the Mermaid with which we began. But the doings of this 'swaggering mate,' Bainham, have given us a tingling taste of dangerous Elizabethan life. We have seen him touch the lives of Richard Kitchen, Marlowe's ally; of William Johnson of the Mermaid, Shakespeare's friend; of the Earl of Essex on his last bitter day of freedom. We hear Bainham's name on the lips of Guy Fawkes; and at length he cuts his way out of the story in a haze of blood. No wonder that Williamson, when his Mermaid was invaded with a plague of Bainhams, cried, 'I would willingly give them their reckoning to be quietly rid of them!'

THE LEGAL MIND

BY L. L. FULLER

WHY may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?—*Hamlet*, Act V, Scene I

I

MY lay friends are all perfectly familiar with the legal mind. In my arguments with them, whatever the subject under discussion and however remote its connection with the law, I am frequently met with the objection that my contentions are 'legalistic,' that, while they may possess an appearance of reason, they have no grip on the healthy mind of the layman, and that their only appeal could be to one like myself, whose mind has been crooked and warped in the study of legal science. It was perhaps a smouldering resentment against these lay jibes which led me, as a lawyer, to become introspective about my profession and its mental traits. The first result of my reflections was a realization that the layman's conception of the legal mind involves some decidedly contradictory notions.

The lawyer is pictured as the rationalizer par excellence, as the man who can find a reason for anything and everything. Yet we find it charged that he is cold and indifferent to the appeal of reason, content to stand behind the letter of the law, and prone to resort to that most unreasonable of reasons, 'It is the law.' *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* The lawyer is said to delight in distinctions; the 'taking of differences' is with him an ingrained mental habit reaching the pathological stage. Yet we encounter the criticism that his view of the world makes no allowance for its real differences, that the lawyer, looking down from the arid heights of his abstractions, is unable to perceive the distinctions which control the daily affairs of life. Anatole France it was who said with truly crushing irony, 'The Law in her majestic equality forbids both the rich and the poor to sleep under bridges.' We find attributed to the legal mind a tendency to spin its own intricate web ever finer and finer, and the lawyer is blamed for the entangling network of statutory law which our legislatures throw out under our feet every year. In the next breath it is charged that the legal mind is wedded to a single system of law, the 'common law,' and the mental inertia and prejudice bred of this union are supposed to make the lawyer an implacable enemy of every attempt to reform the law by statute.

Now I would not for a moment contend that, because these criticisms of the legal mind embody discordant elements, this is proof of their untruth. It is quite conceivable that the legal mind is so twisted and warped that it is able to contain within itself faults of a most heterogeneous sort. But at least this situation indicates that in discussing the legal mind some discrimination

is imperative. I shall attempt to trace what seem to me to be the necessary distinctions.

II

Let us first examine the contention that the lawyer makes too extensive and reckless a use of his logical faculties — that the legal mind is a reasoning machine which seems through some oversight to have been unprovided with brakes.

No lawyer would, I suppose, deny that this criticism contains an element of truth. What is the origin of this quality of the legal mind? It is usually supposed that it comes from the lawyer's experience as an advocate. He is called on to represent all sorts of causes — good, bad, and indifferent. This necessarily, it is supposed, develops in him a capacity for inventing 'reasons,' and the ingenuity thus stimulated carries over into his thinking in other fields.[1] This is, in my opinion, a mistaken explanation. The tendency to rationalization is found among lawyers who have never appeared in the courtroom. Indeed, it appears in its most violent form in the fledgling attorney at the time of his graduation from law school. It suffers generally a progressive deterioration from that time on.

The explanation for the tendency is rather, I think, to be found in the position of the judge. It is the judge who sets the style of legal thinking, not the advocate. The advocate must bend his thought and language to fit the expectations of the judge; the judge is under no reciprocal obligation. Furthermore, the judge is the author of our largest body of legal literature, the reported decisions. These decisions exercise an enormous influence over the formation of the lawyer's mind. The legal mind grows up in the atmosphere of the judging process, even when it is remote from it physically.

Now it must be remembered that the essential nature of the judge's business consists in an interference in the lives of his fellow men, and that this interference takes place in an arena of conflicting human wills. Anyone who has been called upon to settle a heated dispute can testify that this is not a pleasant business. It is perfectly obvious that it is a task which begets a tendency to rationalization. No one, short of an absolute autocrat, can decide a dispute without feeling an impulse to explain why he decides as he does.

Primitive society seemed with an instinctive tact to realize the plight of the judge and provided him with a procedure which relieved him from the necessity of explaining his decisions. He was permitted the rather transparent fiction that the case was not decided by him at all, but by Providence, and that he was merely a passive interpreter of the divine will. An age less inclined to merciful pretenses has cut him off from this escape. The judge has been directed to take over the rôle of Providence. But an obligation has been imposed on him which man has never been so unreasonable as to impose on his deities. He must explain everything he does.

The actual processes of decision in the mind of the judge may be vague,

[1] Boswell. 'But, Sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion, when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?'

Johnson. 'Why no, Sir. Every body knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation: the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behavior. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet.' — Author

unanalyzable, inarticulate. But he must find 'objective' grounds for his judgment. Somewhere, somehow, he must find 'reasons' — though in the welter of his actual thought he discovers, not 'reasons,' but hypotheses, inarticulate convictions, intuitions of justice. Out of such amorphous stuff he must forge syllogisms. Sometimes it must seem a hopeless undertaking. But, like the person suddenly placed in a position of physical danger, the judge develops hidden and unsuspected capacities. His powers of ratiocination seldom prove unequal to the task.

When we remember that all of the lawyer's activities lie, as it were, in the shadow of the judging process and take their color from it, the lawyer's abnormal facility in ratiocination is at least an understandable and forgivable sin. But is it really a sin at all? I think, on the contrary, that it possesses a profound social utility. This becomes evident when the layman, who lacks the lawyer's skill in casuistry, is called upon to judge. He feels, even more than the law judge, the discomfiture incident to the process of decision. But this discomfiture has a much more pernicious effect with him than with the law judge. It generally leads him to sidestep the pangs of decision altogether by a compromise, by 'splitting the difference.' Anyone acquainted with the decisions of non-lawyers acting as judges (commissioners and arbitrators, for example) knows how general and how iniquitous this procedure is. It leads litigants to make exorbitant demands knowingly with a view to the inevitable compromise. It renders the whole process of decision a solemn farce. And yet there seem to be only two ways of escaping it. We must either hide the lay judge under the anonymity of numbers, as in the case of the jury, or turn the judging process over to those whose training makes them strong enough to resist the comfortable evasion of compromise. The judge's legal mind, his skill in finding 'reasons,' helps to set him free from this temptation. It is, from that point of view, a social virtue.

The tendency to seek for reasons has other values. Leibnitz was impatient with those who were not willing to search for the reasons underlying the axioms of Euclidean geometry. He felt that even 'obvious' things, such as the proposition that two parallel lines will never meet, should be proved if possible. Perhaps this was the influence of Leibnitz's legal training. At any rate, it should be remembered that it was a later preoccupation with these 'obvious' maxims which led to the discovery of the non-Euclidean geometries which have so revolutionized modern science. There is nothing so obvious that it does not pay to examine the reasons underlying it. This may lead us to the insight that it is not obvious at all. To the extent that legal training creates an inquiring mind, a mind which does not even balk before the 'obvious,' its effect is wholly beneficial.

III

Does the lawyer actually reason too much? I don't think the layman really believes that. Perhaps I can assist the layman to clarify the nature of his objection. The truer criticism of the lawyer is, not that he reasons too much, or that he insists on reasoning about the obvious, but that he seems to have a predilection for a particular type of reason. The lawyer is apt to prefer articulate, easily stated reasons, even though they be specious or superficial, to 'real' reasons, which are often difficult to express and too elusive for categorical statement. The 'real' reasons underlying most principles of law are complex and vague at the same

time. They seem peculiarly resistant to concise statement. It was this inescapable vagueness of its fundamental postulates which led the psychologist and philosopher Wundt to declare the law to be the most perplexing and difficult of all sciences.

Yet the lawyer, or the judge, must have reasons which he can express and put his finger on. This is understandable in the light of what we have said about the psychology of the judging process. Perhaps an illustration may give further clarity to the point.

A grocer has advanced credit to a railway worker and has taken as security an assignment of the workman's future wages. The workman's employer, the railway, finds that assignments of this sort are a nuisance, and, in an effort to break up the practice, refuses to pay the wages over to the grocer. The grocer sues the railway. The decision goes against the grocer. Let us picture the judge as rendering a typical 'legal' decision. He will say something like this to the disappointed grocer: 'You lost your case because a man cannot assign what is not yet in existence. When you took the assignment from this workman he had not yet earned these wages. They were not then in existence, or, as we say in law, they were not then *in esse*. There was nothing to assign. The assignment is therefore void. *Nemo dat qui non habet*.'

This is a 'legalistic' line of reasoning. But how much more convincing it is than if the judge were to attempt to explain the 'real' reasons for his decision. If that were required of him, he would have to embark on a discussion with the grocer of the injurious effects on the working classes of this sort of assignment, and of the necessity of weighing this consideration against another desideratum, that of preserving liberty of contract; he would have to explain what things influenced him in the case at hand to strike the balance in favor of the principle that a man may not 'pledge his future' and against the principle of freedom of contract, with sundry observations by the way concerning the inconvenience to employers of these assignments and the abuses possible at the hands of unscrupulous tradesmen. This is precisely the sort of thing the layman does not want to hear from the judge, because he feels himself as competent as the jurist to decide the case when it is put in those terms. As a brilliant Austrian legal writer, Wurzel, has said, '[To the layman] a decision of that sort would not be a legal decision at all. The parties would simply reply, that is not what we have asked you to tell us.'

This is not to imply that judges do not frequently write decisions of the second type. Indeed, both the decisions I have used in my illustration are paraphrases of opinions which have been written by courts in actual cases. But the point is that it takes courage for a judge to write such an opinion. It takes courage because this sort of reasoning has a hypothetical, inconclusive sound which is in painful contrast to the cutting reality of the judgment itself. It is not the kind of thing the layman expects of the judge. He expects the judge's reasons to have the same peremptory and indisputable quality that he attributes to the law generally.

The criticism that the lawyer and the judge reason too much is unsound, or, perhaps we should say, is misstated. We need have no fear that the legal mind will consume itself in reasoning about the obvious. There is no danger in the search for reasons so long as we emulate the honest fisherman who, when the catch fails, returns empty-handed instead of stopping at the market on his way home. It grieves me

to confess that the lawyer all too often procures his fish from the markets maintained by those who write books of legal maxims. He can only plead in extenuation of his offense the same circumstance which so often mitigates the offense of the fisherman in actual life. Those who were waiting for him at home had built their hopes too high. When they have learned not to demand so much, we may expect to see him returning honestly empty-handed, or with his own small catch — for we must not expect the catch to be large. The streams in which he fishes are not plentifully stocked, and we still await the day when a new social and ethical science shall succeed in replenishing them.

When this happy millennium has arrived, the lawyer will be in a position to understand and apply the injunction of the French jurist: *Ne raisonnons pas trop dans le Droit.*

IV

The law, along with every other profession and trade from carpentry to theology, has its jargon, its words of art. The lawyer, however, can claim the special distinction for his jargon that it seems to excel all others in its capacity for irritating the layman.

What is the source of this irritation? I suspect that it lies in the layman's conviction that the law deals with very simple and obvious things. The layman has no quarrel with the physician's Latin names for diseases, because diseases are very mysterious things. They ought to have mysterious names. The engineer, the chemist, and even the plumber deal with objects which remain 'uncategorized' for most of us. But the lawyer deals with automobile accidents, debts, the ownership of bicycles — matters which fall within the experience of the commonest citizen. Must these things be converted into 'torts,' 'unilateral contracts,' 'rights in rem'?

Of course the lawyer has some company in this matter of renaming the commonplace. The psychologist and sociologist are perhaps closest to him in this respect. But no one thinks of becoming seriously aroused over the grotesque vocabularies of these sciences. They occasion at most a tolerant amusement. The reason is obvious. The layman regards these sciences as a form of academic trifling, having nothing to do with the important affairs of life. But the lawyer talks in a strange language about ordinary and *important* things. When the layman hears the lawyer and the judge in a discussion about 'rights in personam,' 'res gestæ,' and 'contingent remainders,' he has the discomforting realization that some poor devil's life and property may depend on the outcome of their wordy skirmish. It is this feeling that his most intimate interests may be frittered away in a language which he does not understand that causes the layman to resent the lawyer's technical language.

Why does the lawyer need a special jargon? Why can't he speak the language of the streets? Bentham, who saw a conspiracy behind every human stupidity, was certain that the objects of legal jargon were '(1) to mystify and impress, and (2) to repel.'

Of course the lawyer likes to mystify and impress the layman with his legal Latin, his 'estoppels,' his 'executory devises,' and all the rest of it. He would not be human if he did not. But to contend that, because he delights in displaying his linguistic equipment, it has no other excuse for existence is as absurd as the contention (which, to be sure, has not lacked supporters) that, because man finds in dress an oppor-

tunity for the expression of his vanity, clothes are worn for no other reason.

Bentham was more ingenious, but even less convincing, in his second explanation of legal jargon. The lawyer foresees the danger that the layman may interfere with his dark science, and he erects the 'heaps of filth, moral and intellectual,' of which legal jargon is composed, to keep the unseasoned and squeamish layman out of the forbidden field. Bentham goes so far as to draw an analogy from early prison conditions, where, he says, reform was retarded because things were so indescribably bad that the prospective reformer could not stomach the necessary inspection.

Bentham was so busy discovering sinister and clandestine purposes behind the lawyer's jargon that he never had time to consider whether it had any legitimate utility. Has the lawyer any real need for a special vocabulary? The answer is clear as to legal language which merely duplicates ordinary speech. There is, for example, little reason for the lawyer to call a 'single woman' a 'feme sole' when the concept indicated by the two terms is exactly the same. It cannot be denied that a good deal of legal language is of this sort. But at least it can be asserted that there is improvement over the 'good old days' when, to quote Bentham again, 'the fate of Englishmen was disposed of in French, and in a something that was called Latin.'[2]

[2] The following is a reporter's note to a case decided in 1631: 'Richardson, ch. Just. de C. Banc al Assises at Salisbury in Summer 1631. fuit assault per prisoner la condemne pur felony que puis son condemnation ject un Brickbat a le dit justice que narrowly mist, & pur ceo immediately fuit Indictment drawn per Noy envers le prisoner, & son dexter manus ampute & fix al Gibbet sur que luy mesme immediatement hange in presence de Court.' In another case the dissent of one judge was inferred by the reporter 'car il shake son capit.'— AUTHOR

While it is foolish for the lawyer to duplicate the work of the generations who have made our everyday language, the matter stands on an entirely different footing when the lawyer constructs, not merely new names, but new concepts. For example, the word 'tort' is not merely a new label for an old idea. It stands for a concept unfamiliar to the layman, and includes such apparently heterogeneous things as shootings, slanderous statements, and the failure of railways to maintain flagmen at crossings.

Does the lawyer need special concepts? I think he does, but I despair of being able to prove this without an excursus into the intricacies of legal science sufficiently thorough to frighten off the layman whose mental processes are, to use Lord Coke's famous phrase, 'unillumined by the gladsome light of Jurisprudence.' Perhaps it will suffice to say this: the law deals with ordinary things under an extraordinary aspect. Every science which pursues special ends finds itself compelled to rearrange the materials of life into a conceptual system of its own, differing from the conceptual system implied in ordinary speech. The purposes of the law overlap with those of everyday life, with those of economics, sociology, psychology, and the other social sciences. But there is a residuum of specifically juristic ends which are foreign to the other fields mentioned. This not only justifies, but makes inevitable, a special vocabulary.

V

Still another and more serious charge is made against the legal mind, and this time, again, it has to do with words. It is charged not only that the lawyer is guilty of introducing strange and unwholesome creatures into our linguistic family, but that he is also

guilty of leading our familiar members astray. He is a perverter of ordinary speech.

In April 1932, the *Atlantic Monthly* published an article entitled 'Humpty Dumpty's Rule in Law.' Many illustrations were given of the tendency of the legal mind to pervert ordinary words, and cases were cited in which courts had declared such incredible things as that a jackass is a horse, a bicycle is an animal, snakes are 'tools of trade,' a radio is not a 'musical instrument,' a fence, a tent, and a corncrib are all 'buildings.' The writer of the article was able to reach no more charitable conclusion than that 'the prejudices and predilections of the courts determine the meaning of words.' But he overlooked the most striking case of word perversion. According to newspaper accounts, a Brooklyn traffic court in 1927 decided that a hearse is a *pleasure vehicle!*

How could a court reach such a grotesque conclusion? What unspeakable 'prejudices and predilections' of the judge led to such a disingenuous and garbled interpretation? The case was very simple. The shortsighted drafter of an ordinance had provided that all traffic on a certain street should be divided between two lanes, one assigned to 'pleasure vehicles,' the other to 'trucks and other commercial vehicles.' The court preferred to put the funeral cortège among the picnickers and sight-seers, instead of among the garbage wagons and furniture vans. If we were to investigate the cases in which the startling results mentioned above were reached, we should find in each the same explanation: legislative shortsightedness had to be cured by somewhat temerarious interpretation.

Let us for the moment engage in a little adventure of our own in legislative drafting and interpretation. The mechanic's lien statute will serve as a convenient object on which to practise. This statute gives the man (the carpenter, let us say) who has performed work on a 'building' a lien for his wages. The lien protects the workman whose employer fails to pay him. Obviously the purpose of a statute creating such a lien is broader than 'buildings' in the strict sense. The man who erects a fence, for example, ought to have a lien for his wages by the same right as the man who shingles a roof. Let us exercise the proper legislative foresight and draft our own statute broadly so as to give the lien to anyone who has performed work upon 'any building, structure, or any other erection of any kind whatsoever.' This sounds not only inclusive, but positively 'legal.' Let me ask the reader to stop at this point and reflect whether he can think of any proper case which would not be covered by this statute. A good many of our statutes have been phrased in this way, and it is unlikely that those who drafted them conceived that there was any possibility of the phraseology proving too narrow.

But unfortunately our statute is not broad enough to cover literally all the cases it should cover. Our thoughts have been on too elevated a plane. We have forgotten the well-digger. There is no good reason for denying a lien to him. But our statute says 'building, structure, or any other erection.' Does this include a well? Some of our courts have been courageous and sensible enough to declare that a well is a 'structure' within the meaning of such a statute. But other courts have lacked the necessary temerity. Let us picture the workings of the mind of the judge faced with this problem. He sees that the general purpose of the statute obviously includes the well-digger, and he feels an acute distaste for any distinction which would exclude him. But, as he

begins to incline toward a decision in favor of the well-digger, there looms up in his mind the dim picture of some such headline as this mocking him from the news stands: 'Isn't law wonderful? Judge says hole in ground is structure.' So he resigns himself and does what the unimaginative layman wants him to do. He applies the law 'as it is written' and denies a lien to the well-digger. The result is that some states have been forced to add a page to the immense bulk of their written laws and now have a special 'well-digger's lien.' And, for aught I know, there is a well-diggers' lobby to keep the statute on the books.

VI

Let me give another illustration of the sort of difficulty which our courts face in interpreting statutes and contracts. Everyone knows what an accident insurance policy is. What is meant by the word 'accident' in these policies? The peculiarity here is that we do not have, as in the case of most contracts and statutes, a 'general purpose' in the light of which we must interpret (and perhaps pervert) the meaning of the word. The only purpose of the word is to limit the liability of the company. It would seem that if there were any case in the law where we could have a straightforward, literal application of a word, this would be it.

Now obviously the word 'accident' as used in these policies would generally exclude death due to disease. No one would suppose, for example, that a case of death from tuberculosis would be included. On the other hand, the word is not confined in its meaning to violent events, such as automobile wrecks and the like, but includes such things as the unintentional swallowing of poison.

We are now ready for an actual case. A workman, who has taken out a policy of accident insurance, is employed in a place where two kinds of water are supplied. One supply is for drinking purposes, the other is for cleaning. Taps supplying the cleaning water are placarded with warnings that the water is unsafe to drink. Certain repairs are made in the plumbing of the building and a careless plumber so connects the pipes that the cleaning water is diverted into the pipes supplying the drinking water. The workman takes a drink from the usual tap, contracts typhoid fever, and dies. His widow sues the insurance company. Can she recover?

If you feel that this was an 'accident' and therefore fell within the terms of the policy, consider the following question: Is not typhoid fever always an 'accident'? This disease is kept in control by a complicated system of preventive measures, and when it appears it is usually due to a breakdown in this system, to an 'accident.' And is this not true to some extent of all diseases? In short, what criterion have we for distinguishing between accidents and diseases? I shall not inform the reader how the case was decided; I want him to suffer some of the torture of indecision which is the lawyer's daily lot. And if he finds no great difficulty in disposing of the particular case, does he find it equally simple to give an articulate 'reason' for his decision? Can he lay down a 'general principle' which will govern this type of case? For he must remember that this is another demand which he makes on our judges.

John Locke explained many years ago why it is that among laymen the lawyer is known as a perverter of words. It is because the layman himself has so little experience with the complex problem of meaning. 'There being no

writings we have any great concernment to be very solicitous about the meaning of, but those that contain either truths we are required to believe, or laws we are to obey,' we are generally not at all 'anxious about the sense of other authors.' But the business of the lawyer compels him to be 'anxious about the sense' of the words he reads. In this way he arrives at an insight which is denied to most laymen. He is forced to discover what slippery, faithless things words are.

The layman likes literal interpretations, whatever may be the inconvenience produced by them. This is because he can understand them in cases where he would not have the patience to trace out the reasons justifying a less literal interpretation. Then, too, literal interpretations fit into his ideal of 'a government of laws, not of men,' and remove from his mind the disquieting suspicion that judges exercise too much power over their fellow men. But until the layman is willing to grant the judge greater freedom in interpretation, he must not complain too bitterly about the volume and complexity of our laws.

VII

I have left unmentioned so far what is regarded as the most damaging accusation against the legal mind. It is conservative. No one denies this, least of all the lawyer. And this bent of the legal mind is explained without difficulty. It lies in the very nature of law itself. That the study of the science which has for its object the preservation of order in society should incline one toward conservatism is scarcely an occasion for wonder. And of course, as is so often pointed out, the lawyer's personal associations, at least if he is successful, tend to be confined to the more conservative branches of society. It is quite understandable that he should be influenced by these associations.

There is, however, another explanation for the conservatism of the legal mind which is less obvious to the layman, and which, if it were known to him, might lead him to be somewhat more charitable toward the lawyer's conservative bent. The lawyer deals with mishaps and misunderstandings, with plans gone awry. He is generally called in only when intentions have miscarried and expectations have been disappointed. But even in his office work, in his prophylactic activities, he is seeking to anticipate and avoid mishaps. Everything about his business serves to stimulate his capacity for foreseeing trouble. It is perfectly understandable that this should tend to make him conservative. The man who looks too often before he leaps is likely to end by not leaping at all. It is the lawyer's business to look before his client leaps. In the language of modern psychology, he is likely to become 'fixated' upon looking and against leaping.

Another characteristic of the legal mind seems to be seldom commented on in the lay diatribes. I refer to the fact that the study of the law seems to predispose one to an individualistic social philosophy. It would lie beyond the scope of my purpose here to attempt to analyze in detail the effects of this individualistic philosophy on legal thinking, or to venture an explanation for the paradoxical fact that the law, which came among men to limit the egoistic impulses of the individual in the interest of society, should convert so many of its devotees into ardent and uncompromising partisans of the individual in his struggle to prevent further limitations on his activities.

It need not be mentioned, perhaps, that throughout this discussion I have

placed the principal emphasis on the supposed vices of the legal mind at the expense of its admitted virtues. For example, I have been wholly silent concerning the lawyer's commendable caution about making unqualified assertions — a reticence on my part which may be attributed to a suspicion that this particular virtue of the legal mind is not strikingly exemplified in the present essay.

Before I close I should, in justice to my profession, remind the layman of a thing which he seems often to forget — that the law is not the only calling which fosters a distinct professional 'mind.' For example, I am thoroughly convinced that there is such a thing as the 'engineering mind.' My personal opinion is that it is a much more baneful thing than the legal mind. While I should have some difficulty in giving a precise definition of the engineering mind, I may say, speaking very generally, that it seems to display the following qualities: a certain ruthlessness and lack of social consciousness, a disbelief in the possibility of expertness in any field not directly touching material things, an exaggerated respect for 'facts,' a total lack of historical perspective. This list is undoubtedly incomplete and probably does not begin to exhaust the perfidies of the engineering mind. Perhaps some engineer will fill it out for us laymen.

WE MODERN PARENTS

BY ISADORE LUCE SMITH

I

MEMBERS of the generation called 'younger' during the first years following the war — the openly smoking, cocktail-drinking, healthily uncorseted young women and the determinedly frank and emancipated young men, whose early novels about themselves gave American literature a fresh start — have vanished from print and the public eye. It is a generation of parents now. Marriage with parenthood is not supposed to offer much scope for original treatment to even the most emancipated minds. Those who have *settled down* in marriage are subsequently *tied down* by parenthood, and no one wants to hear about settling and being tied when there are ever younger generations to watch being more and more modern. So a new type of parent has evolved away from the limelight.

One thing never sufficiently recognized about our generation was its tremendous seriousness. Perhaps we believed all the Commencement orators who told us we were the hope of the world. Perhaps it was because our adolescence coincided with the war. Perhaps it was just too much publicity. In any case we were serious about everything we did. We thought things out carefully and talked them out extensively. Roadsters parked beside country roads were full of couples Buchmanizing. We all knew what each

other thought about everything. It was very exhausting.

Having married according to our much discussed lights, our seriousness and our passion for arranging our lives did not desert us. Most of us had made decisions about our children before any suitable mate had presented himself. None of us was prepared to let children come as Victorian surprises. Marriage gave us a companion with whom we could discuss this matter with practical results. We planned to have our first as soon as we got a Ph. D., or had a winter in Paris, or were given a raise, or could afford another bathroom. Our second would arrive within two years after our first. After that we divided roughly into those who really believed that the higher classes had a duty toward the race and those who thought two children were all they could bring up really well. In all cases the children were to be brought up really well.

In spite of laws to the contrary, we proceeded to have our children more or less as we had planned. With the actual arrival of the baby our seriousness doubled. We had a baby specialist inspect the infant almost as soon as it had begun to breathe, and we engaged him to preserve its health indefinitely. This, however, did not prevent us from investing in the latest books on the care of babies. Our generation was full of respect for the printed word. We bought all the standard books in the very newest editions. Earlier editions might say bananas at eight months. The latest said three. We were careful to get the latest.

We began to read books on child psychology. In common with everyone else in that decade, we were amateur psychologists, able to analyze each other with what we felt was quite deadly accuracy; but we had never considered what pitfalls await the very young. In terror we wondered whether to let the baby suck his thumb or to break him of it and risk its bringing on something worse. We welcomed the Behaviorists and took comfort in the thought that upon our training depended our child's character and not upon Great-Uncle Oscar. Given enough books and perseverance, we felt we could eradicate Uncle Oscar.

We turned the baby to sleep on alternate sides, to make his head a good shape. We dressed him on a table, for his back. We let him cry on occasion, for his lungs. We were never a minute late with his schedule. We faded and the baby throve. He was enormous, responsive, red-cheeked. His disposition was flawless. He exceeded what our books agreed was normal development. We discussed him at luncheon parties, and our still unmarried or childless friends grew faint at the sound of orange juice or spinach. Our seriousness, however, was bearing good fruit.

II

We became increasingly earnest as our babies grew older. We 'reconditioned' them to noises by feeding them in the bathroom and dropping tin pans into the bathtub during dessert. We joined Mothers' Clubs and rose to discuss our smallest problems with a professional advisor who, being childless, had had time to study countless children. Coming from a generation that had talked a great deal about careers for women, and had meant it, we were not to be outdone by marriage and domesticity. We made motherhood our profession and talked shop with each other with an intensity that no business men could ever sustain. We were so earnest that we lost what was left of our sense of humor. We became a generation of scientifically heavy-handed parents.

For a start, we practically abolished

the standard jokes about children. Only *Punch* now has pictures of children saying their prayers and making ingenuous remarks about life — and everyone knows that England resists change. No mother of our generation would dare to tell what her youngest said about God, Santa Claus, or fairies. In any case, the situations could not arise. Our children are carefully left alone to develop their own religious ideas, if any, when they are older. After all, there is no proof, as we see it, and our children must not have their minds cluttered up with what is not proved. (What it really amounts to is that we are as embarrassed by religion as our parents used to be by sex.) Fairies went out long ago, but Santa Claus was still rampant when we took charge. We relegate him to department stores and keep our children uncontaminated until they are old enough to see through red cheesecloth and white cotton whiskers. We encourage them to make their own Christmas tree ornaments and we avoid all mention of the original function of Christmas.

As for storks — no one thinks it amusing to hear what little Geoffrey said about the stork. One looks aghast at Geoffrey's mother to think that he has been allowed to hear of such a bird. Little Anne and Patricia, Michael and Peter, were informed about what used to be called 'the facts of life' before they could feed themselves properly. They were persistently informed until it should have become a part of their consciousness, and if they forget from time to time and make some incorrect allusions, they will be taken up immediately and reinformed.

We make a point of telling the truth to our children and of answering all their questions correctly. If modern children do not whine and repeat 'Why?' in the traditional annoying manner of children, it may be because they never have time to repeat the word and become fretful. They may also wish to avoid its consequences. Modern parents are full of information.

III

If you wish to give our children toys, you must give them something educational. Few of the formerly acceptable gifts for children will do now. Even if the recipient is at what you consider the rattle stage, the safest procedure is to go to some serious modern toyshop where a salesgirl full of psychological terms can choose something for you. The old idea of a child's having a favorite toy, an animal or a doll, of his taking it to bed with him and cleaving to it until it becomes a shapeless lump, though still dear to him, is now believed in only by rotogravure sections and magazine covers. If little Christopher loves a Teddy-bear and wants to take it everywhere with him, he will be strange and an outsider when he is taken to see little Stephen and David, who are laboriously learning to put graduated pegs in holes or to throw a ball correctly. (They are taught to throw correctly as soon as they can throw at all. They'll be so much better adjusted at Yale or Harvard or Princeton if they are really good at some game.) Little Christopher must be eased away from his Teddy-bear and taught to put just as many pegs in holes and just as many graduated rings on sticks as Stephen and David. We want him to be happy when he grows up.

Not even the old, commonly accepted books for children are welcome now. As one of our advance guard said in an introduction to her idea of the sort of book a child should have, the art of making picture books for children is still in its infancy. This may

come as a shock to our elders, but we know it is only too true. We acclaim the publication of a book full of beautiful photographs of children's shoes, a comb and brush, a bowl and spoon, and so on. When Joan smilingly recognizes the different articles at a very early age, we enthusiastically fill out the questionnaire provided, giving Joan's reactions and our own, and send it to the serious, scientific, and interested publishers. We order the next book in this series, photographs of children doing just what Joan will soon be doing — putting on shoes, brushing teeth, and so on. We know there will be no pictures of a child saying his prayers, so no embarrassing explanations will be necessary. It is a comfort to have a book in which one can show every picture to a child.

The difficulty about the old books for children was that practically none of them told the truth and that only. For instance, what good can it do Peter to look at a picture of a cat wearing a hat? Or of an elephant dancing with a tiger? When the children later recognize the animals at the zoo it does n't prove anything. Real pictures of the animals in the jungle are what we want, although most of the best photographs seem to show them standing and staring by water holes. It is better for Timmy to think that lions drink all the time than to think they occasionally go out for walks with umbrellas to get monkeys to give them haircuts.

Good toys are becoming increasingly easy to find, thanks to the manufacturers' adopting the idea of a Purpose behind each toy. Last to be infected by modern business ideals, the toy industry is now second to none in intelligent theories accompanying simple products. There is, for instance, a toy which gives a child endless opportunity to hammer. A board pierced with holes is set on legs so that it will stand with either side up. In the holes are wooden pegs fitted tightly enough to require a real hammering to be pushed through. The child pounds the pegs down through the holes with a wooden hammer until the tops are level with the board. Then he reverses the stand and hammers them all back again — if he is a thorough child.

Any old-fashioned parent can see at once the practical advantages of such a toy, but practical advantages are not mentioned by the manufacturers. An accompanying explanation which launched the toy into popularity with us moderns said that the toy was to afford a means of expressing the instincts to hew and hammer inherited from our earliest ancestors who had to hew and hammer to survive. A father who fancies himself as a carpenter and may have had to chop down a tree or make a playhouse without recourse to his ancestors or Sears, Roebuck is not the civilized parent educational toy makers assume. He need n't look with personal pride and sympathy at little Tommy hammering away to no end. Tommy hammering is a chapter in race history.

It is not the manufacturers' fault if they seem rather to overdo the serious side of children's playthings. We modern parents push them on. There was a time when only public playgrounds were equipped with elaborate apparatus for sliding, climbing, and swinging. Now every suburban back yard shames the city fathers' appropriations. So intensely serious are we parents that even those of us who have moved to the semi-country for our children's good feel that we owe them a jungle gym or something like it. It is not unusual to see this climbing framework, invaluable for city nursery schools and zoos, set down in the midst of climbable trees. If some enterprising manufacturer got out an artificial tree

with explanations attached as to the climbing proclivities of Early Man he could sell incredible numbers to us city-minded rustics. We want to give our children every opportunity to develop, and we can't help feeling that the scientifically constructed thing is superior to its counterpart in nature.

IV

For those who believe in the modern education of infants, or consider it better for a child to be away from home as soon as possible, there are the nursery schools. Much has been said about them as the dumping ground for parents who want to be rid of their children at the earliest possible moment. Naturally, nursery schools are a godsend to such parents — and to their children. They also solve the problem for women who want to work and still be mothers. But we earnest parents send our children because it is best for them.

As soon as he can stand, a child is eligible for the more advanced nursery schools. He will be taught to stay dry, to string beads, to develop along all the proper lines. Although some of us still consider that it does a child of a year and a half no harm to stay at home, we feel that by the time he is two and a half a mother is n't doing all she should for him if he is n't in an organized group of some sort. He learns to adapt himself to a roomful of very young children, and, among many other useful and decorative things, to wash his own glass after orange juice, to put on and take off his own overshoes, to walk like an elephant to elephant music, and to rest with his hands over his head. We get report cards with marks for coöperation and rhythm, and we have conferences with his teachers if he refuses to learn to swing.

To see the benefit he has derived from his organized group, one has only to take him to see some two-and-a-half-year-old contemporary in the country whose parents affect to scorn group education of infants. The country child will be obviously glad to see him, but she will run about playing by herself, almost as if he were not there. He will have brought some simple educational toy with him, but she will have no practical use for it, and he will have as little use for her 'houses' in shrubbery and imaginary nests in trees. He will know how to be helpful, polite, how to coöperate, but he will have no opportunity to demonstrate. By the time the afternoon is over he will be thankful to be taken away. Before this spectacle of childhood in the rough he can only think, with his parents, as he labors to put on his own leggings and they maintain a proud and patient aloofness, that she is not a very perfect social unit.

V

The model modern child is reasonably affectionate, as is the modern parent. Books, however, give no table of the emotions, and we are left to wonder if, by the book's lights, we are the gushing, cloying type, or grimly undemonstrative. Does our baby feel there is too much or too little love in his home? The mother who was one of the most determinedly unsentimental of her generation and married on the 'Shake hands and part' basis must now study the art of bestowing endearments. The mother who knows she would have been a model in 1900 worries for fear that by following her natural impulses she will give Tim an Œdipus complex. And the children may have inclinations of their own. It is all very confusing. Fortunately there are always the psychoanalysts.

As for that, we can all go to psychoanalysts now. Our generation does not

go, as our predecessors seem to, — to judge by their dinner-party conversation, — to see why we don't get on with our husbands and wives. We feel that we settled all that before we married. We go to see why we don't get on with our children. We don't even have to go to the expensive people. There are always ambitious amateurs who have been 'done' by the great, and who, having studied their methods, are eager to lay on hands in their turn. If Anne is unresponsive and resents her manly mother's attempt to become feminine for her sake, if Patricia whines continually and her mother feels most unmaternally irritated by the noise, they can all go to Mrs. Duplex-Pulvex, who has recently been done by both Jung and Freud. You may think that Anne would rather not have her mother try so hard to be affectionately demonstrative; you may say that Patricia knows she was expected to be a boy from hearing her mother's obstetrical reminiscences — we believe in talking naturally before our children — and feels chagrined by her initial failure to please. You may think that Patricia's mother is pushing her too fast along the road to adult perfection. But these are merely surmises. The bottom truth is that these mothers and their two-and-a-half-year-old children are 'fundamentally incompatible.' If we start again with that in mind, of course, everything will be made easy. It is wonderful to have science to turn to.

As for sex, we who were and are so frank about it are as concerned for our children's adolescent years as was the generation which kept us from knowing all about it as long as possible. We take all the best magazines devoted to the problem of child rearing, and, with our eldest falteringly stringing beads in his play pen, we devour articles on the subject of sex at sixteen. We have so lost our perspective that we will read with sinking hearts articles and books on the subject by writers whose earlier novels we used to ridicule as overdone or even pornographic. The squealing stallions of our literary generation are out at pasture now. The Mothers' Clubs will take them in and feed them through the winters.

It is natural for one to try to make up to one's children for the lacks one remembers in one's own childhood. We criticize our own parents' efforts in ourselves and determine that our children shall not suffer where we feel ourselves inadequate to-day. They shall not be shy, unaccomplished, left out, expecting too much of life, awkward, followers rather than leaders. They must be supermen and superwomen.

If one puts one's self in these modern children's places one sees them trying to bring up their children twenty years from now to be easy companions to themselves. Discipline, yes, but never conscious scientific experimenting, never a laboratory atmosphere. They will try to have fun together as a family, to enjoy each one for what she or he is, to let each other alone. They will prize a sense of humor above all things and fiercely resent the lack of it in their own parents. They will admire the individual who does not fit perfectly into the universal level.

Still, this may be only the cynical prophecy of an unbeliever. In the meantime no one can deny that we are most earnestly trying to do our duty by our children. They will be completely socially adjusted at any age; they will all be intelligent, popular, good at games, knowing only established facts. If you think they will be deplorably serious-minded, or prigs, or even nervous wrecks, you show yourself to be far behind the times — or possibly ahead of them.

THE TINKER

BY R. H. SHERRICK

I

OFTEN, after his eldest daughter had turned fifteen and after Lenny had taken the care of a dozen horses to himself, my grandfather spent that chore period between rising and breakfast in his workshop.

One morning, cheerful from some minor victory over the stubborn gears of a model hay-hoist, he came tardily into his dining room to find among the members of his household a little man with a face and bald crown quite red from recent scrubbings. He had gone no further than this in his examination of the stranger when John Dunn, the hired man, said: 'I told him if he'd clean out the stables we'd give him his breakfast. He cleaned 'em out, so I brung him in. I found him sleepin' in the straw stack.'

This announcement struck deep to the heart of a secret grievance. My grandparents had both been reared within the strict observances of a small religious sect which set great store by the literal application of the Scriptures to everyday life. Thus, because in Matthew there is a verse that reads 'Give to him that asketh thee,' there was in my grandfather's house a room called the Tramp Room. No vagabond who, in accordance with the Scriptures, 'asked' for lodging had ever been turned away. But though in this way my grandfather fulfilled the letter of his religious law, he did it with bad grace. He had nothing but contempt and suspicion for men who went drifting aimlessly through life, maintaining a parasitic existence at the expense of their fellows. When an especially vicious-looking tramp arrived to ask for food and shelter, my grandfather, had he followed his true impulses, would have said briefly, 'I have no use for drones here.' But the surliest vagrant who ever begged for a meal could, by simply 'asking,' close my grandfather's lips, shackle his impulses, and win a night's rest in a feather bed.

He sometimes wished that he might come upon an able-bodied tramp who had crawled into the haymow or straw stack and slept there without asking. On such an occasion, he felt he might, without evading his convictions, compensate for a few of the impositions a long line of Tramp Room guests had thrust upon him. But not once in the years of his farming had any tramp, so he said, come within fifty miles of his kitchen without asking for something or other. They were born that way. He supposed they even asked for things in their sleep. Now, after all the years of this grudge, a vagabond had slept in the straw stack without Scriptural protection; and John Dunn had brought the fellow in to breakfast.

My grandfather gave his hired man one brief, eloquent look, and, without glancing again at the tramp, went glumly to his place at the table.

II

With the exception of Uncle George, who at the age of two slept as long as he wished, the members of the household were all assembled. Along one side of the table sat Dunn and Nettie and the guest. They faced Miriam and Lenny, Nan and Gracie.

My grandfather kept his eyes stubbornly upon his food. His mood expanded and hung above the table like a chilling mist. An unnatural calm ensued, from which at last came Dunn's voice, saying to the stranger, 'One thing sure, you ain't used to sleeping in straw stacks. The way you was burrowed in there like a gopher, I wonder you was n't smothered to death.'

'Gracious!' my grandmother exclaimed. 'Why did n't you come to the door? I'd have given you a bed.'

'Good God, Laura!' The thought was so explosive that my grandfather bit sharply on a piece of bread, uncertain whether the words had burst inside his mind or whether he had actually pronounced them. His eyes shifted to his wife. He saw her face pleasant and unruffled. No, he had n't said them.

The tramp began to talk. It had been late. The house was dark. Did n't want to wake anybody up. Saw the straw stack. Thought no one would care. . . .

There was something in the plodding, patient voice that found its way around my grandfather's grudge and touched his interest. The word 'house' came to him without its *h*, and the speaker had an unobtrusive way of putting accents where they did n't belong. My grandfather fell to wondering in what section of the country such talk was native, and the stranger went on. . . . Was n't much used to sleeping outdoors. Owned a horse and wagon until a month or so before. On foot, towns seemed far apart. . . .

From across the table Lenny asked: 'You had a horse? What happened to it?' Horses were the axis of Lenny's world. It was of his own choosing that he fed and groomed a stableful of them each morning.

The man answered: 'It got old like its driver, boy. More sense than a human, that horse had.'

What, wondered my grandfather, was a tramp doing with a horse and wagon? The thought trailed off into another silence, during the course of which my grandmother observed two things of interest about her guest. The first was the way in which he turned now and again toward Gracie and closed one eye solemnly; whereupon the little girl would wriggle and grin and look very pleased and embarrassed. 'He must like children,' thought my grandmother, and at once her heart warmed toward him; for she belonged to that uncritical school of practical philosophers who assume that 'if a man likes dogs and children, he must be all right.' Her second observation concerned the persistency with which her guest called for the pepper. The eggs on his plate were scarcely recognizable beneath a coating of the stuff, and still he asked for more and proceeded to rain it down upon his potatoes. She expected him to choke. But he devoured his stinging fare with every appearance of relish and without so much as a noticeable watering of the eyes.

The hired man recalled a neglected duty. 'Guess I forgot to say his name. It's Kent. Harry Kent.'

'Kent.' My grandmother searched her memory for people of that name, so that she might ask her guest if he had come, by chance, out of the same family. But she could think of no Kents, so she substituted, 'It's an English-sounding name.'

'Yes, ma'am. I was born and grew up in England.'

'Mercy on us,' said my grandmother, by which she meant only 'How interesting.' 'What a ways you are from home!'

'Oh, I'm home. I'm home anywhere and everywhere. It's forty years since I come from England.'

John Dunn spoke again. 'He ain't a tramp. He's got a whole knapsack of tools along with him. He's a tinker.'

My grandfather exploded. 'A tinker! Why did n't you say so in the first place?' Tinkering was something he could understand, appreciate, and even respect. It made every difference in the world to him whether a man drifted about tinkering or whether he simply drifted about.

The hired man launched into some explanation, in which he was cut short by the stranger, who said emphatically: 'Not tinker — clock maker! I'm a tinker, too, if you like; but my trade's clock maker, and has been all my life.'

My grandfather's glumness vanished like a wisp of smoke. He looked squarely at the clock maker and saw a plain, good-natured face without much strength in it. The nose was wholly undistinguished. The straight, thin lips added nothing, unless, as is sometimes said, a wide mouth indicates a generous nature. There was no aggressiveness to the chin. Thin gray hair fringed the edges of a weathered bald head.

'I'm something of a tinker myself,' my grandfather said, 'though I don't know anything about clocks.'

He found himself looking into two pale eyes, round and frank with the sort of frankness that recalled to him the eyes of his children. In this moment of exchanged gazes there passed between the two men a mutual acceptance such as sometimes springs up when strangers chance to discover interests and abilities in common.

My grandfather smiled and turned to his wife. 'Laura, that old clock of yours — maybe Mr. Kent could put it to rights for you.'

III

The old clock had come to Illinois from a homestead in Pennsylvania. Eleven years before, it had stopped, — on a Tuesday, as my grandmother was fond of recalling, — and since that time its tall cherry case had been gathering dust in a storeroom.

Shortly after breakfast three men and a boy brought this timepiece from its long retirement and carried it to the workshop. For four days, exclusive of a Sunday that intervened, Harry Kent buried himself in a work of repair and reconstruction. Before these days had passed, he had fallen so unobtrusively into the schedule of the household that it was difficult for those living there to believe he had not been among them for a long time.

There was something about the tinker that everyone liked. Interest consolidated and settled on the workshop. But the little man was no great talker. He was ill at ease with words. He seemed afflicted with some condition of intellect that made it impossible for him to put together a connected narrative. He might say, 'One day in Cleveland,' or, 'When I was a boy,' but, when he had arrived thus at the point of a story, words receded from him and left him speechless. At such times one could almost follow the course of a story in his face — some reminiscence with which his tongue refused to keep pace. Then he would grow embarrassed, and squirm and fidget, red-faced, like a boy who in the course of a Decoration Day programme forgets a line from 'Barbara Frietchie.' In the end, the tinker always abandoned his struggle with a resigned shrug and turned back to his work, leaving his

hearers suspended at the brink of a story that would never be told.

Only a few facts from his life came out now and then in the course of his casual talk, which, when he was n't trying to get on with a narrative, seemed easy and natural enough. He was sixty-four years old. He had never gone to school, but had taught himself to read and write. For nine years he had driven a horse and wagon from town to town, looking for clocks to mend and doing odd jobs of any mechanical sort. One day his horse went lame. He realized that the animal had grown too old for travel, so he paid a man to end its life, and continued his own on foot. He did n't like roving and he did n't dislike it. It was just a habit, he supposed. . . .

At noon on the fifth day of his labor, the tinker arrived at the dinner table with the news that the clock was finished. 'It's a fine old clock,' he said. 'They don't make them like that these days. All it needs now is to be carried in the house.'

This announcement stirred up considerable commotion. So much attention had been turned on the workshop that feeling around the dining table rose to something of a holiday pitch. As soon as the meal was over, the repaired clock, its case shining like dull wine from recent polishing, was brought in and stationed in a corner. As it stood there calmly telling off the minutes that it had lost count of a decade before, the room filled with confused words and laughter. To the smaller children it was as though their mother were having a birthday, for their father kept saying: 'Well, there you are, Laura. How long is it you've been wanting your clock fixed?' And their mother, looking pleased and flushed as she always did when she received a present, replied: 'Oh, a long, long time. Ever since it stopped on that Tuesday.'

IV

My grandmother moved close in front of the timepiece and stood looking at its plain, square face. Then she reached out slowly and opened the door behind which were suspended two weights that gave momentum to the hands. There came to her out of this door the scent of oil and polish, long closed and mellowed within cherry walls. She sniffed at it, and like a magic vapor it raised before her a dim image of a winding staircase in an old Pennsylvania house.

On this staircase there sat a little girl whose feelings were hurt and who was crying. The scene was blurred and indistinct like a picture in a stereopticon which has not been brought to focus. She tried to clarify it, and out of its misty spaces came Uncle Matt. He pulled the little girl's hair and laughed and gave her peppermints. And then the picture cleared and she found herself reliving an incident buried and unrecalled for more than thirty years.

It is Sunday afternoon. She is in the house playing hide and seek. The miller's boy is counting off, with his face buried in his hands. Her sisters run out of the room. She runs too. She is breathless and greatly excited. She must hide. He will catch her — where shall she hide? She is passing the clock. Ah, the clock, the clock! She can reach the latch by stretching. She opens the door and climbs inside. There is a smell of oil and polish. High above her head are the works, dim in the shadow behind the face. The miller's boy must n't find her. Not until he gives up and shouts, 'Free!' She reaches out and tugs at the door. It closes and latches with a sharp click. . . .

It is very dark. Darker than night. But the miller's boy will come and call to her. She waits. He does n't come. But her sisters — they will come and

find her pretty soon. A long time passes. No one comes. She feels over the inside of the door. There is no latch on the inside. She can't get out. No one will come to find her. They have all forgotten her. She will never get out again. The darkness is full of hard, swinging things that strike her on the head. It is terrible. She screams. She pounds at the door. At last it opens. She is lifted out — and spanked. . . .

Yes, that was it. My grandmother remembered now. That was why she sat on the winding staircase and cried. And that was why Uncle Matt pulled her hair and laughed and gave her peppermints.

Standing before the old clock, my grandmother sighed and closed the door. It had been a moment's return to the actual feelings and emotions of childhood. And for this pleasant wizardry she turned to thank the little tinker.

'I don't know how I've done without it all these years. The new clock in the parlor never took its place, somehow.'

'No such clocks made these days,' the tinker repeated. 'It'll go right on running now, I don't know how long. Only it might need a little regulating. I don't know, but it might.'

'Then why don't you stay and regulate it? Must you be somewhere at a definite time?'

'Oh no, it ain't that. I never have to be anywhere at a definite time. Only I've stayed here so long now. I've been here five days already.'

With one short gesture, my grandmother brushed these regrets from consideration. 'Fiddlesticks,' she said.

V

The old clock, it turned out, needed no regulating. 'That's what comes of doing your work too well,' said my grandfather to the tinker.

And because he liked the mild-mannered little man, and because he had a great respect for his mechanical skill, he added, 'But why don't you stay here and try farming for a change? A change of trades once in a while will do anybody good.'

Then Harry Kent, convinced that the help he could render on a farm would compensate for his keep, decided to forsake his calling for a week or two.

He was too little used to heavy labor to help in the fields, my grandfather thought, so a regular share of the chores was allotted to him, and for the rest he was left to pursue his own devices. Most of his time he spent sitting cross-legged on the back porch, whittling and scraping at a small block of seasoned wood. In this occupation he was encouraged by the presence and patient interest of Gracie. For it was understood that the block of wood was in process of becoming a doll, and the doll was to be her own.

Wood carving, the tinker explained, was a kind of side line with him. He carved out 'all sorts of things' and offered them for sale as he went about looking for broken clocks. During the week before his arrival at the farm, he had been in Dixon, where a fair was being held. It was surprising, he said, how people bought his dolls. His knapsack was empty of them, so my grandmother was forced to waive her judgment of the tinker's artistic gifts until the figure in process should reach completion.

In the meantime she smiled indulgently upon the oddly mated pair who spent their hours on her back porch.

'You seem to like children so well,' she observed, 'I'm surprised you never settled down and raised a family.'

'I did once, ma'am. Back in England when I was young. I have a little girl back there. Just the size of yours, when I saw her last. But that was a long time ago. . . .' He had arrived once more at a story for which he could find no adequate words. He was only able to repeat: 'Just the size of Gracie when I saw her last. That's the way I remember her.'

The discovery of Harry Kent's paternity increased the warmth of my grandmother's feeling for him. She fell to imagining all manner of domestic tragedies that might have pried him from a happy fireside and sent him out a wanderer upon the earth, never to see again a little daughter whom he loved. She found it all very touching. And thereafter when she noticed a grave or melancholy expression on the tinker's face — probably caused by some difficulty with his carving — she attributed it promptly to some sharp memory from a bitter past.

She grew solicitous for his welfare. The quantities of pepper he consumed at each meal alarmed her for his health's sake. She spoke to him about it, and was rewarded with a solemn eulogy on the spice.

'Pepper,' he told her, 'is a fine tonic. There's none better in the world. Pepper livens up the stummick and warms the liver. And it's a fine blood medicine, pepper is.'

My grandmother saw that she had trod upon a favorite appetite. She withdrew her objections to pepper. But on the following day she discovered an even more peculiar quality of the tinker's palate. Returning to her kitchen from some errand out of doors, she found the air heavy with the odor of steaming vinegar, and Harry Kent smacking his lips over an empty tumbler.

'It just come to me sudden,' he explained, 'that I'd like a drink of vinegar. I hope you don't care, my using some out of your jug.'

'But your stomach! No stomach can survive vinegar by the glassful.'

'Oh, the stummick, ma'am! The stummick is all the better for vinegar. The stummick needs it. Especially if it's mulled — and has a little sugar added.'

To this my grandmother could find no reply except that she'd never heard the like — so she let it go at that.

VI

On Saturday my grandparents drove to Old Town to 'lay in' provisions for another week. Harry Kent accompanied them. It was his plan to look for a clock to mend, and he said: 'If I ain't at the General Store by four o'clock, why don't wait for me. I'll finish my job and walk back to the farm.'

The appointed hour brought no tinker to the store, so they returned home without him. They thought nothing of his absence from the supper table. Even when nine o'clock came my grandfather said he supposed Kent had run into a good job and decided to stay in town to finish it. So the family went to bed.

My grandmother was a light sleeper. About midnight she was awakened by the sound of boisterous singing. It came from the road in front of the house. There was not much tune to it, and what little there was seemed unable to contain its unintelligible words. The song stopped without coming to an end. In the hush that followed, my grandmother heard steps on the graveled path that led around the house. She woke her husband, and said, 'I'm afraid old Ned Barkley has one of his crazy spells again. It sounds like him, out there snooping around the house.'

They got out of bed and moved to

the window. Crossing through the dark shadows of a mulberry tree was a man who walked with a peculiar zigzagging gait.

'Ned never gets dangerous,' my grandfather remembered. 'I'll go down and see what I can do with him.'

The man stood still and began to sing again.

> ''Appy 'Arry, 'Appy 'Arry,
> That's my nyme . . .'

'Why, it's our tinker!' my grandfather said. Deep in his cups, Harry Kent had returned to the cockney of his youth.

> '. . . That's 'oo I am, that's 'oo I am,
> Tyke 'Appy and 'Arry and put 'em in one,
> And you 'ave 'Appy 'Arry
> And that's my nyme!'

The song stopped. The tinker broke into a clumsy jig, lost his footing, and sprawled down upon the ground.

'Drunk!' said my grandmother. The word thrust out sharp, brittle points into the darkness. There was no human weakness that she rated as more despicable than drunkenness. She was, in point of this conviction, a little in advance of the intolerance for strong liquor drummed up out of the intensive propaganda of the Anti-Saloon Movement. Her aversion to excessive drinking dated back to a period in her girlhood when, as she put it, she had watched one of her own cousins drink a good farm right out from under the feet of his wife and children. She knew, she said, what the Demon Rum would do to people if he got a chance. The very sight of a drunk man, the dirty thing, was enough to make her sick. And if there was one thing she would never tolerate in her house, not for a minute, it was drunkenness. . . .

These convictions had nothing to do with the several gallons of grape and elderberry and dandelion wine that she 'put up' each year for judicious use. Nor did they interfere with the home-made ale or 'store' beer that was served traditionally at threshing time. It was all a matter of temperance, my grandmother maintained, and temperance consisted in knowing where to draw the line. This line she drew indelibly and with such militant aggressiveness that at times it bore a figurative resemblance to that famous line along which General Grant proposed to fight it out if it took all summer.

My grandfather thought of these things as he looked down from his bedroom window upon the disorganized person of the tinker. To him drunkenness was always foolish and often reprehensible, but it was something he could forgive readily provided he liked the person who was guilty of it. Now he felt a wave of sympathy for the tinker, for he knew what feelings must even then be stirring in his wife's breast. He knew, too, that out of these feelings would come a Duty, and this made him impatient; because, while this Duty would be of his wife's invention, it was he who would be asked to discharge it.

My grandmother said nothing for a time. She was still searching for adequate words when Harry Kent came tottering to his feet again. He started toward the rear of the house, but veered off in a ragged semicircle. He took new bearings and tried again. But his feet insisted upon a course of their own. He gave them their way, then, and arrived at length at the woodshed. Entering this structure, he closed the door resoundingly behind him.

VII

'Well!' So much feeling was expended in this simple word that my grandmother had to draw new breath before she went on. 'So that's his

story! No wonder he's been so close-mouthed about it!'

My grandfather said nothing.

'It's clear enough now why a man of his ability should turn out a nobody. We find him in the straw stack, give him work and a place to stay — and this is the thanks he gives us. And after all the fuss he's made over Gracie, too. I don't know when I've ever misjudged a person as much as this before.'

My grandfather coughed discreetly. It was too dark to see his wife's face clearly, but he was sure that a familiar air of determination had straightened the corners of her mouth a trifle. He had come to recognize these straightened mouth corners for what they were worth; and their worth in terms of unwavering conviction was considerable.

'You know as well as I do,' she went on, 'that we can't have a thing like this going on here. You may as well put a stop to it now as later. After all, it was you who invited him to stay after the clock was regulated.'

'I'm chilly,' said my grandfather, and he went back to bed.

His wife followed him. For a time they lay there without further words. 'Why is it,' she asked then, 'that a man will make such a hog of himself? Even if it were n't sure ruination, you'd think he'd have a little pride.'

My grandfather yawned and sounded very sleepy as he replied, 'I don't know. Maybe he got in bad company to-night.' The idea appealed to him. He forgot his sleepiness to enlarge upon it. 'Come to think of it, a drunkard rarely acts as crazy as Kent did. It's the man who rarely drinks more than he can manage who sings and falls around that way. Take Kent here — I don't think he's used to it. I don't think he's a habitual drunkard. In fact —'

'Nonsense! He and his pepper and his vinegar. I don't know how I can have been so blind. . . . Well, it's your duty to see that he does n't stay here any longer.'

There it was. He knew that was coming. And the children — they'd be brought into it next. He said: 'I can't see any sense in making such a fuss about it. He'll be moving on in a few days, anyway. Tinkers never stay long in one place.'

'And for good reason, it seems. I'm surprised that you take such an attitude. You might think of the children. A fine example for Lenny.'

'Oh, the children. . . . They probably did n't even wake up. They won't know anything about it if we don't tell them.'

There was another silence then, after which my grandmother ended the discussion by saying quietly: 'Very well. If you won't speak to him, I will.'

VIII

Sometime during the remainder of the night Harry Kent recovered his senses and went quietly up to his room. He appeared in the kitchen next morning as my grandmother was busy at her stove. She had expected to see him blear-eyed and surly and disheveled, as she thought a man ought to look after a night of disgraceful abandon. But the tinker was fresh and cheerful. His clothing was carefully brushed. He wore a clean white shirt. 'Morning, ma'am,' he said, and went to the sink. He began to wash his face, dipping up double handfuls of water and blowing vigorously into them. This, his habitual method of washing, produced gurgling noises so suggestive of marine animals that my grandmother had once remarked, 'To hear our tinker wash his face is almost as good as a trip to the seaside.'

On this morning, these aquatic blow-

ings brought vividly to her mind the Harry Kent whom she had learned to like and respect during the week past. And as these remembrances flooded her thoughts, the sound of his drunken singing, the sight of him sprawled on the ground beneath her window, faded into the unreality of a bad dream. An illusion of two tinkers arose suddenly before her — the one pleasant and industrious and likable, the other a good-for-nothing drunkard. It was very confusing. The speech she had rehearsed faltered on her lips.

But even in this moment of forbearance she was able to detect Temptation — a temptation to avoid her Duty. For if removing the spectacle of a drunkard from the eyes of one's children was not a Duty, it was hard to say what was. . . .

Still, as she watched the little tinker at his ablutions this temptation grew to alarming proportions. My grandmother found her weakness grave enough to demand a justification. So, postponing the remarks that she had prepared for craven ears, she set out to search for one. This search led her shortly to the tinker's appetite for pepper and vinegar. Might this not represent a struggle against the shackles of his curse? What if he choked himself with vinegar and singed his throat with pepper in an attempt to still the cravings of the Demon Rum? She had heard of such things. And certainly it was difficult to know when one should avoid evil and its appearances, and when a helping hand should be extended to a struggling soul. . . .

My grandmother perceived, then, that she needed time for further thought.

All through breakfast and the hours that followed it, through a long, reverberating sermon in the church, and through the noon meal, she kept stirring at her problem. And, through these same hours, my grandfather watched the struggle that reflected itself on his wife's face. He saw the corners of her mouth alternately straighten to firmness and soften out again, and he fell to speculating on the nature of her final decision. It became a kind of guessing game. By dint of concentrating on it, the question as to whether Harry Kent would be asked to leave the farm, or whether he would be allowed to stay as long as he wished, expanded to an issue of great moment.

When he saw the corners of his wife's mouth straighten, he thought, 'Well, he's done for,' and experienced a regret and disappointment out of all proportion to his real liking for the tinker. And when he saw determination fade from her face and thought, 'Saved again!' he felt a relief that would have been no greater had Harry Kent been rescued from some grave danger. My grandfather knew that these feelings were distorted and magnified, but, instead of deflating them to normal proportions, he prodded and encouraged them; for he enjoyed the excitement and suspense in which they plunged him.

IX

On fine Sunday afternoons, it was customary for those who lived on my grandfather's farm to disport themselves — within the limits of Sabbath restraint — on a lawn that lay beneath the shade of two huge pine trees. So, on that Sunday with which this story is concerned, my grandfather carried from the house a rocking-chair for his wife and a rocking-chair and Bible for himself. He derived unfailing pleasure from reliving the conquests and vanquishments of Israel, from basking in the clear, exultant music of the Psalms, or from inspiring himself anew with the philosophy of the New Testament. It

was a pleasure he reserved appropriately for the vacant hours of Sunday afternoon. So on this day he sat thumbing leisurely at the pages, waiting for some phrase to leap up, seize his interest, and draw him into a story. But the phrase did not appear, for his real interest lay in the tinker, and his eyes kept wandering from the Bible to take new bearings from his wife's face.

She was sitting very near him with her eyes lowered on the turf. And she was rocking not at all, which he considered a bad sign.

Harry Kent was seated at the base of one of the pine trees, his back resting against the trunk. He was intent on his carving, and at last the block of wood in which he had invested so much time and patience had taken the shape of a little human figure. It was almost completed. Aware of this fact, Gracie had placed herself directly in front of her friend, the better to absorb each scrape and twist that his knife point made. She was flushed with eagerness, an emotion that showed itself also in strained attention and an unusual silence broken by such recurring words as 'Is it done now?' 'How soon will it be done?'

Considerable time dragged by in this way. My grandfather grew restive in the suspense of it, and looked for something with which to break the silence. Browsing through the book of John, he came upon the words: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.' These struck him with inspired fitness, so — starting a few lines above them to disguise his motive — he began to read aloud. There was nothing unusual in this; he often shared favorite passages with any audience that happened to be within the range of his voice. When he had passed the object of his reading he paused to note its effect upon his wife. Raising his eyes, he met a cool, level gaze that stripped his strategy quite bare and somehow raised the imputation that even the Devil can quote Scripture to his own uses.

'Now I've made things worse,' my grandfather thought. 'I might have known better. He'll get his walking papers, all right.'

Silence came upon them again. At length the tinker looked up from his work and asked, as though he had just thought of it, 'Was I noisy last night?'

My grandmother stiffened in her chair. 'It was n't the noise we objected to.'

Harry Kent looked relieved. 'I'm glad of that. Sometimes people tell me I'm a mite noisy when I've had a drop too much.' He began to whistle and returned to his carving.

My grandmother said, 'It seems a great pity that such a fine clock maker as you should take to drink.'

The tinker blushed and replied modestly: 'Thank you, ma'am. But I ain't so fine — there's lots better clock makers than me.'

My grandmother's time of indecision wound to an end. She knew suddenly that her Duty lay along the lines of salvation. 'They say,' she stated, 'that there are cures for that.'

Harry Kent approached the information uncertainly. 'Cures for havin' drink, you mean?'

'So they say.'

He puckered his face and thought about it. 'It ain't a cure for havin' it I'd want, ma'am. It's a cure for *not* havin' it!' He laughed, and beamed at her with engaging frankness.

Something leaped and turned over in my grandfather's chest. Had the fellow no tact at all? Could n't he see from her face? Now if he'd only open up and tell a sad story about how hard life had used him . . .

But Harry Kent chose instead to

enlarge upon his unorthodox theme. 'Drink's not for most folks. Drink's for them that's all alone, and them that has something to forget about.' He paused, and concluded with real emotion, 'Why, ma'am, drink's the best friend I've had for twenty years!'

X

It took a little time for my grandmother to absorb the full significance of this confession. The idea of a man going willfully through life arm in arm with the Demon Rum was overwhelming.

My grandfather saw the blank amazement on her face, heard a faint gasp. Well, it was all over. This was the end. . . . Slowly his eyes turned to the tinker, but he saw only his little daughter Gracie. She had come to her feet and was jigging up and down, a small wooden figure clutched in both hands. 'Is it really done, now? Is it mine?'

'It's done. Yes, it's for you.'

The child wheeled and ran to her mother. 'Look what Harry made! It's mine! Harry made it!'

My grandmother found the little figure thrust into her hands. She glanced at it tentatively, and her eyes caught on it. For a long time she sat looking at it, while her husband saw such mixed emotions appear on her face that he could make nothing of them. At length she said, without looking up: 'You told me once about your little girl back in England. Is this . . . ?'

'That's her,' the tinker replied. 'That's the way she looked when I saw her last. . . . Oh, I make all sorts of things, but this is what I make the most. It always sells the best, too. . . . It's just like I remember her.'

His face was alight with an inspired self-assurance — the face of an artist, eager for any criticism provided only that it be favorable.

My grandfather left his chair to bend over his wife's shoulder. He saw the figure of a little girl. She was holding a doll in her arms, her face turned down to it. There was life in the sweep of the whittled lines — in the hair that spilled across one shoulder, in the dress folds and fingers, in an apron askew. One stocking, escaped from its fastener, was coiled down around an ankle. Even the laces of the shoes were there, all carved from a block of wood.

The tinker received the praise for which he waited. 'I've seen a good deal of wood carving in my time,' said my grandfather, 'but never anything to match this. You're a real artist, Kent.'

My grandmother's mind had filled with those domestic tragedies which she had earlier invented to account for the tinker's separation from his little daughter. The old clock was there, too — the long desire its repairing had fulfilled, the childhood memories it renewed for her.

As she gazed at the little image, it seemed, somehow, to raise one of its small whittled hands and wipe the sin of its maker from her conscience. She could not explain it. She knew only, with a sense of swift relief, that her Duty had discharged itself unspoken, and left her with no impulses save those of human kindliness.

She looked up to meet the eyes of Harry Kent and said, 'It's wonderful.'

GAS: A STUDY IN EXPANSION

The Case of Associated Gas

BY N. R. DANIELIAN

I

In face of the so-called utility problem, the public is in an uncomfortable dilemma: as consumers they wish lower rates, as investors they aspire to higher returns, and as voters they are called upon to regulate both. With the development of customer ownership of utility securities, this disconcerting position has become of immediate and pressing importance.

The conflict in public interests exists whether or not the government enters into competition with the established utility organizations. For lower rates mean lessened income to the operating companies and to the holding companies which own the capital stock of such companies; and in so far as the public holds the holding-company securities, it will lose through diminished dividends what it gains through lower rates. But of course it is not as simple as this. All consumers are not security owners; and those who are do not necessarily invest their money in the local company or in the holding company owning it — and assuredly not in the same proportion in which they consume electric energy. It does not follow, then, that what is lost through higher rates will be received back by the same persons in higher return on investment. It is not as if money were taken from one pocket and put in the other. The other pocket may be somebody else's.

Before the public forms an opinion one way or another in response to exhortations from political candidates or power companies, and before state legislators and public service commissions commit themselves to definite action, the relationship between power rates and operating- and holding-company security values must be better understood. This is necessary not only in the interest of the consumer, but also in the interest of the investor. For the capital values of holding companies, which control by far the largest part of light and power properties in the United States, are so seriously involved in this matter as to threaten certain ones besides those already plunged into bankruptcy.

I shall try to explain this matter by 'holding, as 't were, the mirror up to nature.' Nature in the raw, one might say. In short, I shall describe the plight of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. The policies of the Associated's management give clearer outline to the points relevant to the problem in hand than those of any other system, because the Associated has shown a strange propensity to go to extremes. The phenomenal growth of this System, the complexity of its capitalization, the intricacies of its corporate structure, the ingenuity of its financial methods, and the one-sided-

ness of its relations with operating companies, defy any comparison in the utility field or elsewhere. In this paper only the last of these activities will be considered, with a view to clarifying the position of the public in its dual capacity as security owner and customer of utilities. Other activities of the Associated System, particularly in respect to methods and types of security issues, accounting, and annual reports, would easily provide material for a separate study. But these aspects will be considered here only in so far as they bear upon the problem herein defined.

This is, therefore, a case study of intercorporate relations. It does not imply that all public-utility holding companies indulge in similar practices, or to the same degree. Far from it. In due course I shall mention some notable exceptions.

II

What is the Associated Gas and Electric System? Its structure is indescribably complex. An unpublished chart of the System, as of March 31, 1932, shows 264 corporate entities, which are intertwined in ungodly confusion with the help of some 40 pure holding companies. The Associated Gas and Electric Company is not the top holding company, as is popularly supposed; neither does it stand immediately above the operating companies. Instead, it is suspended in the middle of a chain of companies reaching from the people in control — namely, Messrs. H. C. Hopson and J. I. Mange — to the operating companies, which are the geese that lay the golden eggs. There are, in places, as many as eight holding-company links in this chain.

The organization at the top of the chain is the Associated Gas and Electric Properties, which is a Massachusetts voluntary trust. This trust has two certificates of one-half beneficial interest outstanding, owned by Messrs. J. I. Mange and H. C. Hopson respectively. It owns the voting stock in Associated Securities Corporation, which in turn controls the Class B voting common stock of the Associated Gas and Electric Company — the company which has the greatest amount of securities outstanding. Through the Manson Securities Trust, the Associated Gas and Electric Properties controls the New England Gas and Electric Association. The relationship between the New England Gas and Electric Association and the Associated Gas and Electric Company is that of second cousins.

There is another misconception about the relationship of the Associated Gas and Electric Company to operating subsidiaries. It is popularly supposed that this company owns the operating properties directly. This is far from the truth. In fact, the Associated Gas and Electric Company owned, as of March 31, 1932, nothing but the bonds and stocks of another company — namely, Associated Gas and Electric Corporation (Delaware), of 'Baby Bond' fame. This company in turn controls other holding companies — Associated Electric Company (Delaware), Metropolitan Edison Corporation (Delaware), General Gas and Electric Corporation (Delaware), Rochester Central Power Corporation (Delaware), and General Utility Investors Corporation (Delaware). These are only a few of the wares the Associated System has bought from the Delaware Bureau of Corporations. They in turn have control of other holding and operating companies. The Federal Trade Commission's examiner, Mr. Charles Nodder, in his admirable study of the System, writes regarding these holding companies: —

> For the most part, the sub-holding companies and/or trusts are nothing more than

bookkeeping units, having no employees, no real organization, but have singly a set of account books, minute books, and supporting papers. They have, of course, separate legal entities and possess, generally, very extensive corporate powers as set forth in their several certificates of incorporation. They are not active, although capable of being used for any purpose desired by System officials.

It is not safe to say what the corporate structure of the Associated System looks like at any given time because of the propensity the management has shown for redistributing the properties and sub-holding companies with bewildering rapidity. In the past some investments have been kept in motion among several sub-holding companies, shifting 'as wind along the waste, I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.'

In one aspect, however, the Associated System has found simplicity to be a profitable virtue. The operating companies within the System own no cash funds. All receipts of the local companies in New England, including payments on customers' bills, are deposited by them, usually in local banks, to the credit of New England Gas and Electric Association. And all receipts of operating companies falling under the jurisdiction of Associated Gas and Electric Company are similarly deposited to the credit of 'Associated Gas and Electric Companies.' The examiner of the Federal Trade Commission was informed that this is only a name. But the funds so deposited are subject to checks or withdrawal only by the Associated Gas and Electric Company. Yet many operating companies in their reports to the public service commissions indicate 'cash' on their balance sheets, though they are not allowed to spend more than a nominal sum without authorization from the central office. (Federal Trade Commission Exhibit 5156, MS. p. 44.) Thus all the complexity of corporate structure is ignored by the management where cash is concerned.

III

In its size and complexity the Associated System is a web of recent growth. The Associated Gas and Electric Company was organized as a holding company in 1906 by interests closely identified with Ithaca Gas Light Company, with the intention of consolidating public-utility properties in and around Ithaca, New York. For sixteen years it had an uneventful existence. From 1922 on, it budded forth into an expansive bloom like a sunflower under the clear skies of days now legendary. Beginning with total book assets of $1,200,000 at the time it started doing business in 1907, its growth has been erratic and phenomenal, as shown by the total book assets, according to the Trade Commission: —

1912	$3,131,742.18
1921	4,651,469.49
1925	89,487,061.48
1928	264,915,889.47
1929	641,820,040.81
1931	691,145,960.29

In the last ten years the total book assets of Associated Gas and Electric Company increased 140 times. Its total consolidated assets also kept pace with this dizzy expansion.

Dec. 31, 1913	$5,638,345.83
" " 1921	6,942,570.38
" " 1925	217,388,432.31
" " 1928	319,828,168.62
" " 1929	900,491,542.90
" " 1931	941,238,518.32

The expansion since 1922 was due to the acquisition of control by Messrs. Mange and Hopson, who proceeded with haste to acquire properties all over the country. Under the caption 'Strength from Diversity,' the Asso-

ciated Company states in its annual report for 1930: 'Areas served by the Associated Company vary widely in location and characteristics. The 3000 communities served by the operating subsidiaries are situated in 21 states and the Philippine Islands. They range in size from agricultural villages to great industrial cities.'

IV

The only thing comparable in complexity to the corporate structure of the Associated System is its capitalization. Since 1922, when the present management obtained control of the Associated Gas and Electric Company for an investment of $292,060, the growth has been financed chiefly by the issue of non-voting securities of all descriptions: Stock Purchase Warrants, Common, Class A, Preference, and Preferred Stocks, Convertible Debentures, and Gold Bonds. In December 1931, there were outstanding over thirty-five different classes of securities of Associated Gas and Electric Company alone; one of the bond issues is due, believe it or not, in 2875. And yet this company owns little more than the bonds and stocks of another holding company, the Associated Gas and Electric Corporation (Delaware), which has begun to issue its own obligations — the Baby Bonds — to the public. The picture is still further beclouded by the fact that sub-holding companies below this Delaware corporation have their array of securities outstanding.

The Associated Gas and Electric Company sponsored a new policy of financing in that it preferred the issue of holding-company instead of operating-company securities. As a result, it has unwieldy amounts of holding-company bonds and debentures outstanding. On December 31, 1931, it had funded debt of $253,040,269.70 and obligations convertible into stocks at the company's option in the amount of $82,-014,021.49; the latter were converted into Preference and Preferred Stocks during 1932. These securities, along with sub-holding and subsidiary-operating-company securities, constitute a hodgepodge approaching the now legendary 57 varieties.

The money, of course, came from the people. The number of shareholders in the Associated System increased from 150 in 1922 to 254,784 during 1932. And who are these shareholders? Over 25 per cent of them are housewives! Skilled and unskilled laborers, clerks, farmers, students, and minor children have also been attracted into the fond embrace of the Associated. But take heart: bankers constitute less than 2 per cent of the total shareholders!

Not all the holding-company securities of the Associated System were issued for cash. Through numerous exchange offers, operating-company creditors and shareholders were urged to turn in their holdings for parent-company securities that have ahead of them hundreds of millions of dollars par value of parent- and sub-holding-company bonds.

V

What were the objectives of this incubator process of multiplying and increasing holding-company securities? Up until the end of 1929, the Associated System exhibited a zealous avidity in acquiring any and all public-utility properties available for sale. This is indicated in the increase of book assets by nearly four hundred millions during 1929 alone. These acquisitions were made either with cash, using the proceeds of securities sold to the general public, or through exchange of holding-company bonds and stocks for the securities of the operating companies to be acquired, or by a combination of these two ways.

In building up the capitalization of the Associated System by new acquisitions, the management showed a matchless generosity. Examples are many of sums paid which were several times the value of the properties obtained, no matter what standard of worth one employs. In 1929, the Associated acquired control of 1,581,884 shares of common stock of Rochester Central Power Corporation for an applied cost of $85,674,687.02. This was $35,528,893.06 in excess of the book worth of the acquired properties. If objection is raised to the importance given to book value in the foregoing comparison, suffice it to point out that the return on the investment of the Associated was less than 2 per cent in view of the earnings of Rochester Central during 1928.

This case, however, is simply the embodiment of keen business acumen as compared with the acquisition of the Barstow properties. According to contracts dated February 5 and 11, 1929, the Associated obtained 94,005 shares of Barstow Securities Corporation and 11,760 shares of W. S. Barstow & Co., Inc., for a total price of $49,923,855.17. The only investment of the Barstow companies then was in the securities of General Gas and Electric Corporation. At the time that these securities were acquired for nearly fifty million dollars, their book value was $314,614.88. In other words, the purchase price was over 158 times the book value! (Federal Trade Commission Exhibit 5156, MS. pp. 535–565.)

On the basis of the average market value during the six months before purchase, the securities for which an amount of $49,923,855.17 was paid were worth only $5,904,870.30. This is a payment of over eight times the market value.

The net income during 1928, applicable to the securities acquired by the Associated in February 1929, was $440,289.10. Therefore the return on the fifty million dollars paid for them was only 0.88 per cent. In making this purchase, the Associated Gas and Electric Company incurred obligations upon which the interest was in excess of $2,800,000 a year.

These cases are not isolated instances. The examiner of the Federal Trade Commission has found that up to December 1929 the Associated Gas and Electric Company apparently 'paid $266,205,178.12 in excess of the cost of assets to the subsidiaries acquired and included in the consolidation, which would represent an excess purchase price of approximately 65 per cent over the cost to the operating companies of such assets of $402,483,-924.41.' (Federal Trade Commission Exhibit 5157, MS. pp. 1005–1009.) Of this excess purchase price, $40,988,391.43 represents appraisals on a reproduction new basis; so that the rest of the excess price paid represented an asset of an intangible nature.

VI

If the Associated Gas capitalization is a sort of container, — a stein, shall we say, — then the foregoing evidence shows that there is a good deal of foam in it, for which the public has paid its money.

The payment of excessive prices in the acquisition of properties has not been the only way in which this condition has been created. There are other methods by which the Associated has blown up its capitalization, causing it to inflate to dangerous dimensions. By a process of issuing bonds at discounts, repurchasing them at premiums, then reselling the same bonds at lower than repurchase price, and finally redeeming them at par, or above,

before the date of maturity, the Associated Gas and Electric Company has created enormous liabilities. As a result of such transactions, the funds obtained have been far short of the face value of obligations created.

This procedure is well illustrated in the transactions involving the 5½ per cent Convertible Gold Debentures (Series of 1977). In February 1927, the Board of Directors of Associated Gas and Electric Company authorized the issue of $40,000,000 of these debentures. The whole issue was sold to an investment banking house at $90.75 for $100 par. Immediately the issuing company got busy to reacquire and resell these bonds. After two years of this process the net result was that, on December 31, 1929, the company had created for itself $8,019,000 of these debenture obligations, for which its net proceeds were but $2,017,471.93. This indicates a discount of over six million dollars, or little short of 75 per cent on the principal amount outstanding at the end of 1929. Against the eight million dollars of liabilities, the management acquired one quarter substance and three quarters froth. The cost of capital obtained in this liberal fashion is enormous. The company has to pay 5½ per cent on eight millions, which, calculated on the actual proceeds of two millions, comes to over 21 per cent. There are other instances of such gyrations. Each time the company has found that a dance of debentures calls for an expensive piper. (Federal Trade Commission Exhibit 5157, MS. pp. 832–836, 838–839, 852, 856–857.)

VII

The Associated Gas and Electric Company sways in the air, high up above the ground. It is like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, a pyramidal structure, built in weird design, worthy of a Nebuchadnezzar. The luxurious vegetation in this ethereal garden, the many and varied types of securities that have germinated there, has grown with rare rapidity.

The problem, however, for the overlords of this garden has been how to nourish the plants. They must be irrigated with income, the lifeblood of liabilities, or they will dry up and the garden decay. So the lords of this little paradise have set up an elaborate scheme of pumping up income from lower levels. The operating companies are the artesian wells from which funds are drawn to nourish the vegetation of the garden above.

An attempt will now be made to decipher the hieroglyphics of Associated history and reveal the intricacies and mystery of the machinery in use. The first device by which income is drawn up as needed is somewhat complicated. The subsidiary operating companies transfer their 'Current Net Earnings' from Corporate Surplus to 'Stated Capital for Common Stock.' The Associated Gas and Electric Company 'takes up' this transfer as an enhancement in the value of 'Investments' and 'Surplus.' But at the same time the parent company enters these same items into its own income account as 'Current Net Earnings of Subsidiary Companies Transferred to Stated Capital.'

'It is found conclusively,' writes the examiner of the Federal Trade Commission, 'that large amounts of write-ups made by the parent company in its security investment accounts as a result of the transfer of Current Net Earnings of Subsidiaries from Subsidiaries' Undistributed Earnings have passed on to the Associated Gas and Electric Company as income, and dividends have been paid out of the same to the public on both preferred and several classes of common stock.'

In some cases this has been done without declaration of dividends by the subsidiary. At least $15,839,154.59 of such write-up in Investments was included in Corporate Surplus out of which dividends on parent-company securities were paid. This amount is almost 50 per cent of the total dividends paid on preferred and common stocks during the years 1922–1929. In this way the Company presumes to eat its cake and have it too.

Other methods of securing income to feed the parent-company securities have not been wanting. In many cases insufficient provision has been made for depreciation of subsidiaries' capital. Through failure to make proper charges against gross revenue for depreciation, a larger net income is taken up by the owners of equity stock, the holding companies. Thus, what should properly be reserved for replenishment of capital is taken up as income. Like the radioactive elements, the live substance of the operating companies wastes itself away by radiation into income.

A third way of increasing income has been by the method of charging excessive rates of interest on capital advanced by the holding company to the operating companies through open accounts. Up to July 1, 1930, holding companies advancing money in this way charged 8 per cent interest. From then on, as a result of criticism by public service commissions, the rate was lowered to 6 per cent. The New Hampshire Public Service Commission states that 'there never was any action by the board of directors of the New Hampshire [Gas and Electric] company on that question' of lowering the charge from 8 to 6 per cent, 'neither was there any directors' authorization to the payment of 8 per cent so far as the treasurer knew,' and 'neither the stockholders nor directors ever voted to pay interest on the open account.' And, the last straw, 'no effort to obtain money at lower rates has been made.' These things are not hard to explain when it is borne in mind that the stockholders and the creditors, through open accounts, are the same Associated interests.

VIII

There are two additional methods of increasing the income of the holding companies at the expense of operating companies and their customers: to wit, the engrossment of the fixed capital account, and hence of the rate base on which the owners of the utility are allowed to earn a return; and the diversion of a part of gross income of the utilities by the holding company as service charges. The latter takes many forms.

The write-up of operating-company fixed capital account, usually under pretext of enhanced value of property according to reproduction cost, has for a long time been the stumbling-block in the way of attempts to regulate utilities. Not only has the practice been sustained by courts of law, but it has even crept into federal legislation on valuation of railroads. Its desirability from the owners' point of view is well stated by the New Hampshire Public Service Commission: 'The greater the value of the plant devoted to the public service, the larger the income must be to pay a fair return on that value. In all rate cases the engineers for the utility almost always evidence a value in excess of that testified to by engineers representing the complainant.'

The only variation that the Associated management has introduced into this method of increasing earnings without any additional investment in fixed capital is the expeditious manner in which the enhancement of valuation is achieved. Although in many cases

actual engineering reappraisals have been made, often the management has not been satisfied with the meagre results. It has adopted the much quicker method of charging to the fixed capital account a flat increase of 45 per cent of book cost. This is known under the euphonious name of 'Brooklyn Borough Overhead.' In 1926, a district court in New York allowed approximately a 45 per cent increase in the value of Brooklyn Borough Gas Company capital. The Associated management took advantage of this liberality; with one fell swoop these overheads, to quote from the Federal Trade Commission's study, 'were applied by company officials to all properties, regardless of the similarity of the property of their respective companies to the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company's property.'

IX

The procedure used in writing up the property value of the Derry Electric Company (New Hampshire) in 1930 illustrates this as well as many other points described in the foregoing discussion. It is one of those discoveries that give the research worker in the field of corporate morals and manners the same thrill as the finding of a weird statue of a Mayan god brings to an explorer. To begin with, we must picture the corporate set-up in New Hampshire: there is the New England Gas and Electric Association, sister company of Associated Gas and Electric Company organized in 1926 as a Massachusetts voluntary trust; it owns the common stocks of the two operating companies, Derry Electric Company and New Hampshire Gas and Electric Company; and the Derry Company has a 5 per cent closed first mortgage outstanding with a par value of $50,000, dated May 1, 1911, and maturing in 1931. This is at the end of 1928.

Now for successive steps of hair-splitting legal logic. (1) Early in 1929 the New England Gas and Electric Association acquired the 5 per cent $50,000 first mortgage. Thus the same company became both owner and creditor of the Derry Electric. (2) Notwithstanding that 'the books of the company show net earnings sufficient to pay the interest requirements,' the owner, the New England Gas and Electric Association, decided to default on the interest of said bonds held by itself. This took place on May 1, 1929, and in a letter to the Trustee, dated November 16, 1929, the Directors of Derry Electric waived any period of grace and consented 'that the Trustee take immediate action to foreclose the mortgage securing its First Mortgage Bonds and sell the property described in or subject to the lien of said mortgage.' (3) The Trustee, acting at the request of a majority of bondholders, — namely, the New England Gas and Electric Association, — proceeded to foreclose the property of Derry Electric Company, and sold it at public auction on March 18, 1930.

Until now the New England Gas and Electric Association, in the dual capacity of both owner and creditor of the Derry company, was acting like a versatile player who takes two rôles in the same play. But this is not the limit of its versatility. It appears in a third rôle in the next act. (4) The New Hampshire Gas and Electric Company, also owned by the New England Association, buys the Derry property at foreclosure for $547,591, although the New Hampshire Public Service Commission says, 'At the time there had been no vote either by stockholders or directors of that company [New Hampshire Gas and Electric Company] to purchase or to bid.' And the Commission goes on to state: 'The decision to have the property bought in by the

New Hampshire Gas and Electric Company emanated from the office of Mr. Hopson.' (5) Later the bid price 'was voluntarily increased by the purchaser to $873,950.29, which amount purports to represent the valuation of the properties as fixed by one Edward J. Cheney, an engineer associated with Associated Gas and Electric Company or its affiliated companies.' (6) Finally, where did the New Hampshire Company obtain the money? It was advanced through open account by the New England Gas and Electric Association by a book entry as of April 30, 1930. The New Hampshire Company paid 8 per cent interest on this account from April 30, 1930, to July 1, 1930, since which time 6 per cent has been charged, 'although the entry was not made on the books until December 16, 1930.' The greater part of the $873,950.29 that the New England Gas and Electric Association charged to the New Hampshire Company with one hand it received with the other by virtue of its being the principal creditor of the Derry company on open account and through ownership of the $50,000 bonds, and by virtue of its being also the sole stockholder.

Thus the New England Gas and Electric Association acted in the triple capacity, directly or through subsidiaries, as owner (therefore debtor), creditor, and purchaser of the Derry properties. And the net result was, first, a write-up in the value of the Derry plant by nearly 60 per cent; second, an open-account indebtedness of the New Hampshire Company, on which it paid 8 per cent interest for a while and 6 per cent thereafter; and in the third place, whereas formerly the equity of the New England Gas and Electric Association was a part creditor and part ownership lien, it now obtained a creditor lien against an operating company in the amount of the inflated value of the Derry property. This transaction was one of the many activities of the Associated System in New Hampshire over which the State Supreme Court decided that the Public Service Commission had no regulatory authority at law!

X

After studying the methods of increasing holding-company income described above, one would think all possible ways of milking the operating subsidiaries would have been exhausted. This, unfortunately, is not true. Having purchased properties at exorbitant prices, the Associated management must make them pay. Having bought an expensive goose, the management subjects it to all sorts of treatment to make it lay golden eggs.

Further ways by which the Associated System forces the subsidiaries to yield golden eggs are the service contracts. All the companies in the System are directed from one centre and have no will of their own. And yet contracts are executed between service companies, of which there are several in the System, and the operating subsidiaries, by which the latter 'agree' to pay sizable service fees. There are four important types of services that are rendered in accordance with contracts. These are: management, engineering and construction, purchasing, and merchandising. The fee for management is 2½ per cent of the operating company's gross revenue; that for engineering and construction is 7½ per cent of cost of construction; and the payment for purchasing services is 1½ per cent in the United States and Canada, and 2 per cent in the Philippine Islands, of the face value of purchases. The story concerning appliance sales is a different one, as will be shown presently.

A few examples of the way these con-

tracts work to the advantage of the holding company will suffice to show their significance. The management of the Associated properties has been in the hands of the J. G. White Management Corporation, now called the Utility Management Corporation. Up to May 1, 1928, the J. G. White organization was independent. It received specified fees for managing Associated System properties. The Associated Gas and Electric Company, or some other holding company in the System, received 2½ per cent of gross revenue from the subsidiaries and paid J. G. White Management Corporation the specified fee. The amount the holding company received was much greater than the fee paid for the actual management. Thus, for the years 1925, 1926, and 1927 (to July 31), the J. G. White organization received $367,940.42 for management of certain System properties. The total fees collected on the basis of the 2½ per cent of gross revenue of the same properties were $841,423.20. The difference between this and the payment to J. G. White — namely, $473,482.78 — was a pure profit to two Associated holding companies. In regard to these receipts the Federal Trade Commission's examiner writes: —

> It is admitted by the representatives of the Associated Gas and Electric Company that the Associated Electric Company performed no services for the fees received. . . . As for the Associated Gas and Electric Company, it also admitted that there were no expenses incurred in respect to any services rendered, and the statements made regarding such alleged services were of an indefinite and intangible nature.

By this token, three dollars out of every seven received from the operating companies on management contracts alone were sufficient to engage an independent concern to do the service, presumably at an acceptable profit to itself. The other four dollars were clear profit to the holding companies, for which they rendered an 'intangible' service.

That this profit of four dollars out of every seven received is not an exaggeration of the case is indicated when we compare the actual expenses of rendering services. During the same six years, ending with December 31, 1929, the operating companies in the Associated System paid, in addition to $4,994,738.38 for management, fees of $4,976,205.89 for construction and engineering. This makes a total of $9,970,944.27 for the two types of service. During this period the *entire* operating expenses of all companies within the System receiving fees amounted to $3,397,204.49. This indicates a clear profit of $6,573,739.78. (Federal Trade Commission Exhibit 5157, MS. p. 1102.) Thus, nearly two out of every three dollars paid by the operating companies for management and engineering was a pure profit over expenses. The same condition obtains in respect to fees for services in purchasing.

The merchandising contract in effect is a beast of a different hide. Up to December 1, 1928, the business of selling appliances was in the hands of the operating companies, which received the profits and sustained the losses attendant thereto. It was, usually, a profitable business. Perhaps for that very reason the Associated management decided to 'leave the chaff, and take the wheat.' This they did by organizing the Associated Utilities Merchandising Company (later named Associated Appliance Corporation), which, beginning December 1, 1928, took title to the operating companies' merchandise inventories at cost or market, *whichever was lower*. Since then the operating companies have been doing the work of selling, while the Merchandising Company, an indirect

subsidiary of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, receives all the profits. From December 1, 1928, to December 31, 1929, the Appliance Corporation made a profit of $985,-791.15. The New Hampshire Public Service Commission delivered itself on this subject in the following terms: 'It is merely a scheme whereby the utility does the same business it did before, in the same way, with the same facilities, through the same office and working force, and the profits are diverted to another subsidiary of the "System" for the benefit of the same ultimate owners.'

XI

Already the reader perhaps says, 'I have enough, my brother.' But what is the writer to do if age and custom cannot stale the infinite variety of Associated's ways? With every new occasion it changes its devices. A last variant of the methods of pumping income upward to the holding company must be stated.

Here is the Associated Gas and Electric Company, a holding company whose readiness to serve is considered such an asset to the subsidiaries. One is curious to know how much it costs to support this valuable organization. So we peruse the expense account in the annual report for 1931. And we are face to face with a strange fact. No operating expenses are charged against income! Has a miracle occurred? Has the Associated management found the secret of perpetual motion, or a way of running an engine without cost? Or is the gas register out of order so that we cannot learn how much it costs to run it?

Probing into this matter, we find that the latter hypothesis is the case. The Associated Gas found the proverbial aunt or uncle to pay the bills. And, as you may have guessed, the munificent relatives are the operating companies. The method by which this is accomplished bears the poetic name of 'Ithaca Working Fund.' This fund is an account to which the expenses of the holding companies are charged and which is replenished by contributions from the operating companies in proportion to their gross revenues. Except for $20,000 in 1928 and $60,000 in 1929, the expenses of the Associated Gas and Electric Company were paid by the operating companies through the Ithaca Working Fund.

It must be clearly understood that the charges made through the Ithaca Working Fund are in addition to the various contractual fees that the operating companies are obliged to pay. Previously the testimony of the Federal Trade Commission was introduced, according to which a good part of the fees received were pure profit, and the portion accruing to the holding companies was received in return for services of an intangible nature. Now we discover that the operating companies paid twice for these intangible services: once through the Ithaca Working Fund, and a second time through service fees, the latter yielding fat profits.

These duplicate charges are implicit also in the so-called 'Hopson Bills.' These are bills presented by H. C. Hopson and Company for accounting and financial services. They are partly charged directly to the operating companies for specific work done, or charged to Associated Gas and Electric Company expenses, which are in turn paid by the operating properties through the Ithaca Working Fund. And yet the management contracts, according to which local utilities pay 2½ per cent of gross revenue, are supposed to cover accounting, statistical, and financial help and advice. The

magnitude of these various service charges, system expenses, and the like, is shown by the fact that Associated properties in New York State alone had to pay $7,708,906.54 in the two years 1930 and 1931.

XII

How fitting is Walt Whitman's braggadocio: —

> I help myself to material and immaterial,
> No guard can shut me off, no law prevent me.

And indeed there seems to be no law to prevent the fleecing of operating companies. Within the past year the Supreme Courts of New Hampshire and of New York have thwarted the attempts of the Public Service Commissions in those states to regulate the payment of contractual service fees by operating subsidiaries of the Associated System.

For a long time the ruling opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States was the dictum enunciated in the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company *vs.* Missouri Public Service Commission case, where the court quoted another case: 'The Commission is not the financial manager of the Corporation, and it is not empowered to substitute its judgment for that of the directors of the Corporation; nor can it ignore items charged by the utilities as operating expenses unless there is evidence of the abuse of discretion in that regard by the Corporate officers.' This opinion was modified in the Smith *vs.* Illinois Bell Telephone case (1930) sufficiently to allow state commissions the right to examine the cost of rendering services. As yet the beneficial possibilities of this generous attitude have not been explored by lesser courts.

Even though a law was enacted in New York in April 1930, giving the Public Service Commission power to regulate service contracts, the Supreme Court of the state found, in a decision handed down on May 9, 1933, that the authority of the Commission did not apply to contracts made prior to April 1930. Supreme Court Justice F. Walter Bliss said in rendering the opinion: 'If, as is alleged in the complaint, there were outstanding valid contracts of this nature before this law became effective, the parties to such contracts are bound by them, may execute them, and there is no authority in the Public Service Commission to prevent payments under them.'

These opinions, although perhaps the result of good legalistic logic, disregard the very obvious fact that the management of the operating company, being completely controlled by the holding company, has no will and judgment independent of the interests of the holding company. In fact, at least in one case that has come to the attention of the writer, the directors of an operating company in the Associated System did not ratify a service contract until fourteen months after it had gone into effect and payment of fees was being made. Under such circumstances the attempts made by the courts to distinguish between the will of the holding company and that of the servile operating-company management seems like solving the ancient difficulty of determining whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father, the Son, or both. And yet a whole system of legal religion has been built upon the immodest solution of a similar difficulty.

XIII

What should be the attitude of the voter when the debate 'Customer versus Investor' is presented to him? We cannot expect an unbiased opinion from customer-owners of utility securi-

ties. But, even for the rest, it is not an easy matter to settle. The circumstances under which utilities operate are such that it is not only a matter of justice but also one of expediency, if adequate service is to be obtained, that people who put their savings into utility properties shall receive fair and adequate compensation. But, beyond that, should we expect the customers to support corporate liabilities that far exceed the cost value of the property in their service? And this is exactly what happens when the fixed capital account and the operating expenses of local utilities are boosted by extraneous charges.

Fortunately the problem is not as acute in the case of other utility systems as it is with the Associated. The Commonwealth and Southern Corporation and Columbia Gas and Electric Corporation voluntarily placed the servicing of their operating companies on a no-profit basis. The North American Company, and, so far as this writer is aware, the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, never had any service charges. And the Electric Bond and Share Company reduced them materially in 1929, though it is not yet known whether this means sufficient change of policy not to necessitate further alterations in order to conform with Section 3 of the Constitution of the newly organized Edison Electric Institute, which states that 'the charges to the operating company shall be reasonable and commensurate with the value of the services rendered and the fair cost thereof to the company furnishing the services.'

In the list of companies participating at the organization of the Institute, the Associated Gas and Electric Company was conspicuous by its absence. It is not known whether it has become a member by this time. It has made every effort to resist attempts at regulating the different ways in which it diverts funds from subsidiaries. This adamantine attitude is due to the fact that, unless the pumps that draw income are doing overtime work, the capitalization of the holding company would be in danger of decaying. So, instead of conforming to the trend in the industry toward self-regulation, it has resorted to public appeal. Here is the sort of diatribe it has begun to issue (annual report, 1931): —

> Political agitation against public utilities no doubt has an adverse effect upon utility securities. The principal cause of government regulation of private business in the past has been the purported safeguarding of the public interest against the evils of unrestricted competition on one hand and of unrestricted monopoly on the other. Neither of these conditions obtains in the public-utility industry, and the current criticism comes not from a public that is seeking better service but from politicians who are seeking votes. This is a matter which warrants consideration by every holder of public-utility securities, because it is a matter that can be remedied only by an aroused public opinion.
>
> A final reason why Associated securities are underpriced is that the abuses of holding-company power by some utility holding companies have been carelessly alleged against all holding companies, the Associated included. A careful inspection of Associated Gas and Electric Company history will show that it is not responsible for such abuses.

This, taken with the conflicting statements appearing in profusion in advertisements and in the plan of reorganization of capitalization made public on May 17, 1933, recalls the sad soliloquy of Gertrude, mother of Hamlet: —

> To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
> Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
> So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
> It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

THE PROFESSOR'S DILEMMA

He who reads the newspapers with an eye that looks beyond headlines can hardly have failed to notice a curious phenomenon of recent weeks. It was inevitable, of course, that the universal acclaim which greeted President Roosevelt at the dramatic moment of his inauguration should diminish in volume with the passage of time, and that conservative journals should at last draw away from him to assume their rôle of spokesmen for the opposition. Nothing in this calls for comment. Amusing, however, is the oblique way they have chosen to go about it. For some reason — perhaps it was the continued popularity of the President — the first volleys of editorial criticism have been aimed, not at Mr. Roosevelt, but at the three professors whom he took from Columbia University and placed in the innermost circle of his advisers.

Toward the end of April the *New York Herald Tribune* published a critical analysis of the inflationary amendments to the Farm Bill, running it under a heading which must have seemed to many a reader more utterly devastating than any of the specific objections listed below. In bold black type it read, 'When Professors Take Charge.' Other opposition journals took the cue, and a week later the *Herald Tribune* returned to the assault with a second editorial. 'The plain truth is,' it ran, 'as the country is now regretfully realizing, that the President himself was rushed off his feet by his college professors. These gentlemen spend their lives in mental acrobatics, planning this and plotting that. Many of them have written books, all of them have spent hours in lectures, telling the world how it should go. None of them has ever sunk his teeth in one actual problem of government.'

We need not concern ourselves with the debatable points of inflation or with the niceties of political strategy. We may even sidestep the issue — if issue it is — concerning the native abilities of the three key men upon whom Mr. Roosevelt leans. He evidently trusts them; the opposition press quite as evidently does not. The rest of us do not yet know them well enough to have an opinion; let us frankly admit it and pass on to consider some of the overtones of this attack on them.

Here we see a telling use of that familiar device — the label. Mr. Moley, Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and Mr. Berle, of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, are held up to ridicule, not as statesmen, which is what they now are, but simply and baldly as professors. True, they exchanged their mortar boards for plug hats the moment they accepted public office, but what of that? Once a professor, always a professor. So run the unwritten lines of the argument, and no further word is needed to point the obvious moral: 'Let no such man be trusted.'

Now it was the original sin of Adam, and it has been a universal weakness in men ever since, to want to pin neat tags on things. It saves time, and it saves thought. It does more — it makes thought unnecessary, for it gives us the comforting illusion that we know what a thing is if we know its

name. The device has many practical uses. The trick is to pick a label ('reflation' and 'dictator' are familiar current examples) and then to praise or condemn the thing to which it is applied, not because of what it is, but because of the connotations of the word.

The connotations of the label 'professor' are peculiarly interesting. When the term is used disparagingly, it suggests an absent-minded old gentleman whose head is lost in clouds of abstract thought and who possesses not a grain of practical sense — one, in short, who takes refuge in an ivory tower as a means of escape from the dust and heat of the market place. Everyone has known a teacher or two of whom these words are a literal description, but they are rare exceptions. Strangely enough, however, something of this taint clings to the cap and gown no matter who wears it. In general it is true that the members of our university faculties do not cut much of a figure outside their academic circle; the world at large does not take them seriously. Why should this be so? Certainly it is not so in England, France, and Germany.

It may well be that our habit of laughing at the professor as a futile chap reveals more about ourselves than about him. One may suspect, indeed, that it betrays a highly significant trait of the American mind — a tendency to discount the value of thought while placing a premium upon action. Like many another of our distinctive characteristics, this one stems directly from the frontier. So long as we were a pioneer people, the pressing demands of daily life conspired to favor the man who could do things, and to discourage as an idle and luxurious fellow the man who spent his time in contemplation. Respect for education was, to be sure, an integral part of the New England tradition, but when that tradition was carried westward with the frontier it tended more and more to become isolated in the little red schoolhouse on the hill. The important day's work was to fight Indians and clear the wilderness; book learning was a thing apart, and was turned over bag and baggage to the communal hired man — the pedagogue.

Something of this primitive isolation from robust life has colored our attitude toward education and its administrators ever since. Though the frontier was closed long ago, the mental habits peculiar to it linger on. We still reserve our admiration for the doer rather than the thinker, as the cult of the business man during the past decade bears witness. Instinctively we are still more than a little suspicious of learning. Professors are supposed to know more than the common run of men, and since we cannot expect to understand them, we laugh at them and cry them down. They may even be dangerous, teaching subversive doctrines and unsettling the morals of the young. If we don't dare clap them in jail as public nuisances, — a procedure which the sovereign State of Tennessee attempted under its anti-evolution law, — we can at least keep them segregated within their ivy-covered cloisters.

Under these circumstances the professor's dilemma is a delicate one. If he plays safe and remains within his academic groves, other men will point a finger of scorn at him and quote Bernard Shaw: 'Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach.' And if, itching to carry his thought into action, he dares to break loose and take part in practical affairs, he will be discredited as a wild-eyed visionary who has spent his life in 'mental acrobatics.'

> Verily, verily, I say unto you,
> The professor's is an unhappy lot:
> His it is to be damned if he do,
> As damned he was when he did not.

SCRUTATOR

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The Involuntary Borrowing of Books

A friend of mine, who is not only the capable president of a Grade A college, but also a lover and a judge of good literature (he once complimented a piece I wrote), is responsible for the addition of two brand-new resolutions to those I made at the beginning of the year. It is time to replace a couple of the worst-frayed ones, anyhow; and I like these so well that I cannot wait until the first of next year to adopt them. Indeed, they are so good that I want to tell the world about them.

The occasion for the resolutions happened thus. As this friend and I were standing in conversation on the campus of his college, a member of the faculty came up and handed me a book with the remark: 'This is the book I was telling you about, which I want you to read.' This prompted my friend to say: 'I am the only member of a unique society. Its member refuses to be forced to borrow books he does not want to read.'

The tremendous need for such an organization was at once so apparent that I besought him to allow me to be one of the charter members. He refused, on the ground that the society was already organized, hence there could be no other charter member; and he would not recognize my contention that according to the *Standard Dictionary* an organization is 'a number of individuals systematically united for some end or work.'

Even though he persists, however, in violating the dictionary in order to be the most exclusive society in the world, he cannot keep me from incorporating his idea into the aforementioned resolutions, nor can he keep me from inviting anyone who will to join me in subscribing to them.

The resolutions are as follows: —

1. That during the rest of this year, and for all years to come, I resolve not to accept the loan of any book I do not want to read, never did want to read, and never shall want to read.

At first this resolution stood alone, but an overactive conscience soon prodded me into the addition of

2. That I likewise resolve not to offer anybody any book which he or she does not want to read, never did want to read, and never will want to read.

The second resolution, it should be admitted, may have been prompted by the recollection of more than one book of mine the loan of which lost both itself and friend. In particular do I remember rather insisting that a Hopkins graduate take home with him the first volume of Cushing's *Life of Osler*, while I finished Volume Two. After waiting a year and a half for him to ask for the second volume and return the first, I finally had to demand it of him on the pretense that somebody else wanted to read it. The battered condition of the cover and the excellent condition of the inside made me suspect that its return deprived his four-year-old son of part of his seat at the table; but it served me right for wishing off on the poor fellow something he did not want.

Anyone who has established a reputation for liking to read is a shining target for all kinds of unwanted books. One acquaintance offers Blinkstein's *Life of Anne Boleyn: A Study in Matrimony;* others insist upon lending such favorites as *Swashbuckling Songs*, by Herman Haliver; Professor Pickhard's *The A B C of Einstein's Theory of Relativity; The Prurient Period*, by Kathleen Katzin; *What a Young Athlete Ought to Know*, by Knute Anderson; and so on *ad infinitum, ad nauseam.* The mere fact that one likes to read is assumed to mean that he likes to read anything. It would be just as logical to think that because one has a good appetite he likes to eat anything, from mush to hot tamales,

and is ready at any time to sit down and eat anything offered.

For example, I have had in my possession for at least three months a huge biography of a pioneer missionary, thrust upon me by a minister-patient who knows I like to read. I pleaded lack of time, numbers of other books waiting their turn to be read, and all the other excuses imaginable, but to no avail. He had read the book already, and did not care how long I kept it. There was nothing to do but take it home, and ever since it has been resting in an obscure corner of my library. Lately he has begun to ask questions about it. I have been able to offer the excuse of an influenza epidemic — but that is about over now, and where can I turn? Oh, if I had only been able to look him squarely in the eye and say: —

'Now look here, Jim! I am willing to donate my professional services to you, but my resolution — my New Year Resolution Number One, Second Series — absolutely forbids my accepting the loan of any book that I do not want to read. Your book comes under that classification, therefore I must decline it with thanks, and leave it for you to inflict upon somebody else without will power enough to refuse it.'

As my friend who gave me this idea said, it would not be such a hardship to accept an unwanted book if the lender did not insist upon putting the involuntary borrower through a quiz at every meeting. 'Just what do you think of Margaret's reaction to John's proposal of marriage in Chapter 18? Do you think that Lady de Vere did right in divorcing Sir Lancelot even though she loved him, in order to let him marry Rowena?'

No wonder that the borrower learns to shun the lender as if he had the leprosy. It is interesting to speculate upon the number of friendships which might have been kept intact if only one of the friends had not insisted upon lending books to the other. At any rate, I do not propose to risk the loss of any more friends in that manner. From henceforth, in the matter of unwanted books, my motto is, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be.'

Prescribing for the Family Car

The family car developed a 'buck' or a 'chuck' the other day. It was unnoticeable on the road so long as I kept at a fair speed, but, as soon as I slowed down, *buck, chuck, buck, chuck,* somewhere underneath — I could n't say where.

There are two garages across our Hillville green from us, and I divide my attentions between them, getting my 'gas' from one and my minor repairs from the other. For variety's sake, I determined this time to give the mechanic at my 'gas' garage first chance at the diagnosis. He crawled under the car, wriggled around there, shook the driving shaft, and emerged with his verdict. 'Guess what you need is a new universal,' he remarked. 'I can't see it, but it feels loose to me.'

'How much will it cost?' I inquired.

'Oh, five or six dollars, plus the labor.'

I decided not to commit myself, and drove presently down the street to the other garage for another opinion. Here another grease-stained expert crawled under the car. 'All kinds of play in the shaft,' he called up, cheerfully. 'Leave your car here for a couple of hours, and I'll tighten things up a little.' I left the car, and went home to luncheon.

About two o'clock my telephone rang persistently. 'Sorry, can't give you your car,' said a voice I recognized. 'There's a bearing broke in the rear end, and we'll have to send for it.'

'How much will it cost?' I repeated plaintively.

'Oh, five or six dollars, plus the labor. You can have your car to-morrow.'

This time I thought it best to go over to the garage and inspect the damage. Sure enough, there was the bearing — a big one — 'all to pieces' (someone has since told me that some bearings are made to fall apart when out of their proper position). 'Good luck we discovered it,' observed my mechanical friend, 'or you'd have busted out the whole rear end, likely as not.'

To-morrow came, and I was off again in the mended car, rejoicing in the possession of a tight driving shaft. The gears were 'all right' — yes, they were 'perfect'! But again, as I slowed down, *buck, chuck, buck,*

chuck, in familiar sequence. I drove back to the garage.

'See here,' I exclaimed with some heat, 'you have n't got rid of that bucking yet. Get in and I'll show you.'

'Yep, you do get some o' that backlash yet,' said the diagnostician. 'You've got a skip in your motor, that's it. Better have the valves ground, if you have n't had it done this year.'

'How much will it cost?' I murmured.

'Well, I ain't busy, and I'll make you a special rate of twelve dollars for the job. Leave the car now, and you can have it to-morrow.'

I left the car and went home to supper.

Late the next day I called for my car, took it out on the road, and observed the usual manifestations. I gave up my local doctors and made all speed to the dealer, ten miles distant, who sold me my car in 1929. Arriving, I hailed his master mechanic. 'Jack,' said I, 'come out on the road with me and tell me what's the matter with my car.' He climbed in and we started off.

'Hear that *chuck*, Jack.'

'It sure is a *chuck*,' said Jack sententiously. 'Is the rear end all right?'

'They looked at it in Hillville, and said it was perfect.'

Jack bent his head and listened intently to the *chuck-chuck* under the car. 'Them sounds runs along the shaft so's it's awful hard to tell where they come from.' He listened some more, and finally ejaculated, 'It's in the clutch. We've had that same identical trouble with half a dozen of these models. It'll be a four hours' job, and you c'n have your car to-morrow.'

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Next morning I had a telephone call.

'This is Jack speakin'. Can't give you your car to-day after all. We took a look in the rear end, and found your spider gears worn, and the carrier, too. We'll have to send to Detroit for the parts.'

'How much will they cost?' This form of words was by now becoming mechanical with me.

'Well, we've just been looking 'em up and they'll come to about thirty dollars. We'll treat you right on the labor.'

I whistled. 'Guess I'd better run down myself, Jack, so you can show me the damage.'

I borrowed a car, drove the ten miles to South Monroe, and inspected my car. Jack had its rear end uncovered, all the grease taken out, and started the engine. The worn gears clanked like an ice wagon.

'Must have been that time I ran out of grease two years ago,' I surmised. 'How long will it take to get my car?'

'You can have it the first of next week, and we'll send it over.'

Next Monday evening my doorbell rang, and there was the car.

'Is it all right now?' There was a new note of assurance in my voice.

'Yessir, *our* part's all right, but there's a gallop in the motor. Guess your local man that ground the valves did n't get 'em quite right.'

To-night the family car is back in my home-town garage, the one where I get my 'minor repairs' attended to — and the proprietor has sworn 'to hev that car fixed so's she'll throttle down as smooth as silk, and it won't cost you another penny!'

Ballad of an Ancient Truth

If all the tears since time began
That womankind has shed for man

Were gathered into one great sea,
Losh, what a tidal wave there'd be!

'T would drown the women, one and all;
They'd sink in salt beyond recall.

The men would somehow keep afloat,
Each in a little dinky boat.

With shirts for sails and arms for oars
They'd paddle off to other shores,

And land unhurt, serene and brave, —
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Why don't you write?

The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

ONE of the few people who really know how to vagabond, Stephen Graham early in life deserted London for the chance to live and tramp with Russian peasants and students. He has followed the Russians in their emigrations and joined in their pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His extraordinary knowledge of his foster country is the result of unpretentious visits and lone explorations covering twenty years.

Incidentally, our reviewer, Father Walsh, writes that the Muscovites of Ivan's time never described him as 'the Terrible.' He was the *groznyi*, which properly means 'the one to be respected' — 'the dread' in the Shakespearean sense.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

STEPHEN GRAHAM

Ivan the Terrible

[Yale University Press, $3.00]

THIS full-length portrait of the first and most notorious of the Russian Tsars fills a gap on the English shelf of Russian collections that had long been known and deprecated by informed scholars and historians but as consistently neglected by them. Mr. Stephen Graham has now put between book covers convincing proof of much diligent research and gives further evidence of the broad understanding of Russian manners and psychology which characterizes his previous works. The result is a biography which in quality and form is a distinguished contribution to letters.

To offset the natural revulsion or anticipated incredulity of readers as they pursue the sadistic career of Ivan IV from his birth in 1530 to his death in 1584, the author, in his preface, wisely and briefly sketches a backdrop of historic facts against which his paranoiac protagonist ranges, suffused in the red glow common to sixteenth-century autocrats. If life was cheaply held in a Russia that had been degraded and Orientalized by two centuries and a half of Mongolian domination, it must always be remembered that human beings were equally played as common pawns in the contemporary statecraft of Western Europe. With literary skill and understanding Mr. Graham then selects the significant domestic influences surrounding the future Tsar in his formative years. He relies on the facts to furnish, if not condonation, at least reasons and explanations for the incredible blood lust that was soon to develop. He depicts an orphaned and neglected heir wandering about in a court overrun and tyrannized by boisterous boyars — the landed aristocracy of Muscovy. The wrongs, the abuses, the coarseness, intrigue, and prevalent barbarity, brutalized Ivan's character and sowed a poison in the susceptible mind of childhood that was to bear terrifying fruit when his arm was strong enough to strike.

It would appear, however, that the current of revenge was diverted temporarily by his marriage, at the age of seventeen, with Anastasia, for whom alone of all his seven wives he entertained a lasting affection. The thirteen years of wedded life with her were the happiest, the most productive, and in fact the only normal years of his existence. Mr. Graham pays due credit to Ivan's administrative abilities during this period and considers him, up to that time, 'the wisest ruler Russia had known.'

But a devil of unparalleled cruelty that had been expelled by the gentle Anastasia took repossession of Ivan's soul on her demise in 1560. Attributing her death in some indefinite way to his hereditary enemies the boyars, the Tsar, just turned thirty, embarked on that final phase of terrorism, brutality, debauchery, and perverted sexuality that made him John the Dread. He surrounded himself with an organization of fellow-minded assassins and terrorists called *oprichniki*. His monstrous cruelties ranged from personal torture of individual victims reserved for his after-dinner amusement to the collective slaughter of 60,000 citizens of Novgorod. Mr. Graham's terse, lucid, and rapid prose keeps pace admirably with the barbaric crescendo of Ivan's rage, which ended in the murder of his own son, the Tsarevitch, in 1581. In keeping with his religious mysticism that was merely another Russian paradox, the Tsar alternated between orgies of viciousness and periods of profound penitence and self-pity during which he would fling himself for hours on end before the altar, read the Scriptures to his bullies assembled in the garb of monks, bruise his forehead with repeated prostrations before the ikons, and then arise comforted — and ready for new victims.

The specific manner and details of Ivan's executions, as recorded elsewhere, are too ghastly to set down in cold print. Mr. Graham, for the most part, has mercifully veiled the realities, though there is much plain writing on many of his pages. Ivan slew and tortured with the righteous conviction that innocent and guilty alike ought to welcome his visitations as the merited wrath of God operating through the anointed person of

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The BOOKSHELF

His Tsar on earth. Perhaps that is what justifies the pregnant sentence so characteristic of Mr. Graham's compact and vigorous style in which he raises the question whether Ivan should be considered a great man. The author evades a direct reply, but adds, 'He was a great Russian, and there is a difference.' Students of Russian mentality will doubtless understand and probably agree.

The comic relief in this volume is Mr. Graham's excellent account of Ivan in the rôle of suitor for the hand of Elizabeth of England. The Tudor queen encouraged the flirtation, and the ensuing episodes and correspondence are as entertaining as they are ironic. The Tsar sensed a kindred spirit and wrote offers of love and joint glory — even though his courtship was virtually an invitation to Elizabeth to enter his harem, as the fifth of his seven known consorts was still alive. Elizabeth, finding it 'rather delicious,' replied guardedly and sent ambassadors to look into the matter, but not to omit treaties of trade and commerce. When the comedy was played out, she demurely proposed Lady Mary Hastings as a substitute, coyly sent her sisterly love, and invited Ivan to take refuge in England, — at his own expense, — should he ever lose his throne.

EDMUND A. WALSH

IN literary criticism there survives to-day the polished and precise essay. In the magazines and in the hands of our publicists the essay has been replaced by the more aggressive-minded 'article.' But one can grow weary of articles: the essay lasts.

THE CRITICAL ESSAY

HERE are three collections of essays which may all be classified as literary criticism although they represent three markedly different approaches to that craft. In ***The Second Common Reader*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), **Virginia Woolf** simply regards herself as the common reader with whom Dr. Johnson rejoiced to concur, since he believed that 'by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted by literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtility and the dogmatism of learning, must be generally decided all claim to poetical honours.' Mrs. Woolf is certainly free from the corruption of both prejudice and dogmatism; she will never be solemn about any literary theory, nor much impressed by any bibliography. She doubts 'if we had by heart the history of the origin, rise, growth, decline, and fall of the English novel from its conception (say) in Egypt to its decease in the wilds (perhaps) of Paraguay,' whether it would after all enable us to understand *Robinson Crusoe* any better, or to derive more pleasure than if we had turned to the book itself at once. Her own direct impressions of some of her reading are what she has recorded here, reflections ranging from the time of the Elizabethans to the novels of Meredith and Hardy, impressions of a refined and subtle taste (despite the definition of the common reader!) that she has conveyed with enthusiasm and tact, which, both being present in equal measure, unite to form great charm.

Some of her subjects are exactly made for her hand — Dorothy Osborne's Letters and Christina Rossetti, for example. Such a one as John Donne reveals her limitations: his robust virility is not to be caught by her graceful intuitions. She gives a sensitive picture, but it is not the whole man. Her relative failure here, put beside her skillful suggestion of the faint but pervasive attraction of Sidney's *Arcadia*, would indicate that she is not so much writing criticism of books as re-creating the life from which they sprang. That is her method in her sequence of four figures from the late eighteenth century — Cowper, Beau Brummell, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Dorothy Wordsworth. By reading between the lines of their lives as well as of their writing and talk, she is able to evoke in swift flashes something of the very nature of that changing time. It is the method which she used with such exciting skill in *Orlando*, a method owing something to her historical imagination, and more to her poetic sensibility, but most of all to the novelist's ability to create a sense of life.

If Mrs. Woolf's essays are essentially the work of a novelist, those of **Van Wyck Brooks, *Sketches in Criticism*** (Dutton, $3.50), are the work of a social rather than a literary critic. Although Mr. Brooks has always been primarily occupied with literature, his forte has lain not so much in the rounded estimate of individual authors (indeed his studies of Mark Twain and Henry James have been found increasingly wanting in this respect) as in a persistent analysis of the conditions of society that encourage or weaken the creative life. It has ever been his concern, as here in his brief 'Thoughts on History,' to point out that the real history of America is not to be read in the facts about the tariff, the growth of industry, or the winning of the West, but in the affirmations of the human spirit. As a result of his steady emphasis on values, ever since the appearance of *America's Coming-of-Age* in 1915 his work has had a quickening effect upon others; indeed there is scarcely any younger critic of American literature who has not been in some way indebted to him. But, at the same time, this volume of essays written over a period of years shows the growingly evident flaw in all his work. He is too one-sided in his approach to American life to grasp its complexity; as a social critic he does not know enough history; often in his despair at our spiritual frustration he forces the facts to fit that despair. It really will not do to lament, as Mr. Brooks does in 'The Critical Movement in America,' that America had no Ruskin to stigmatize the emptiness of its aims, and thus overlook the existence of Thoreau; nor, after praising

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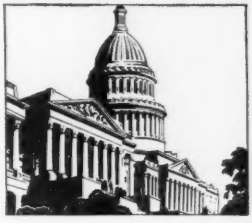

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the vigorous doubt that animated mid-nineteenth-century English literature, to state that 'meanwhile the writers of America chanted a unanimous hymn to progress.' It would be better for Mr. Brooks to reread Hawthorne, or Melville's *Pierre*, or even Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*.

What Mr. Brooks's work is lacking is what **T. S. Eliot** considers, in 'The Function of Criticism,' one of his ***Selected Essays, 1917–1932*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), to be the most important qualification for the critic — 'a very highly developed sense of fact.' As is nearly always the case with Mr. Eliot's words, a great deal of thought is compressed into this seemingly quiet statement. Comparison and analysis are 'the chief tools of the critic,' but in order to handle them he must bring to bear not only knowledge and generalizing power, but also the trained intuitions of a highly sensitive intelligence. I am in part paraphrasing the qualifications that Mr. Eliot listed in an earlier essay on 'The Perfect Critic'; and it is not too high praise to state that he possesses these to a greater degree than anyone else writing in English to-day. His work may be sometimes lacking in logical consistency, but it gains ample compensation by being the criticism of a poet — that is to say, the work of a craftsman speaking directly and intimately of the art that he has mastered and understands. As a result his essays mark the first fresh evaluation of the nature of poetry since those of Matthew Arnold, and he takes his place in the direct succession of poet-critics that includes Sidney, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Samuel Johnson, and Coleridge.

These *Selected Essays* embrace the principal objects of his interest, and in their recurrence to the similar elements of passionate thought that can be found in Dante and Baudelaire, the late Elizabethan dramatists and John Donne, they reveal not only his acute penetration, but the main contours of his own theory of poetry. It is in his essay on the seventeenth-century metaphysical poets that he states why he believes that poetry in a complex age should be 'difficult.' When he develops his remark that 'Blake's poetry has the unpleasantness of great poetry,' the sentences could fit *The Waste Land;* 'Nothing that can be called morbid or abnormal or perverse, none of the things which exemplify the sickness of an epoch or a fashion, have this quality; only those things which, by some extraordinary labor of simplification, exhibit the essential sickness or strength of the human soul.' And, in like manner, his analysis of the intensity of Baudelaire throws great light on his own. Such harmony between the aims of the poet and the critic indicates a remarkably unified nature; and indeed it is Mr. Eliot's sincerity, his wholeness within the limits of his temperament, that is his most impressive quality.

F. O. Matthiessen

Chicago

In this year of the Century of Progress Exposition it was to be expected that a rash of books dealing with the city of Chicago would break out on the sensitive epidermis of the publishing world. The three volumes here reviewed may be only the preliminary symptoms, for our book publishers have often shown a surprising ability at simultaneously exploiting the obvious opportunity and thus destroying it. However, this group of books need not disturb potential authors of 'The Soul of Chicago' or 'Stockyard Hymns.' There is still a great deal left to be written about that extraordinary city.

The first, ***Checagou,*** by **Milo M. Quaife** (University of Chicago Press, $1.00), is a chronicle of the historical small beer of the place as an Indian and military trading post. It shows a considerable and meticulous research concerning the traders, squaw men, soldiers, and missionaries who lived in this hit-or-miss outpost of our American Empire. As such it will interest those who find something fascinating in the minutiæ of the pioneer life. The author does not interpret the significance of the events or personalities he describes from an historical standpoint, but the picture he gives of the hardships of the early settlers and their daily toil, their marriages and begettings, is probably as nearly accurate as need be. The best chapters deal with the Fort Dearborn Massacre. It does not seem to astonish the author as much as it does the casual reader that the commander of the garrison on that occasion, in a truly blind obedience to orders from a distant superior, should have marched his handful of troops and volunteers and all the helpless women and children in the place out from a safe frontier fort into the midst of an overpowering body of hostile and bloodthirsty Indians. The result was approximately 100 per cent killed or captured — and one of the stupidest pieces of bravery in American military history. The book has a useful index.

As Others See Chicago, 1673–1933, compiled by **Bessie Louise Pierce** and **J. L. Norris** (University of Chicago Press, $3.00), is a long and on the whole well selected and interesting series of comments and opinions about the city from all sorts of visitors, American and foreign, extending over its entire history, including a certain amount of history which might be described as prenatal. A good many of these excerpts are obviously the efforts of dull or prejudiced or annoyed travelers. They shed more light on the travelers than on the experiences described or the place visited. As is generally the case with the less philosophic or even less sophisticated journeying journalist, major importance is attributed to his own reactions rather than to the cause of them. The result is a confused and confusing impression, rather like an early and inefficient moving picture, of contradictory contemporary flashes of Chicago in the course of its brilliant and sometimes brutal development. It is a self-conscious book, in the nature of things, but the editors have included as many

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bitter pills as they have sugar-coated ones. The sketches of the various authors quoted indicate careful scholarship and a calm, critical judgment.

Julia Newberry's Diary (Norton, $2.50) has really very little Chicago in it. She was born there and spent intermittent portions of her childhood there, and loved the place dearly. The book ends in a poignant record of her distress on learning, while in Europe, the full measure of the destruction of the Chicago Fire and the loss of everything that she treasured in her Chicago home. It is a pathetic, touching little diary of a young American girl of wealth and distinction and a fatal delicacy destined to carry her off four years after this journal ends. Her father had urged her to 'be somebody,' and from 1869 to 1872 she never failed — in spite of her health — to be somebody, to be different from the casual, material, or vacuous people she encountered. She writes with an extraordinary frankness about herself, her profoundly Victorian love affairs, her opinions of men and women, of places and the arts. A sense of doom and tragedy oppresses one in reading even the most artless and gay little pages in this book. One feels that Juggernaut is being oiled to run over a flower or a butterfly. That she was a girl of rare and really lovely quality is everywhere manifest. She must have been charming and she might have become a woman of genuine talent and accomplishment. She had the sensitiveness of the true artist and the ambition to achieve. Alas, her spirit burned too brightly for the fragile body which framed it. She was dragged about Europe, from spa to spa — and she really died of the hardships of her search for health. Her book is worth anybody's reading, not for the light it throws upon Victorian Chicago, but as a record of an American Victorian young lady — in this instance, to use a Victorian phrase, a 'lovely creature,' of a kind banished, perhaps permanently, from the stage of society.

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

THE appearance of new pamphlets on the bookstalls is an immediate and, I believe, very welcome sign of the times. In this form small books can be made available for twenty-five or fifty cents instead of being padded and 'leaded' until they could be sold at a dollar plus, as was the practice in the fat years. The pamphlet is a form of economy, and, what is equally important in these momentous days, it is the most rapid method of publishing we have. Pamphlets are invariably a sign of social change; they impress upon the community facts and conclusions of immediate importance. That they should crop up now is merely one more manifestation of the fact that we are about to receive a new deal.

Thus far the leading series of pamphlets has been edited and published by **John Day & Company**. The series numbers close to thirty booklets which are sold at twenty-five cents a copy and which appear to have been written only last night by some of the ablest men and women in the country. Of course, many of the subjects are contentious. For instance, here is John Strachey advancing his ideas about *Unstable Money;* Albert Einstein leading *The Fight against War;* and Pearl S. Buck asking *Is There a Case for Foreign Missions?* Of the several I have read there were two which gave me particular relish — Walter Lippmann's well-balanced and objective address, *A New Social Order*, and six short poems by Archibald MacLeish, which have been gathered together under the pertinent title, *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City*. Of the booklets published by other firms I have singled out two for honorable mention. First, *The Means to Prosperity* (Harcourt; Brace, 30 cents), four articles by John Maynard Keynes which were written this spring with primary reference to British conditions but which strikingly set forth certain principles that are of very general application. And secondly *Ten Days*, by George Gray (Duffield & Green, 50 cents), a Washington reporter's swift and detailed accounting of the ten days which were to make or break Roosevelt's administration. For men who have to commute, I strongly recommend a pamphlet as pocket reading.

For complete diversion on a (sticky) summer's evening I turn to fiction, the lighter the better. I don't mean mystery murders, but rather a narrative that stretches the imagination and that can be enjoyed for its own sake without arousing too much of one's critical energies. To enjoy this sort of thing one must, of course, agree to a willing suspension of one's disbelief. Thus if you read ***Grand Canary***, the new yarn by **A. J. Cronin** (Little, Brown, $2.50), there's no point in asking if it all could have happened. For it manifestly could n't. The good points to look for in this light novel are the many amusing episodes aboard ship; the genial, lazy life in the Canary Islands; two smashing good fist fights; and two character sketches of Americans which, for all their inaccuracies of speech (they are drawn, you see, by a Scotchman), do provoke one's self-regard. The love story, of course, is sentimental; the betrayal of the missionary is old stage stuff; and the climax rings about as true as a parrot's laugh. But, as I said at the beginning, if you're in the mood for light fiction, such things don't detain you.

Edward Weeks